

SKETCH OF A TOUR

IN THE NORTH-WEST

SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

By JAMES H. HARRIS, Esq.,
of the U. S. Army.

NEW YORK:

JOHN J. HARRIS,

PRINTED BY J. J. HARRIS, 1854.

SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT.

18 Mb

A
SKETCH OF A TOUR
ON THE
CONTINENT,

IN THE YEARS 1786 AND 1787,

BY

JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMIES OF TURIN,
LYON, LISBON, &c. &c.
PRESIDENT OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"Italy is only a fine well-known academy figure, from which
we all sit down to make drawings, according as the light falls, and
our own feat affords opportunity."

Mrs. Piazzi's Travels, vol. i. 282.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. DAVIS; SOLD BY
D. AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1793.

2

SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT

IN THE YEARS 1786 AND 1787

BY

JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF TURIN
PRESIDENT OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

For Banks

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

"This is only a fine well known and not new, then which
we all of have to make drawings according to the light and
our own less able opportunity."
Mrs. Parnell, Tuesday, Feb. 1. 1788

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY HADLEY; SOLD BY
D. AND J. WHITE, LITTLE STREET.

1788.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

VOL. II

ROME

THE Capitol—Fountains—Paintings by
Raphael—Farnesina, and Farnese Pa-
lace

Page 1

Churches of Rome

The Carnival—Masquerade—Theatres—Mu-
seums of Natural History—Literati—
Plants in Flower

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXIV.

Journey from Rome to Naples — Page 66

CHAP. XXV.

Bath—Vesuvius—Portici—Pompeii — p. 95

CHAP. XXVI.

From Naples to Rome, by Caserta and
Monte Cassino — — p. 126

CHAP. XXVII.

Churches of Rome, continued from chap.
xxii. — — p. 151

CHAP. XXVIII.

Museum of the Vatican—Workshop of Mo-
saics—Vatican Library—Museum at
the Capitol — — p. 180

CHAP. XXIX.

Palazzo Borghese, Barberini, Giustiniani,
Colonna, Doria, Monte Cavallo, and
Ceciliaporci.—Villa Medici, Negrone,
Ludovisi, Aldobrandini, Giulia, Bor-
ghese, Albani. — — p. 212

CHAP. XXX.

Ceremonies at Rome in the Holy Week—
Castle of St. Angelo—Forum—Colof-
seum,

C O N T E N T S. vii

scum, and other Ruins—Fountain of
Egeria—Villa Adriana—Tivoli.—Bo-
tany — — — Page 259

CHAP. XXXI.

From Rome, by Loretto, to Bologna — p. 299

CHAP. XXXII.

Bologna — — — p. 328

CHAP. XXXIII.

From Bologna to Venice, by water—St.
Mark's Place and Church—Arsenal—
Churches—Profession of a Nun P. 355

CHAP. XXXIV.

Venice—The Doge's Marriage with the Sea
—St. Mark's Fair—Doge's Palace—
Palazzo Barberigo, Pisani, Farsetti—
Sculpture—Libraries—Drugs—Glass
Manufactory — — P. 395

SKETCH

CONTENTS

From Rome, by Lorenzetti, to Bologna — 1733

CHAP. XXII.

From Bologna, by Lorenzetti, to Bologna — 1733

CHAP. XXIII.

From Bologna, by Lorenzetti, to Bologna — 1733

CHAP. XXIV.

From Bologna, by Lorenzetti, to Bologna — 1733

CHAP. XXV.

From Bologna, by Lorenzetti, to Bologna — 1733

SKETCH

(2)

SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE
CONTINENT.

CHAP. XXI.

**THE CAPITOL—FOUNTAINS—PAINT-
INGS BY RAPHAEL—FARNESINA,
AND FARNESE PALACE.**

AFTER having feasted our eyes on the principal glory of modern Rome, our next object was the most celebrated spot in the ancient city, the Capitol. It is usual with travellers to draw a mortifying comparison between the present and the former state

of this building, and to wind up the whole with a joke, at the expence of the one solitary personage, now nick-named the Senator of Rome, who really thinks he derives honour from that title, and from living in the Capitol. Yet if this same Senator should chance to be a man of dexterity, when any thing happens to the splendid ecclesiastical machine to which he is now subservient, there is no saying what he might not accomplish; such is the veneration of the populace for his meer title.

Without any invidious comparisons, the present Capitol is by no means a contemptible object. What would be thought of it any where else than at Rome! Its situation is elevated, and the approach noble. The steps of the ascent were planned by Michael Angelo, and they are stamped with the character of his genius. The three masses of building which compose the present edifice are in a good taste, though not very magnificent. There is a stupendous fragment of the old building, on the side towards the Forum, which seems to say, "*ex pede Herculem*," when, on looking up, it must be confessed

fessed our eyes meet a dwarf; but he is a dwarf only because he stands in the shoes of Hercules. The central building, the Senator's palace, we did not enter. The museum of paintings and statues shall be mentioned hereafter. In the centre of the area is the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which could not be better placed. De la Lande says, a Monsieur Falconet has written 200 pages to prove this is not a fine horse. The length of his arguments is a strong presumption of his being in the wrong; I dare say the exclamation of Carlo Maratti, "The horse is alive!" carries more conviction to those who have seen it than all M. Falconet's criticisms. I do not however assert, that this horse is formed on the Newmarket model; it is no more like our racers, than an ancient Roman hero would be to their owners—but it is alive!—The supposed Castor and Pollux, on the balustrade in front of this area, are not admirable. How much better, and how very fine, are the two Grecian statues, commonly called by those names, on Monte Cavallo! They have been highly finished, though very colossal,

of this building, and to wind up the whole with a joke, at the expence of the one solitary personage, now nick-named the Senator of Rome, who really thinks he derives honour from that title, and from living in the Capitol. Yet if this same Senator should chance to be a man of dexterity, when any thing happens to the splendid ecclesiastical machine to which he is now subservient, there is no saying what he might not accomplish; such is the veneration of the populace for his meer title.

Without any invidious comparisons, the present Capitol is by no means a contemptible object. What would be thought of it any where else than at Rome! Its situation is elevated, and the approach noble. The steps of the ascent were planned by Michael Angelo, and they are stamped with the character of his genius. The three masses of building which compose the present edifice are in a good taste, though not very magnificent. There is a stupendous fragment of the old building, on the side towards the Forum, which seems to say, "*ex pede Herculem*," when, on looking up, it must be confessed

fessed our eyes meet a dwarf; but he is a
 dwarf only because he stands in the shoes
 of Hercules. The central building, the Se-
 nator's palace, we did not enter. The mu-
 seum of paintings and statues shall be men-
 tioned hereafter. In the centre of the area
 is the famous equestrian statue of Marcus
 Aurelius, which could not be better placed.
 De la Lande says, a Monsieur Falconet has
 written 200 pages to prove this is not a fine
 horse. The length of his arguments is a
 strong presumption of his being in the
 wrong; I dare say the exclamation of Carlo
 Maratti, "The horse is alive!" carries more
 conviction to those who have seen it than
 all M. Falconet's criticisms. I do not how-
 ever assert, that this horse is formed on the
 Newmarket model; it is no more like our
 racers, than an ancient Roman hero would
 be to their owners—but it is alive!—The
 supposed Castor and Pollux, on the balustrade
 in front of this area, are not admirable. How
 much better, and how very fine, are the two
 Grecian statues, commonly called by those
 names, on Monte Cavallo! They have
 been highly finished, though very colossal,

From ... by ...

CHAPTER XXIII

...

CHAPTER XXIV

From ... to ...

...

...

CHAPTER XXV

Venice—The Doge's Palace...

...

...

...

...

SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT.

CHAP. XXI.

THE CAPITOL—FOUNTAINS—PAINT-
INGS BY RAPHAEL—FARNESINA,
AND FARNESE PALACE.

AFTER having feasted our eyes on the principal glory of modern Rome, our next object was the most celebrated spot in the ancient city, the Capitol. It is usual with travellers to draw a mortifying comparison between the present and the former state

VOL. II,

B

of

of this building, and to wind up the whole with a joke, at the expence of the one solitary personage, now nick-named the Senator of Rome, who really thinks he derives honour from that title, and from living in the Capitol. Yet if this same Senator should chance to be a man of dexterity, when any thing happens to the splendid ecclesiastical machine to which he is now subservient, there is no saying what he might not accomplish; such is the veneration of the populace for his meer title.

Without any invidious comparisons, the present Capitol is by no means a contemptible object. What would be thought of it any where else than at Rome! Its situation is elevated, and the approach noble. The steps of the ascent were planned by Michael Angelo, and they are stamped with the character of his genius. The three masses of building which compose the present edifice are in a good taste, though not very magnificent. There is a stupendous fragment of the old building, on the side towards the Forum, which seems to say, "*ex pede Herculem*," when, on looking up, it must be confessed

fessed our eyes meet a dwarf; but he is a
 dwarf only because he stands in the shoes
 of Hercules. The central building, the Se-
 nator's palace, we did not enter. The mu-
 seum of paintings and statues shall be men-
 tioned hereafter. In the centre of the area
 is the famous equestrian statue of Marcus
 Aurelius, which could not be better placed.
 De la Lande says, a Monsieur Falconet has
 written 200 pages to prove this is not a fine
 horse. The length of his arguments is a
 strong presumption of his being in the
 wrong; I dare say the exclamation of Carlo
 Maratti, "The horse is alive!" carries more
 conviction to those who have seen it than
 all M. Falconet's criticisms. I do not how-
 ever assert, that this horse is formed on the
 Newmarket model; it is no more like our
 racers, than an ancient Roman hero would
 be to their owners—but it is alive!—The
 supposed Castor and Pollux, on the balustrade
 in front of this area, are not admirable. How
 much better, and how very fine, are the two
 Grecian statues, commonly called by those
 names, on Monte Cavallo! They have
 been highly finished, though very colossal,

but have suffered much from time and weather. The horses are peculiarly excellent: their position has been altered lately, and they are now grouped with an Egyptian obelisk.

In returning from the Capitol, we passed the noble fountain of Trevi; a fine thing thrust into a miserable situation. It is composed of the front of a palace, before the basement of which is a vast assemblage of artificial rocks, with tritons, dolphins, shells, and corals, and Neptune exalted above the whole. Vast cascades are thrown over these rocks in magnificent profusion, and the whole inclosed in a semi-circular basin of great extent. It is really a fine thing, and the quantity of water is so considerable, that in whatever way it had been disposed, it must have looked well. But all this magnificence is hemmed in by a narrow dirty street, and an irregular circuit of mean houses and shops, whose dead cabbage-leaves, and other rubbish, pollute the fountain.

The fountain of the Piazza Navona, though not so copious as that of Trevi, is much more nobly decorated by Bernini, and

is esteemed his master-piece. This consists of a rock, at the corners of which are stationed four colossal figures, representing the four most distinguished rivers in the world, the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges, and the Plata, with their proper attributes. From four caverns in the rock issue as many cascades, all together making a very copious flow of water; and its summit is crowned by a famous Egyptian obelisk, about 55 feet high, independent of its basement, brought from Heliopolis by Caracalla. The extent of the Piazza Navona is suited to the magnificence of this fountain, and there are two lesser ones, each discharging a considerable quantity of water; so that it is not difficult, by stopping the fountains, to overflow this extensive area, to the depth of two or three feet, in a short time. This is practised every Sunday evening in August, and the place is then a fashionable promenade, the coaches driving through the water. Formerly this singular diversion was protracted through the night, accompanied with music and refreshments; but, some accidents having happened, the water is now let off about dusk.

This Piazza Navona is the greatest market in the city.

On the subject of fountains, the Fontana Paolina must not be omitted. It is on one of the most elevated points of Rome near its western extremity. From three arches, decorated with Ionic columns of granite, fall three rivers, for it were doing them injustice to call them by a lesser name, brought from the distance of 35 miles, and from hence distributed to various parts of the Transteverine quarter.

Near this fountain the little church of St. Pietro in Montorio contains that famous picture the Transfiguration by Raphael, his last work, and, according to most connoisseurs, his best. I have already mentioned it in speaking of St. Peter's, where it is copied in mosaic. The original is in a bad light, and not in the best preservation.

The chief performances of Raphael are well known to be his frescos in the Vatican; all the designs, and great part of the execution of which, are his own. They have been engraved, copied, and described so often, that I fear to seem tedious even in mentioning

mentioning them. Their effect, at first sight, disappointed us, and it was not till after repeated and attentive consideration that we could enjoy their perfections. The reasons of their failure in effect on most people, at first, are probably the following : Their colouring, if it was ever good, is now cold and unharmonious, except in two or three pieces, and seems to have suffered much by damp. They are for the most part in bad lights, and frequently encumbered with scaffolds, for the convenience of artists always studying and copying them. Their drawing and expression are so very delicate and chaste, so far from every thing violent or imposing, that it requires an accurate and attentive eye to detect all their refinements. But in this the merit of these transcendent productions consists. Every face is a page of history ; every attitude and gesture so true and so intelligent ; every part of the composition in general so well judged and ingeniously contrived, that it is no wonder these pictures have obtained the rank they hold in the estimation of connoisseurs. The most remarkable of them for composition

and effect altogether, is perhaps that which represents the fire in the *Borgo di Santo Spirito*; for ingenuity of composition, and refinement of character, the School of Athens is admirable, though the two strutting philosophers in the middle are a little too theatrical; for wonderful effect of light Raphael has shewn himself capable of any thing, in the delivery of St. Peter from prison, where the radiance of the Angel is exactly what angelic light *must* be, for we have no natural object to which it can be compared; and the inimitable painter, well knowing his powers, has placed this performance in the dark, between the windows.

The dispute of the doctors of the church concerning transubstantiation, is as faulty in design as it is silly in subject. The narrow line of clouds crossing the picture seems weighed down by the heavenly host, who are in danger of crushing the doctors and their wafer together. Besides, it seems rather injudicious to commemorate this dispute. If the doctrine be not clear and indisputable as noon-day in the Scriptures, surely reason can lend no assistance to make

it more credible. The dispute therefore must have been, not whether the doctrine were true, but whether it were expedient that it should be believed; and the only difference of opinion would arise from the different degrees of honesty in the doctors. The miracle of Bolsene, so well painted in the next room, was a much better contrivance. Here is a priest, who, according to his own account afterwards, doubted the real presence; when, lo! as he broke the consecrated wafer, drops of blood came forth! If every petit patè of currant jelly could work such conviction, who would be a heretic? Whatever the priest might think before or after, the people, no doubt, were more convinced by this miracle than by all the discussions of the fathers, and Raphael in this painting has done justice to their expression. The Pope, whom he has taken the liberty of introducing, is observed to be attentive, but not surprised; because he, as head of the church, ought to have no doubts, and consequently no astonishment on such an occasion—more especially if he bespoke the patè.

On

On the outside of these apartments are open galleries, partly surrounding the great court of the Vatican, and their walls are painted, after the designs of Raphael, with small compartments of sacred history. These have been engraved, and are commonly known by the name of Raphael's bible. I confess they did not particularly engage my attention, except the celebrated representation of the Creator as an old man with a flowing beard,

“ Brooding o'er the kindling seeds of life.”

The countenance is sublime, and said to have been finished by Raphael himself. We protestants consider such representations as impious, and surely not without reason. At best they can be but emblematical. I have asked a catholic divine on what principles their church could admit them. He assured me they were only *tolerated* by the church, and not *authorized*. This hint was of great use to me, not knowing before that the catholic church acknowledged such a principle as toleration at all—I mean as a church; for, as to individuals, I should be ungrateful

grateful not to own that I have found as much real charity and meekness, as much milk of human kindness, in catholics, as amongst any people, perhaps more; and such examples do more credit to their religion than all their boasted miracles, true or false; for the best religion is that which makes the best man. The Eternal Father of all only knows which of his children has the most accurate judgment, but we can all tell whose conduct approaches the nearest to his own.

After the apartments of Raphael in the Vatican, a lover of the arts ought to visit his works at the Farnesina, a little palace on the banks of the Tiber, formerly belonging to the Farnese family, and now to the King of Naples their heir, who has deprived it of several treasures; but luckily cannot rob it of these fresco paintings, which make its chief riches. In them are represented the history of Cupid and Psyche. Never was a story better told, nor could the accessory parts have been better conceived. I find myself indispensibly obliged to particularise these charming performances. The whole composition is divided into twenty-six compartments,

partments, occupying the walls of a large hall. Of these, twenty-four are triangular; fourteen of them, smaller than the rest, are occupied by little winged genii, in an endless variety of attitudes, accompanied with the attributes of the different heathen deities, and various birds and animals symbolical of each. These are excellently imagined, but the attention is soon diverted from them to the other pictures. The first of these represents Venus shewing Psyche to Cupid, as an aim for his darts. Psyche is not in the picture, but is supposed to be on the earth; while Venus and her son are in the clouds. De la Lande says this piece is the most feeble of the whole, though he allows the drawing to be in a great style. In my opinion, what he calls feebleness, is only that calmness of expression which ought to be in the principal characters at the opening of an epic composition, before their passions are agitated, or "the plot thickens."

The second describes Cupid, who being himself enamoured of Psyche, contrary to the intention of his mother, shews her to the three Graces for their approbation. Nothing

thing can be better than the drawing and expression of the Graces. That figure, whose back is towards the spectator, is peculiarly excellent in drawing, and its colouring the most just of all the paintings of Raphael I ever saw, and much superior to the rest of this great work. The act of judging, and a desire to form a favourable judgment, without, however, being violently interested about the matter—all this is told, not exactly alike in all the three figures, but to the just point of expression, and not a step beyond. “Cupid (says De la Lande) has nothing but expression. His colour is like a boiled lobster, and his outline stiff and less accurate than the other figures.” May be so, but his countenance could not be better. Psyche is still out of the picture.

The third compartment represents Venus complaining to Juno and Ceres, that they have concealed Psyche. Venus is eminently beautiful, and the conversation very animated, not, as in most pictures, like people on the stage, talking to be looked at, but like nature itself.

In the fourth, Venus is going post-haste
in

in her chariot, drawn by doves, to make her complaint to Jupiter.

In the fifth, she appears before the Father of gods and men, supplicating his assistance in the most earnest, natural, and unaffected manner. He hears her with a calm dignified indulgence, more disposed to alleviate her anxiety, than to grant her request. The character of his head is the most noble and sublime, and yet the most complacent possible. That of Venus leaves nothing to be wished for. This compartment pleased me the best of all.

In the sixth, Mercury, truly suspended in the air, is flying to execute the commands of Jupiter.

In the seventh, a most beautiful Psyche, of ineffable grace and modesty, conducted by two genii, is carrying the box of vermillion, for which Venus had insidiously sent her to Proserpine.

The next represents her interview with Venus, to whom she offers the box in fearful humility, and who starts back, with uplifted hands, in surprise and mortification at her return.

In the ninth compartment, Jupiter is represented as granting the request of Cupid, that the lost beauty of his mistress may be restored. This is one of the most celebrated pieces, and very justly so. The affectionate benignity of Jupiter, and above all the ingenuous satisfaction diffused through the countenance and whole figure of Cupid as he receives his embrace, may rank this picture among the very first in point of expression; nor is its composition less admirable.

The tenth compartment exhibits Mercury conducting Psyche, beautiful and charming as before, to the assembly of the gods.

Two great compositions, which conclude the story, occupy the ceiling. One represents the Council of the Gods, before whom Venus and Cupid are pleading their cause; while Mercury, who by the by is unnecessarily naked, anticipates the decision, by presenting the ambrosial cup of immortality to Psyche. The other picture is the Nuptial Feast, where the heads of the two principal personages are beyond description charming. Jupiter is not painted to advantage

tage here, and Ganymede reaches very awkwardly across the table ; but, on the whole, these pieces are worthy of their companions, and of the inimitable pencil and mind that gave them birth. They are well copied in the ball-room at Northumberland house.

These paintings so absorbed my whole attention, that I had scarcely any left to bestow on Raphael's famous Galatea in the next room, beautiful as she is, traversing the ocean in a shelly chariot drawn by dolphins, and attended by Tritons and Sea-nymphs worthy of herself. I could not fix my mind on any other story after that of Cupid and Psyche, any more than I can enjoy a farce after a tragedy of Shakespear by Mrs. Siddons. Here is a colossal head of Alexander in black and white, said to have been sketched by Michael Angelo, as a hint for Raphael to aim at a greater style than he had hitherto attempted. De la Lande thinks it unworthy of the hand to which it is attributed ; but probably its originality is well authenticated, not only by uniform tradition, but from that compartment of the room on which it is drawn, being left unfinished, evidently

evidently, because Raphael would not obliterate this head.

This palace contains some more paintings of the same date, and several antiquities, though the *Venus aux belles fesses*, and some other sculptures, are removed to Naples. A beautiful equestrian statue of a young Augustus still remains. It is in marble, the size of life.

In the same street, not far distant, stands a deserted palace, built after the designs of Raphael, and worthy of him. Although very simple, it possesses a degree of elegance rarely seen in any building. It consists of two stories, with seven windows in each, and no door. Between the windows are single pilasters. Those on the ground floor have Doric capitals, but I think their shafts are more slender than the true Doric proportion. Those of the upper story are Corinthian. It is a kind of front which would cost very little, and ought to be published accurately, with its measurements, before it falls entirely to decay. But if a builder were to copy this palace, I fear he would make

quite a different thing of it, even though not aiming at any improvement.

Not far distant is the convent of St. Onuphrius, in plain English St. Humphrey, who seems no very popular saint, for I do not recollect having met with a church dedicated to him before. I only mention him now, because he guards the bones of Tasso and of John Barclay. Under the arcade, before the church door, are some paintings of the history of St. Jerome and other hermits, by Domenichino, in which the heads are excellent.

The great palace of Farnese contains a gallery not less celebrated, nor scarcely less admirable, than that of the Farnesina. It is the principal work of Annibal Carracci, and consists of various fables of antiquity in compartments, representing pictures supported by naked figures, or *cariatides*, and surrounded with a variety of ornaments. The figures and ornaments are so shaded as to suit the place they are in, appearing to receive their light from the windows below on the opposite side of the room; whereas
the

the compartments have each their own peculiar light, and so appear like pictures. We have not here that unity of composition, or one story delineated through the whole, as in the Farnesina; but only detached pieces of the fabulous history of antiquity. They are excellent for invention, drawing, and colouring, but do not often possess that refinement of expression of which Raphael was master, and still less the exquisite grace and beauty of his female figures. They are, however, the more easy to imitate, and we have several engravings of this gallery, as well as many copies of some of its parts.

This palace once contained a vast collection of antique statues and busts; but the choicest pieces have been removed to Naples, and others are daily carrying thither. We saw the famous Hercules undergoing the operation of having his ancient legs restored, instead of those made by William della Porta, which Michael Angelo thought superior to the original ones. The statue was then to be sent to Naples. I could not well judge of its proportions, as it was suspended by cords, and encumbered with scaffolding.

scaffolding. The swelling of the muscles is beyond nature, and Winkelman says the sculptor intended them to be so, to express the rapid elasticity of the fibres in contracting the muscles with a circular tension, and thus to describe ideal force. I do not quite understand this, nor do I profess myself a competent judge of the merits of this performance, except as to its finishing, which is equal to any thing antiquity has left us.

The Flora, celebrated for its exquisite drapery, we did not see, it being then on the road to Naples. That stupendous group, the Toro Farnese, representing Amphion and Zetus, by order of their mother Antiopa, binding Dirce to the horns of a wild bull, was likewise about to be removed thither. The figures, larger than life, are all, with their basement, hewn out of one block of marble, for which they are more remarkable than for execution.

C H A P. XXII.

CHURCHES OF ROME.

THE churches of Rome are an inexhaustible fund of amusement; whether we consider them as studies of architecture, sculpture, or painting; as stores of an infinite variety of marbles and other stones, for the instruction of the naturalist; or as the theatres of innumerable curious and splendid ceremonies, and of the sweetest and most perfect music, of which a rich feast may be met with every day in the year at some church or other. The doors of the Roman churches are generally open, and a stranger may saunter about without scruple, only using such common discretion as not to disturb the devotional ceremonies by loud talking, or running against those who are occupied in them.

With respect to joining in these ceremonies or not, kneeling or standing up, he may act just as his conscience or good manners dictate.

We were one evening present at the Ave Maria, and enjoyed the simple solemn strains, standing behind the kneeling crowd till the hymn was finished. We were then retiring, when a poor man came and told us, in the kindest manner possible, that the benediction was just going to be delivered. We thanked him, and returned to receive it. His eye beamed complacency, and we could perceive his blessing was added to that of the priest. Ought we to have sneered at this poor man for his pains, and run into the street with a horse laugh? If we had done so, we should have had his pity instead of his approbation; we should not have bowed the knee to idols, we should have shewn great courage where there was not the least danger, and have been most orthodoxly deficient in Christian charity and good breeding.

Such of the most remarkable churches of Rome as we visited, during our first stay there,

there, I shall now mention, reserving others till I speak more at large of this city, after our return from Naples.

Near the entrance of Rome, on the left, is St. Maria del Popolo. We visited this church very often; not for the sake of its miraculous picture of the Virgin, not for its variety of precious marbles, nor even for the admirable sculptures of Bernini and Sanfovino: we returned hither again and again, solely to contemplate the more admirable, more precious, more miraculous statue of Jonah, by Raphael. I have gazed on this divine production for uncounted hours with fresh delight and astonishment. Whether we consider the grace and elegance of the figure, the heavenly expression of its beautiful countenance, or the inimitable management of the marble, surely this is the first modern statue of the elegant kind, if Michael Angelo's Moses be allowed the pre-eminence of sublimity. Jonah is not portrayed with his usual bible face and great beard, but as a young man of the most beautiful form and proportions, sitting, or rather standing, upon the whale, with his

right foot resting on its lower jaw ; and he seems in the moment of pious exultation at his deliverance. The mouth of the animal is wide open ; its teeth are those of a shark, and the voluminous folds of its capacious maw are so excellently described, with all their smooth slippery sleekness, that marble surely can express no more. It is commonly reported that this statue, and its companion Elias, were executed by Lorenzetto, after the designs of Raphael, but some have asserted the Jonah to have been even finished by that great painter's own hand ; and an ingenious essay was published not long ago in support of this opinion. Those who think otherwise, say, the marble is too scientifically handled, for the work of a person not long experienced in the exercise of the chissel. But if Lorenzetto executed it, why has he not succeeded equally well in any other work ? And where can any modern sculpture be found in any respect similar to this, as to the style of finishing ? Of the time and practice requisite to produce such command of the chissel I do not pretend to judge, nor can any of us tell how much Raphael applied himself to the

the

the study ; but certainly if that transcendent master of outline did attempt sculpture, he must have been more likely to rival the ancient Grecian perfection than any other mortal.

The chapel which contains this treasure is the second on the left hand, and belongs to the Chigi family, the relations of Pope Alexander VII. The chapel is of fine proportions, richly adorned, and possesses two statues by Bernini, with several mosaics worthy of notice, if it were possible to withdraw the eye from Jonah. By the entrance is a monument in memory of the late Princess Chigi, with her portrait. This lady died in child-bed, at an early age, when Lady Miller was at Rome, who laments her death in pathetic terms.—She must have been uncommonly amiable, for the person who shewed us her monument spoke of her, even at this distance of time, with the deepest regret.

In another part of this church we met with a white marble monument, with a stiff recumbent statue, and the following epitaph :

Marc•

Marco Antonii Equitis Romani
 filio ex nobili Albertonum familia
 corpore animo q. insigni
 qui annum agens XXX
 peste inguinaria interiit
 An salutis christianæ
 MCCCCLXXXV die XXII juliæ
 Heredes B M P.

This has been supposed to throw some
 light on the history of the Lues Venerea, as
 proving its existence in Italy in 1485, and
 I believe the inscription has been already
 published with that view ; but I do not see
 how we can determine this *pestis inguinaria*
 to have been that disease, and not the plague
 with an inguinal bubo.

We looked into the twin churches of the
 Piazza del Popolo, which meet the eye on
 entering the gate. In that on the side
 next the Corso are several good pictures by
 Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa, the latter
 in bad lights. In the other church is nothing
 worth notice.

Proceeding through the Piazza di Spagna,
 we come to the magnificent flight of steps
 which leads to the church and convent of
La Trinità de' Monti, belonging to the French
 minims.

minims. Here is the celebrated fresco of the Descent from the Cross, by Daniel de Volterra, esteemed one of the four best paintings in Rome. Its colouring is void of all attractions, but the drawing and expression peculiarly fine. The men who are taking down the body, are not so remarkable as the front group of the three women assisting the virgin, who is fainting. This group has been finely copied, in a less size, by Annibal Carracci, I believe more than once, and is one of the most valued pictures of the Orleans collection at Paris. It has also been well engraved, and is too well known to need description or praise. I have only to add, that the great Michael Angelo is supposed to have given the outline of this piece, and that it was executed only by Daniel de Volterra.

A little farther on is a small church of the Conception, belonging to a convent of Capucins, visited by all travellers on account of Guido's St. Michael triumphing over Satan, against which Smollet has vented his spleen. He, poor man, was no judge of painting, and it more suited his humour

to

to find out that St. Michael was dressed like an opera dancer (which cannot be denied), than to admire the transcendent beauty and grace which Guido has given him. Opposite to this is a very admirable performance of Pietro da Cortona, St. Paul healing Ananias. The composition is good; the colouring rich and harmonious.

The church of St. Carlo in the Corso is remarkable for its pavement, which consists of large monumental stones, inlaid with various fine marbles, representing coats of arms, palm-branches, skeletons, cherubs, and other ornaments in their proper colours. Some other churches are paved in a similar manner, but not in such perfection. Mr. Brydone describes the same kind of decoration in a church at Malta. In all these the antique yellow marble is very useful; not only because its colour is often wanted, but also on account of its becoming red in the fire; by means of which property the minutest pieces, being partially heated, acquire any shade from yellow to deep red, with a regular gradation of tints. By this the bees-

in

in the Barberini arms are very neatly expressed.

Santa Maria in Vallicella, or Chiesa Nuova, is a church worthy of notice, for its architecture, its rich decorations, its pictures, and its profusion of votive offerings of silver. The chapel, containing the body of St. Philip Neri, who founded this church, is wonderfully rich, but not elegant. Here is a fine cupola painted by Pietro da Cortona, with the singular design of Christ shewing his heavenly Father all the instruments of his passion, brought by angels. It is well composed and executed. The same artist has painted the extremity of the nave. Guido, Carlo Maratti, and Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, have also displayed their abilities here to advantage. While we were admiring these paintings, and regretting the declining light, which obliged us to postpone any farther examination of them that evening, especially as every body had left the church, and we apprehended being shut in, our ears were saluted by the most heavenly strains surely that ever came from a mortal voice. It was an evening hymn of the simplest,

plest, sweetest composition, and proceeded from one voice in a gallery above us. We had scarcely time to recognize the musician, and to be satisfied we were not entranced, before the music ceased ; but its impression will never be erased from my mind.

Santa Maria Maggiore is one of the principal churches after St. Peter's, not only in dignity, antiquity, and sanctity, but also in size and magnificence. Its nave is superior in beauty to almost every other building, having on each side a simple uniform row of Ionic pillars, of ancient workmanship and fine proportions, which have a charming effect, and give this building the air of an antique temple. Here are some very ancient mosaics, which were cited in the second Council of Nice, to prove the antiquity of image worship ; but if antiquity were any argument, they might as well have quoted the golden calf of the Israelites. The subject is scarcely worth mentioning, but I shall have a few remarks to offer upon it hereafter.

In this church are two most sumptuous chapels, one built by Sixtus V. the other
the

the burial-place of the Borgheſe family. In the former is the maſſoleum of that illuſtrious pope, ornamented with fine baſ-reliefs; and oppoſite to it the monument of St. Pius V. whoſe body lies in a fine ſarcophagus of verde antique, in the ſide of which is a bronze door, with his figure embossed upon it. This door is opened one day in May every year, and the body expoſed to the ſight and veneration of the faithful.

The Borgheſe chapel is of the ſame ſize and figure as its oppoſite neighbour, and in like manner decorated with the maſſoleums of Paul V. the founder, and Clement VIII. The altar, and indeed every part, is as richly adorned as poſſible, and in a ſtyle worthy of the materials. In this chapel a ſingular ceremony is performed in Auguſt every year, in memory of the building of the church. A plentiful ſhower of flowers of jaſmine is made to fall from the dome to the floor during ſervice. This is to commemorate a ſhower of ſnow, of which a certain Pope is ſaid to have dreamed one night in Auguſt, and when he awoke, to have found it had really fallen in the night
on

on the hill where this church stands, where he could certainly do no less than build a church in memory of the important miracle. How much taste has this elegant people, even in their most contemptible mummery! How pleasant to dream of snow at Rome in August, and how luxurious to imitate it with jasmine! We were told, however, that no women ever partook of this luxury. Such is the aversion of the sex in Italy to all kind of perfumes, that they avoid this church as they would a pestilence, whenever this ceremony is performed.

Taking the left of the two great streets, or rather roads, which lead from the front of St. Maria Maggiore, we reach at length St. Giovanni in Laterano, standing in an open spot just within the walls. This is the head of all the churches in Rome, and ranks before St. Peter's in dignity and antiquity. It is the real cathedral of the world, for here the Pope is enthroned, and enters on his authority. Yet this holy church itself is a turn-coat, for it was dedicated to Christ, and called by his name, till the seventh century, when St. John Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist,

Evangelist, by their joint interest threw him out, and were brought in hollow themselves, as our borough-mongers say.—I leave the analogy to be drawn farther by those whom it may concern, only cautioning them against concluding that all borough-mongers, or borough representatives, are saints; my business is with the present appearance of this famous edifice.

Its principal front is one of the finest in Rome, notwithstanding the faults which De la Lande mentions, which he has copied from Magnani's book, as well as most of his account of this and other churches. The chief imperfection is the too great height of the balustrade. Piranesi's print gives an accurate idea of its effect. The vestibule, a part which this has in common with other ancient and principal churches, is very fine, and elegantly adorned with yellow antique marble, intermixed with blue and white. The nave I cannot admire at all. It is much deformed with great niches in the pilasters, each containing a statue of an apostle, and ornamented with two columns of verd antique, too good for the statues and their situ-

ation. The high altar is ornamented with a gothic canopy supported by porphyry pillars. At the extremity of the cross aisle, on the left, is the altar of the Sacrament, chiefly remarkable for four large antique fluted columns of bronze gilt, said to have been taken from the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Lady Miller speaks of these as being placed *round* the altar, which they are not, and seems to imply that they are at the *high* altar; a mistake into which she appears to have fallen in copying De la Lande, who has confused himself in copying Magnani; the latter only gives an accurate account.

One chapel in this church is better worth seeing than all the rest of the building. It belongs to the Corsini family, and is on the left of the principal entrance. It was built by Clement XII. of that family, and the mosaic altar-piece represents St. Andrew Corsini, one of his relations. When an Italian family has produced a Pope and a Saint, it holds itself very high. The Medicis, with all their glory, never arrived at this dignity. They have indeed furnished the

world with several Popes, but have exhibited only a very slight tincture of sanctity.

The monument of Clement XII. may be esteemed one of the most magnificent in the world, if only on account of the noble sarcophagus of porphyry, which he stole from the portico of the Pantheon to decorate his own tomb. Independent of its vast size, its proportions are the finest of any extant. Nothing can exceed the elegance of its simple fluted ornaments.

Here are several other monuments, and a profusion of porphyry, alabaster, and bronze, all employed with great judgment. The founder of this chapel built the portico of the church, and these two are the only parts of the edifice that display any considerable degree of taste.

Adjoining is a very remarkable building, the Baptistry, erected by Constantine. Its form is circular or octagon, and round the centre or area are eight of the finest porphyry columns in Rome, though not all of equal height, nor is their surface quite even; a fault frequent in such columns, from the difficulty of working and polishing so hard a stone.

These support an antique architrave, on which stand eight smaller columns, and above these is the cupola. The materials of this edifice are rich, but they were not formed for it originally, so that the whole is in a very bad style. In the upper part of the building are eight pictures by Andrea Sacchi, one of my most admired artists. The font is in the centre under the dome, and we descend some steps to it; an image of primitive baptism in rivers.

Near the baptistery stands a famous obelisk, brought by Constantine from Thebes to Alexandria, and from thence by his son to Rome. Sixtus V. placed it in its present situation at a great expence, it being one of the largest obelisks known. It is sculptured with hieroglyphics; its substance is the usual red granite of Upper Egypt, a beautiful stone when polished.

At a little distance a singular semi-circular niche, about thirty feet high, stands alone, decorated in the upper part with an ancient mosaic, taken from the magnificent refectory which St. Leo III. erected in the Lateran palace.

lace. Hence this building is called his *Triclinium*.

Behind the Triclinium is another edifice, in which is placed that very holy and very celebrated staircase, consisting of twenty-eight steps of marble, taken from the house of Pontius Pilate, and which Christ is reported to have ascended and descended several times. These steps can only be ascended kneeling; but on each side is another staircase, on which a man may, without offence, walk in that upright posture for which God created him, and in which he always moves, while he preserves his true dignity undebased by superstition and slavery. An eccentric English friend of mine had indeed the boldness to run up the steps in the centre, but he was soon called down with great indignation; his conduct was excused on the supposition of ignorance only. The vast concourse of devout knees was found to wear these steps so fast, that wooden covers were made for them, and these are obliged to be often renewed. It should seem that to crawl up these stairs, is one of the most meritorious actions that can be performed. How have

I wished for the pencil of a Bunbury to delineate those truly ridiculous groups often to be seen here! So many gouty cardinals, fat priests, and corpulent old ladies, heaving one knee after the other, would, without any exaggeration, make as good a picture as the long minuet, or any other work of the same comical artist. I have seen ten or twelve carriages of the first people in Rome waiting below, which evinced the quality of the penitents then upon duty.

Near St. Maria Maggiore is a small church of great antiquity, dedicated to a St. Prassede, said to be as ancient as the second century, and consequently possessing many relicks. I mention it chiefly for one of these, a little jasper column, or rather pyramid, near three feet high, said to have been that at which our Saviour suffered flagellation. However absurd this may be, considering the size and shape of the pillar, which a child of ten years old might run away with, yet this thing was brought from the holy land as a choice relick by a Cardinal Colonna in 1223. The steps leading to the altar seem to be of the antique Egyptian red marble, called

rosso antico, and if so are very valuable. The present Pope lately purchased an old cornice of the same marble, for about its weight in silver, to cut up for the decoration of some of his buildings. Its colour is an uniform red, a little paler than the dark part of red porphyry. Its quarries are lost to us.

From hence we went to St. Peter *in vinculis*, or in chains, remarkable for the twenty antique columns of the Doric order which decorate its nave. They are of a whitish marble with grey veins, said in books to be Parian; and perhaps they may be so, though full of straight veins like *cipolino*. They are fluted in the most ancient manner, the grooves running close together, and passing quite through from top to bottom, without any semi-circular termination. Their form is very elegant. Here is the monument of Pope Julius II. designed by Michael Angelo, and decorated with that transcendent statue of Moses, the master-piece of modern sculpture. It is of a colossal size, of a wonderfully fine block of white marble, and in a sitting posture; but little elevated above

the ground. Above is some architecture, with a sarcophagus, and two or three smaller figures; but it is impossible to fix the attention on any thing except this Moses. Here the genius of Michael Angelo has followed its natural bent. Such sublimity, such ineffable dignity could come from no chissel but his. The divine legislator rests one hand on the tables of the law, while he addresses himself in majestic displeasure to the people; whose absurdity seems a great trial of his patience, and moves at once his anger and astonishment. His beard has been criticised as too long, but it is so well disposed, one cannot wish any part away; and the execution of the anatomy of the figure, and its drapery, may vie with the finishing of the Jonah, or of almost any sculpture extant. Julius II. is not buried here, but at St. Peter's in the Vatican, nor is there any inscription or coat of arms on this monument.

In this church is an old superstitious inscription about the plague, which we had not time to copy.

In a little irregular ruinous area near the bridge,

bridge, called *Ponte rotto*, are three small churches which deserve to be mentioned, rather for what they have been than what they are. First, St. Maria in Cosmedin, is built on the ruins, and of the materials, of an ancient temple of Modesty, into which none but noble ladies could enter. It does not appear from the history of ancient Rome, that nobility gave all ladies a genuine right to this privilege, nor has it been since found expedient to restore it at Rome or elsewhere. Here are eight columns which made a part of the original building. Under the portico is a large marble mask, three or four feet wide, supposed to have been used in ancient times as a test of veracity, the witness being required to swear with his hand in the gaping mouth of this mask, which it was supposed would close if he swore falsely. This is called *Bocca della verità* (the mouth of truth). Others judge it to have been merely the covering of a drain, the orifices serving to let water pass. Its form is good. Second, The Madonna del Sole, is thought to have been a temple of Vesta. It is almost entire, of a circular form, with twenty Corinthian fluted

fluted columns of white marble on the outside; but these columns are unfortunately built up to about half their diameters in a modern wall, and the modern roof is frightful, so that this beautiful antiquity is much deformed, and looks like a fine person muffled up in a blanket and night cap. Third, The Temple of *Fortuna virilis*, now metamorphosed into the church of St. Mary the Gipsy, has not been more fortunate. Its fine Ionic columns are as much encumbered with modern patch-work.

From hence, directing our steps to the ancient Mons Cælius, we come to the church of St. Gregory the Great, a very famous and active pope, whose relicks are preserved here; and hardy must be the heretic who can approach them without trembling. Yet we were so profane as to reflect, when standing in this spot, that here the doctrine of purgatory was fabricated; for which alone St. Gregory deserved canonization, so beneficial has it been to the church. Here was the paternal mansion of this distinguished man, and here he himself built a church and convent, dedicated to St. Andrew, whose
fame

same he has now eclipsed. In the church, on the left, is a beautiful picture by Battoni, an artist not long since dead, representing the Virgin with saints about her, pleasing for its soft and brilliant effect, as well as the gracefulness of the figures.

Returning by the Campo Vaccino, we visited St. Francesca Romana, whose shrine is of rich stones, and of a handsome form. The monument of Pope Gregory XI. is worth visiting, on account of a good bas-relief representing his entry into Rome, for it was he who brought back the apostolic see from Avignon in 1377; a joyful event for the then poor degraded and desolate capital of the world.

Some of the most superb bas-reliefs in Rome are to be seen at St. Agnes, in the Piazza Navona, a very magnificent church, containing also the first mausoleum of Innocent X. who built the church; to atone, I presume, for some of his own sins, and those of his incestuous mistress, the rapacious and tyrannical Donna Olympia. He is represented kneeling; for the most detestable princes are devout on their monuments at least,

least, as was Catherine of Medicis, and as any other odious Catherine perhaps may be.

Although we visited many of the ruins, as well as some gardens, villas, and the Vatican Museum, during our first abode at Rome, yet as we examined them again after our return from Naples, I forbear to describe them now.

C H A P. XXIII.

THE CARNIVAL—MASQUERADE—THEATRES—MUSEUMS OF NATURAL HISTORY—LITERATURE—PLANTS IN FLOWER.

THE Carnival is no where seen to greater advantage than at Rome; and though so many travellers have mentioned it, more or less particularly, that a full description is unnecessary, no one who has seen it can be expected to be wholly silent on the subject, and not to delight in dwelling a little on those celebrated scenes, and that motley company, of which he can say *quorum pars fui*.

This entertainment lasts here but nine days, Sundays excluded. And even on those nine days masks are allowed to be worn for only three or four hours in the afternoon. Its first beginning was on the afternoon of

10011003

Saturday,

Saturday, February 10th ; the scene of diversion being the Corso, the principal street of the city, which runs from the Piazza del Popolo in a ~~straight~~ line almost up to the Capitol, which indeed ought to be laid open to it. Englishmen very generally pronounce the name of this street as we do *coarse*, and when so pronounced, it actually means a *Corfican*, which sounds very ridiculous to a Roman ; the true pronunciation of its first syllable is like our word *coarse*. This remark is superfluous to those who know Italian, but I write it for those who do not.

The middle part of this street, which unluckily is not a very wide one, is, in Carnival time, occupied by three rows of coaches all in procession ; those which compose the two outermost going up one side and down the other, and so making a continual circuit, as in Hyde Park. The central row is composed of the coaches of sovereign princes, and, I believe, cardinals ; at least the splendid equipage of the present pope's nephew always moved in that line, but whether in consequence of his rank as cardinal, or as governor

governor of Rome, I am not certain. Here the "exiled majesty of England" might be seen every afternoon, lolling in his coach, the very image of a drunken Silenus, more asleep than awake, and apparently tottering on the brink of that grave to which he is since gone. The small remains of expression to be seen in his face, wore the appearance of good nature. He was often accompanied by his legitimated daughter, the Duchess of Albany, a lively and unaffected woman, but without any personal charms. She died, I think, before her father. The countenance of this unfortunate prince had much resemblance to that of King James II. and it has been somewhat severely remarked, that "the perverseness of his destiny, and the worthlessness of his character, bore testimony to his descent." So that if any body chooses to support the old warming-pan story, it must be presumed the pious king had some bastard of his own ready at hand, to put off for the child of his queen. But as Lord Chesterfield observes, it is of no consequence whether that story has any foundation or not; the Stuart family, whether

the legitimate or supposititious, being lawfully
 excluded for incorrigible misconduct, and
 that is the best and most lawful reason. The
 permission to ride in the centre of the Corso
 was almost the only mark of rank that the
 Pretender enjoyed; the Pope having long
 ago required him to lay aside the style and
 title of king. The people commonly nick-
 named him "The King of the twelve Apo-
 stles," because he lived in the square so called.
 To Englishmen the Romans were always
 very polite upon this subject. Being at a
 house in the Corso one afternoon, from the
 balcony of which we had a view of the
 carriages and masks, somebody enquired
 whose coach that was in the middle of the
 street? They were immediately answered
 aloud, purposely in our hearing, "*Il Preten-
 dente.*" We observed a few North-Briton
 travellers assiduous in their attentions to the
 Duchess of Albany and her father. Their
 conduct must have been prompted by prin-
 ciple, certainly not interest, and is therefore
 to be respected, even by those of different
 principles; though it must be confessed I
 have observed some instances of this assiduity,
 which

which seemed to spring from a meer fondness for dangling after rank, however futile and imaginary.

The equipages on the Corso displayed great magnificence, and a fantastic style of ornament never indulged but in Carnival time. They were preceded by running-footmen, and attended by numerous servants in splendid liveries. The great variety of droll masks on foot, were by far the most diverting part of the scene. Here were numbers of coarse athletic carmen dressed as women, fanning themselves with a pretended delicacy and listlessness highly comic, and hanging on the arms of their mistresses, whose little slender figures, strutting in breeches, made no less ridiculous an appearance. This kind of metamorphosis, on such an occasion, and in such a rank, is entertaining enough, though not in my opinion to be tolerated in any thing like regular society. A very common character in these masquerades is a man dressed like a quaker, who runs up to every body making a sort of thrilling buzzing noise with his lips, and a very ideotic stare. We could not enter

much into the humour of this personage, for he never spoke nor made any other noise than the above. We fancied he was meant to burlesque our nation, for an Englishman is always so dressed on the Italian stage, and especially as we sometimes saw these characters shaking one another violently by the hand, in the English manner caricatured. After the promenade had continued about two hours, the coaches were all drawn up in a row on each side of the street, and foot passengers either stationed between them and the houses, or seated on rows of chairs or benches on the foot-walk, which is in some parts raised three or four feet above the central pavement. Thus every body waited in anxious expectation for the race. At length a number of little horses, without riders, started from a stand in the Piazza del Popolo for a goal at the other end of the Corso. They were decked with ribbands, intermixed with tinsel and other rattling matter, and small nails so contrived as to prick their sides at every step, and spur them on. They were also tickled and spirited up as much as possible by their owners before the signal

for

for starting, so that they set off furiously at first; but the spirit of many of them failed before the end of the course, and one or two of the most promising were often seen to stop short in the middle, staring about them, while a more steady racer arrived at the goal. Nothing can be more silly than this race; and our English jockey travellers, who are competent judges on such parts at least of the curiosities of Italy, treat this diversion with the same contempt that some people bestow on their own racing at home. The only difference is, that the Roman races merit but contempt at the worst. Here is no waste of fortune, no sharpening, nor any tampering with jockeys. The prize is nothing more than a little flag, and chance bestows it.

On these occasions the houses in the Corso are ornamented with tapestry hung out of their windows, which contributes much to the splendour of the scene. At the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture we observed some very rich ornaments of this kind, representing the natural productions of Cayenne, executed in a first-rate style,

probably at the Gobelins, and forming an interesting study for a naturalist. They are exposed at no other time.

We mixed with the motley crowd every afternoon, our English clothes serving most completely as a masquerade dress, and procuring us a number of rencounters, all of the facetious and good-humoured kind. Tuesday, February 20th, was the last day of Carnival, and on that evening all the diversions were carried to their highest pitch. The crowd was prodigious; but although every body was full of tricks, and all distinction of ranks and persons laid aside, the whole passed off without the least ill behaviour, or any thing like a quarrel. It was the most good-humoured mob I ever saw. About dusk every body took a small lighted taper in their hands, and most people held several; happy were they who could keep the greatest number lighted, for the amusement consisted in trying to extinguish each other's candles. Some people carried large flambeaux. All the windows, and even roofs, being crowded with spectators, and scarcely any body without lights, the street looked like a starry firmament.

firmament. Below were many carriages parading up and down, much more whimsical and gawdy than had yet appeared. Some resembled triumphal cars, decked with wreaths of flowers, and party-coloured lamps in festoons. The company within carried tapers, and a plentiful ammunition of sugar-plumbs, with which they pelted their acquaintances on each side, insomuch that the field of action looked next morning as if there had been a shower of snow. These carriages contained the first company and most elegant women in Rome, fantastically dressed, but generally unmasked. They were open to the jokes and compliments of any body who chose to stand on the steps of their coach doors, which were very low, and the ladies were not backward in repartee. When they had no answer ready, a volley of sugar-plumbs generally repulsed their besiegers. The ranks on the raised foot-way, and the crowd below, were in a continual roar of laughter, some with effusions of real humour, while those who could sport no better wit, bawled out, as they carried their branches of wax candles,

"*Sia amazzato chi non ha lume,*" (Kill all those that have no lights); to which the others answered, "Kill all those that have." Others called out, "*Siano amazzati gli abbati, bar- bieri, capucini, or my-lordi,*" the latter to us Englishmen; and sometimes they called us *Francesi* (Frenchmen). A few fire-works were exhibited, but no very capital ones. On the whole, we were highly entertained with this grotesque amusement, and could not but admire the perfect good-nature of the people, who could carry off such a scene without the least disorder. Between eight and nine o'clock every body retired, and all was quiet.

One evening, or rather after midnight, we went in dominos to a festino or masked ball, at the Aliberti Theatre. Here was an immense crowd, but little public wit or humour, although probably much intrigue, and many private jokes; the principal part of which must necessarily be lost upon strangers. The dressed characters were few and bad. One of the most singular, though not diverting, was an elegant woman in a monumental sort of drapery, perfectly white, and hold-
ing

ing a white urn in her hand. She ran about the room exhibiting this urn without speaking, fancying, I believe, that she was setting off her figure to advantage; but her gestures were too violent, and totally deficient in that pensive dignity and grace which her dress required. There was a profusion of the quakerish personages I have already described; and the company exhibited more bad dancing than I ever saw at one time before. The crowd, heat, and dust were insufferable, and we were glad to escape about four in the morning. The amusements on the Corso were much more entertaining.

At this Theatre (Aliberti) the serious Operas are very good. The decorations and the ballets superior to any thing we met with any where else. It is no wonder the scenes at Rome are well painted. Here are so many artists, who want to push themselves into notice, that they are glad to exert their utmost abilities for very little pay, in any work that may excite public attention. One circumstance renders the Roman theatre very disgusting. No women are allowed to act; their places are supplied by men,

and although the principal female part is generally performed by a man, or at least a *being*, who neglects no art of dress or gesture to complete the deception, and who, on a large theatre, might possibly escape detection, if the audience were not pre-informed; yet the inferior parts are so miserably filled up, they can hardly be beheld with patience. This spoils the effect of all serious dramatic pieces. It is intended however as a safe-guard to the public morals; but it is just such a safe-guard as might be expected from those who are taught to consider celibacy as a virtue, and whose whole education seems contrived to prevent them from using their reason, or following nature. Hence their own too general character in politics, religion, and morals; and inasmuch as any system of education resembles theirs, so far may the same fruits be expected.

At the Theatre *della Valle* we saw a kind of tragi-comedy not badly acted: the scene laid in England. It was followed by a musical comic opera, very well performed.

On Ash Wednesday, February 21st, all the world went to the Capella Sistina, at
the

the Vatican, to see the Pope perform the ceremony of putting ashes on the heads of all the cardinals, bishops, and inferior clergy in order, according to their rank ; and I believe any body else, who had chosen to be so favoured, might have received them. The ashes were presented to his Holiness in a kind of basket, into which he dipped his finger, and then made the mark of a cross on the head of each personage, who all kneeled before him in turn, and afterwards kissed his slipper. The whole was accompanied with other devotional ceremonies, and with music, which the church is too wise to omit on any such occasions.

In this famous chapel is the painting of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, occupying all the wall of that end where the altar is placed. It is a dark uncouth picture. The Saviour has great wrath, but little dignity, and the anatomy and attitudes are caricatured. On the whole this celebrated performance did not much please me.

Rome is not without its museums of natural history, but they are eclipsed by its
other

other museums so much, that they might almost pass unmentioned here.

The Abbé Calandrelli, professor of philosophy, shewed us a small collection of this kind, in a college near the Piazza di Spagna. To the same gentleman and Abbé Correa we were indebted for the sight of a much more interesting collection, that of Father Kircher, preserved in the college which once belonged to the Jesuits. An account of it is well known, by the title of *Museum Kircherianum*, in folio, with numerous figures. It consists of a great number of antiquities, and some natural history. In the same college a vast assemblage of minerals lies buried in dust and obscurity. They were collected by the Jesuits from all parts of the world, as objects of both curiosity and luxury, and might easily be put into order, as the places from whence they came are marked on the specimens. There are vast masses of lapis lazuli, emeralds in their native rock, jaspers, agates, and other stones of great intrinsic value, as well as very interesting to a mineralogist.

One

One mineralogical curiosity at Rome is a kind of medallions made of stalactite. For this purpose a petrifying water is conducted through beds of straw, and other strainers, to stop its grosser parts; and the stream is finally received into moulds of sulphur, such as are commonly used for casting medals in plaster of Paris. In a long course of time these moulds become filled with the fine earth which the water deposits, and when the cast or moulded stalactite thus formed has acquired a sufficient thickness, it is taken out, appearing of the purest white, void of transparency, and harder than marble. Its undulated back, and the different shades of whiteness on its edge, bear witness to its origin. The author of this invention was the Abbé Leonardo de' Vegni, to whom we had letters, and found him ingenious, but somewhat reserved.

One of the most interesting of the Literati which it was our fortune to meet with, was the very celebrated mathematician Father Jaquier, General of the French Minims at the Trinità de' Monti, the Roman editor of Newton; who, if I remember right, was obliged

obliged to make an apology in his preface for publishing such a dreadful heresy, as that the earth moved round the sun, and to disclaim his belief of it. What more bitter sarcasm could have been offered to the very authority which required this apology!

This good and venerable old man, who is since removed to a state where he will find truth needs no apology, and where divers popes and saints may, peradventure, appear to him in a considerably different light from what they did on earth, was confined to his bed with a broken leg from a fall. Nevertheless he admitted visitors every evening, conversing with his natural cheerfulness and urbanity, and discussing scientific subjects with as much ardour as if he were just entering on his literary career. How delightful, and how consolatory is it, among the disappointments and anxieties of life, to observe science, like virtue, retaining its relish to the last; smoothing the bed of age and infirmity, preserving the mind young and vigorous, alive to all its enjoyments, amid the wreck of its frail cottage; while, in communicating its own ardour and its own light

light to others, it tastes the happiness of a good father, who feels himself living over again in his children !

On a visit I made Father Jaquier after his recovery, he told me, that during his confinement he had been writing a treatise on Mount Vesuvius. He had seen more of this mountain than any body who had written upon it, having descended 200 feet within the crater with a draughtsman. This must have been the old crater, before the present little mountain (which I shall mention, in speaking of Vesuvius, hereafter) was formed. When at that depth, he could see the liquid lava within ; and he caused a great stone to be rolled down from the top, observing by a stop watch, as accurately as possible, how long it was in falling before it reached the lava. Hence he calculated the depth of the cavern, and judged the level of the lava to be much below that of the sea.

We were one evening introduced to a literary club, which used to meet every day at a house near the base of Antoninus's pillar ; not the well-known Antonine column, but a lesser one, not far distant, of
granite,

granite, the shaft of which lies prostrate in a dirty court near the base. This base is elegantly sculptured with the apotheosis of that good Emperor; and here we find winged genii, exactly like those which personate angels in Christian paintings.

At the club we met an abbé who has written the Life of Tasso, and who had a very large collection of all the editions and translations of that poet, but did not know Fairfax's. Here was a Spaniard of great knowledge and authority in music, and another abbé who had laboured very hard at a new edition of Tibullus, which he was then about publishing.

On the 22d of February, we were fortunate enough to be present at an assembly of the celebrated Academy of the *Arcadi*, held in honour of Sacchini, the late eminent musician; an eulogium of whom in prose was read, and then several little poetic pieces were rehearsed by their respective authors. The audience was very genteel, but not large. They were liberal of their plaudits. The laws of the academy, in pure and dignified

nified Latin, appeared on two large tablets in the meeting-room.

At the Barberini palace is a famous library, very rich in Greek manuscripts, chiefly theological, or rather ecclesiastical, for they probably have more to do with the church than with God. There are a few old books of natural history, as Fuchsi *Icones plantarum*, coloured, and the *Hortus Eystettenfis*; we scarcely saw any others worth notice. The numerous and splendid libraries of Rome are very poor in this department. In that of St. Maria sopra Minerva, which contains 100,000 volumes, and is open every day, I observed the *Hortus Malabaricus*, but little else botanical.

Little was to be done in botany at this season, but we found the following plants in flower.

Feb. 16. *Reseda Phyteuma*? on walls out of the gate of St. Sebastian. It was large, but had scarcely any smell, so that I am pretty sure it was not the *Reseda odorata*, Mignonette, though I neglected to gather specimens for examination, and the two species

species are scarcely distinguishable in flower, except by the smell.

The green Lizard, confounded by Linnaeus with his *Lacerta agilis*, was running about the ruins every where, and basking in the sun, but too nimble to be caught.

Feb. 17. *Riccia glauca*, very abundant in the long walk of the Villa Ludovisi garden, not in fructification.

Feb. 21. *Hypnum taxifolium*, in the Belvedere gardens.

Anemone coronaria } among grass in the
 *bortensis* }
 noble gardens of the Villa Pamphili, both apparently in a wild state, or at least perfectly naturalized. The latter grows abundantly in every part of the Coliseum, above the broken arches, and in many other places undoubtedly wild.

Phalaris utriculata, near the water at the Villa Pamphili. This we afterwards found as common in the gardens and waste ground about Rome, as *Poa annua* is with us, flowering chiefly in April.

Feb.

Feb. 24. *Ixia Bulbocodium*, very various in the size and colour of its flowers, purple, yellow, and small white, among short grass without the town walls, and especially about the Egerian fountain, out of St. Sebastian's gate.

We observed in the markets the roots of a species of *Carduus*? called *Crespigno*, which are split and peeled, and then eaten fried. Also oranges with red juice, which when cut are variegated with red and the usual hue, exactly resembling clotted blood, but very well tasted. These are vulgarly supposed to be produced by grafting an orange tree on a pomgranate stock; but from all I could learn, this is a fable like the black roses said to be grafted on a black currant bush.

C H A P. XXIV.

JOURNEY FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

Feb. 25. **A** VOITURIN, related to our old friend Diego, undertook to convey us to Naples, 141 miles, for seven sequins (a little more than three guineas !) all expences included, except *la buona mano*. We passed St. John Lateran, and proceeded through Albano to Veletri, twenty-three miles. By the road side are many ruins of ancient monuments, particularly near Rome and Albano. The features of the country are bold ; the views extensive, especially towards the sea ; but cultivation is at a very low ebb, as in all the Campania of Rome. Veletri received us *hospitio modico*, as its neighbour Aricia did Horace.

Feb. 26. Leaving Veletri at five, we crossed the famous Pontine marshes, by the excellent new road called Via Pia, to Terracina, forty-two miles, literally without stopping once. Our mules walked all the way about six miles an hour. The morning was fine, and we enjoyed the view of the noble amphitheatre of country which bounded our horizon on the left, while Monte Circello, the fabled abode of Circe, rose abruptly out of the dead flat on the right. At day-break a light vapour covered the marshes, which was gradually withdrawn, and settled all round the base of the hills, for two or three hours, like a white smoke. We perceived no bad marshy smell, for indeed this was not the unhealthy time of the year. There appeared a very strong current in the ditches; so that it may be hoped all the pains and expence which so many ages have bestowed to render this district healthy and useful by draining, will at last prove successful. One desideratum the present Pope has accomplished, that of a good road. De la Lande is very full and intelligent about these marshes and their history, and very learned about

Horace's journey to Naples. The whole is classic ground. I have little to add to what he and Addison have said, except what relates to natural history.

Near the inn at Terracina grew *Theliganum Cynocrambe*, Dog's Mercury; this was the first time of our meeting with it. The rocks about this place are covered with Indian figs like those of Monaco, and also with the noble *Acanthus*, *Artemisia arborescens* (Tree Wormwood), *Asphodelus ramosus* (Branched Asphodel), the latter now in flower, *Pistacia Lentiscus* (Mastic tree), and several other natives of the south of Europe. The Abbé Correa has found here *Scrapias Lingua* (Narrow-leaved Helleborine), and *Prasium majus* (the great Spanish Hedge-nettle); but they did not occur to us. The old walls, so numerous hereabouts, produce *Targionia*, and a profusion of mosses.

Going out of Terracina our baggage was visited, at a narrow and strong pass, where there is a custom-house. We continued our journey to Fondi (12 miles), where we slept in an inn by no means so bad as Lady Miller describes. In this afternoon's ride,

I remarked a singular clearness in the air. The sun shone, not very strongly, but there was a precision and strength in the shadows exactly like moon-light. The outline of every leaf of the olive trees was as distinctly and steadily marked on the ground, as in the brightest moon-light night. I suspected a partial eclipse of the sun might be the cause, but that could not be the case this day.

Feb. 27. Left Fondi at six. Part of the road lay through fine woods of olives. On the rocks going up the hill to Itri, I found more *Targionia*, very luxuriant, with its fruit in different stages of ripeness, by which it was easy to see that the genus is very distinct from all others. The rocks produced also abundance of *Lycopodium denticulatum* in flower.

Itri is a very shabby town, in an extremely beautiful country, with woods of olives, intermixed with the rich foliage of the carob. About half way to Mola di Gaeta, on the right hand close to the road, is an ancient ruined tower, said to be a monument which

the freed-men of Cicero erected in the place where he was killed.

Mola di Gaeta is a little suburb on the sea shore; the town of Gaeta, which we did not enter, being on the opposite side of the bay. Here our baggage was examined, for the first time, in the Neapolitan dominions. We have found the *Manuel de l'Etranger* erroneous with respect to the places on this road where travellers undergo that ceremony, and also in the relative distances of towns we have observed it to be all along very inaccurate. The common people here offered the Sea Urchin, *Echinus esculentus*, for sale; nor did it prove ill-tasted. These animals are eaten raw, and a very small part only is eatable, a portion of soft orange-coloured pulp lining the inside of the shell after the mouth and its bony appendages, with all that adheres to them, are removed. We began here to meet with a specimen of Neapolitan knavery. Wanting to change a sequin, the value of which in the silver of the place we well knew, these thieves offered us to the amount of three or four shillings less than the true sum. We applied to some
of

of the most decent of the neighbourhood, one after another, who all concurred in the same account. Having taken as many false evidences as we chose for our amusement, we appealed to a soldier on duty, as a sort of ostensible character, who drove away all the rabble, shaking his head, and telling us the true value, which we then immediately obtained from the person with whom we were dealing. In the street where this scene passed, in a parapet wall towards the sea, is fixed a small marble figure in bas-relief, much defaced; but appearing from what remains to have been of fine Grecian workmanship.

While the mules were reposing, we walked with two other travelling parties, who had accompanied us from Fondi, to the ruins of a villa on the sea-shore, commonly reported to have been that of Cicero. The situation is delicious. On the right the town of Gaeta is seen at four or five miles distance; on the left Mount Vesuvius bounds the prospect. Whether this were really Cicero's house is very doubtful, or rather it is almost certain it was not, being too near the sea; unless indeed that element may

have encroached on the land, for this coast has undergone frequent revolutions from earthquakes. Whatever it was, it appears to have been a considerable edifice. Many arched passages of great extent still remain. On an old wall in this garden grew *Blasia pusilla* in fructification, with *Bryum pyriforme* and some other mosses.

About eight miles beyond Mola di Gaeta, we were ferried over the river Garigliano, near which are considerable ruins of an aqueduct and amphitheatre. Here was a waggon loaded with myrtle leaves, collected for tanning leather; a poor, though elegant, substitute for oak bark. On a wall by the ferry, grew *Chenopodium ambrosioides*, Orange-scented Goosefoot, apparently wild, though said to be a native of Mexico. Being an old inhabitant of botanic gardens, it must have escaped from thence. I am certain of its identity. Stopped at St. Agatha, a solitary inn thirty-two miles from Fondi, and about a mile from the considerable town of Sezza, which town is very badly placed in the *Manuel*, tab. 5. St. Agatha is the best inn we met with on this road. Flora too began

began to smile upon us more and more. The hedges abounded with Myrtle and Lentiscus, with the fragrant and beautiful *Erica arborea*, Tree Heath, in flower. *Rubus fruticosus*, the common Bramble, is evergreen throughout this country.

Feb. 28. Arrived early at Capua. Here the necessary delay of sending our passport to the governor, gave us time to look into a conventual church, near the inn, the roof of which is well painted; but we could not go to the cathedral to see Bernini's dead Christ.

Proceeded to Averfa, where we reposed for two or three hours. No visitation of baggage here, though the *Manuel* mentions it. Almost every wall about the town exhibited *Targionia* in great perfection; and, to avoid repetition, it may be best to mention, once for all, that there is scarcely a wall or moist rock without it in the neighbourhood of Naples. In the garden of the inn we found five specimens of a new *Coccinella*, like *ocellata*, but distinguishable from that species by its pale brown thorax. It inhabited the nettle, *Urtica urens*, and pellitory,

hogildo

Parietaria

Parietaria officinalis. It exists in the Linnaean cabinet, sent by Kähler from Italy.

From this place the road to Naples is very fine and broad; the fields on each side are occupied by tall poplars and elms, supporting vines, and the ground between them produces corn. The soil is amazingly rich, and the sun sufficiently powerful to ripen the grain, even under the shade of these trees. The country seems very populous, and every thing announces the vicinity of a great capital. A shabby looking custom-house officer stopped us by the way; but the value of a shilling bribed him to let us pass unexamined. Naples is thirty-two miles from St. Agatha. We put up at the *Albergo Francese* near the Mole.

A stranger on entering this city must be struck with its vast extent, its populous narrow streets, and a great appearance of opulence and business on one hand; while, on the other, are swarms of beggars, who molest passengers most insufferably, and crowd into the coffee-houses, covered with rags and filth, in such shoals that it is impossible not to run against them perpetually. They are

obliged to be driven out by the waiters every five minutes, when they tumble neck and heels together into the street ; but soon return to their station, and are never to be satisfied. They also generally unite the trade of picking pockets to their ostensible profession.

The streets are clean and well paved. The architecture and decorations in general are in an extremely bad style, much like those in England of the time of James I. and in France before Francis I. Nothing can be worse than the tawdry obelisks in the streets decked with saints and madonnas.

March 1. After some necessary business of visits and delivering letters, we were spectators, the evening after our arrival, of the funeral procession of the Abbé de Bourbon, natural son of Louis XV. of France, who had died of the small-pox the preceding day, aged 28. He was a lively and accomplished young man, much liked by the English, and of great expectations in the church, to which he had been called, if not by a special grace, at least by the probability of

of special advantage ; and I believe he promised fair to make as apostolic and as learned an ecclesiastic, as many with which the Christian world is illuminated and adorned. He was thought to have had the small-pox when a child, and had a scar on his forehead attributed to that disease. His mother (the wife of a lawyer) was always very anxious to have him inoculated, though repeatedly assured of his safety by his physicians. Being thus rendered fearless on the subject, he constantly visited a German lady of fashion, who died at Naples of the small-pox, and caught it of her.

About dusk the procession began. First walked a number of capuchins, and then some other ecclesiastics, all bearing torches. Next went the body in a superb temporary coffin, shaped like an ancient sarcophagus, covered with purple velvet, and embroidered with gold. A number of persons in mourning, and others with a kind of banners, all in the dark, closed the procession. At the church, the coffin was placed on a magnificent gilded bier, on which, after a short service was sung, it was left for the night,
other

other ceremonies being deferred till the following day.

Next morning we each received the following billet from the French ambassador.

" *L'ambasciadore di Francia si dà l'onore
 " di pregarla a voler intervenire la mattina
 " di Lunedì cinque corrente Marzo nella
 " Chiesa di Santa Maria della Nova, alle ore
 " undici di Francia, ove si celebra la Messa
 " per il defunto Abate Louis Amè de Bourbon,
 " e sicuro delle sue grazie se le rafferma *.*"

We attended accordingly at St. Maria della Nova on the 5th of March. The church was hung with black, and cloth of gold with ermine, and illuminated with about 4000 wax tapers, the windows being darkened. In the centre was a large and most superb *catasfalco*, or hearse, in the form of an Ionic temple, of wood painted like

* " The Ambassador of France does himself the honour to beg your attendance on the morning of Monday the 5th of the present month March, at the church of *Sta. Maria della Nova*, at eleven o'clock, French time, where is to be celebrated the mass for the deceased *Abbé Louis Amè de Bourbon*, and he is confident he may depend on your favour."

grey marble and richly gilt; in which was a sarcophagus like that above described, and possibly the same, but the body had been interred two days before. At each corner of the sarcophagus stood the representation of a skeleton, gilt, holding a torch, the whole hearse being covered with lights. Mass was performed by the Pope's Nuncio with great solemnity, and with most exquisite music. The performers were about 100 instrumental, and 50 vocal, stationed in two gilt galleries, with two organs. The company consisted of persons of the first rank of both sexes, in mourning.

Of the Neapolitan churches I have little to say. Santa Chiara, where some of the royal family are buried, is a gothic building modernized, and richly, but heavily, ornamented.

San Severino is a large and rich benedictine convent, with neat and spacious corridors leading to the different cells. Its church is lined and paved in a most elaborate manner, with very fine marbles and other stones. Here a number of children are educated at a very cheap rate.

At

At San Giovanni Maggiore, on the first Friday in March, we heard some delightful music, vocal and instrumental. The altar of the Sacrament was richly decorated, and furnished with about 250 lighted tapers, the chapel being hung with crimson and gold. On one side of the altar a kneeling female figure, in deep mourning, represented the Virgin.

At the cathedral the famous phial of St. Januarius's blood is preserved in a silver cupboard, the outside of which was all that blest our eyes. The subterraneous chapel, where this relick is lodged, is rich in brocetto marble, but very dirty. As to the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood, we did not see that solemn puppet-show, which is such a standing joke for all our heretical travellers, and on which so much has already been written, that nothing new can be said. Addison's remark is the best that has been made on the subject, though few seem to have noticed it, that the miracle in question is probably an old Pagan trick, handed down from the priests of a temple in this neighbourhood, who, in the
time

time of Horace, had a contrivance for melting gums, miraculously as they pretended, without fire. The analogy is striking, and is more to the disgrace of the miracle than any thing else that has been said about it. See *Addison's Travels*, *Horace Sat. i. ver. 99*, and *Dr. Middleton's Free Inquiry*.

The font of the cathedral is an antique vase, about four feet in diameter, once dedicated to Bacchus, and ornamented with indifferent sculptures expressive of its original destination. It appeared to be of basalt, as commonly reported. De la Lande says, "it is called basalt, but is probably *only* touch-stone;" as if so large a piece of real touch-stone were not a much greater curiosity, and indeed not to be seen any where; for what is vulgarly so called, is black marble. De la Lande could not be ignorant of this.

St. Lorenzo is remarkable for a number of fine marble columns, and many monuments; among others that of Porta, the physician and physiognomist, who endeavoured to find remedies for diseases, by seeking plants whose form resembled that of
the

the part affected. Thus Toothwort, whose roots are like teeth, he supposed *a priori* would cure the tooth-ach. The Orchis tribe he judged *a posteriori* to be aphrodisiacal, because they are shaped like the male organs. His fancies were often ingenious, and he was thought wondrous learned in his time; nor must we too hastily stamp any man for a fool on account of his absurd medical theories.

The church of St. Paul contains some good pictures by Solimene; and, in one of its chapels, a prodigious number of votive tablets of silver, entirely covering many of the pillars.

St. Philip Nerl is the only church of architecture pleasing. Its nave is adorned with very noble Corinthian columns of granite, with white marble capitals. The altar and the treasury are very rich.

The most curious chapel in Naples, is that of the palace of San Severo, where the Sangro family, princes of San Severo, are buried. Here three marble statues, unique in their kind, excite the admiration of all travellers. The first is a dead

Christ lying at full length, and entirely covered with a veil, so admirably executed as to be a complete deception. The veil seems of the texture of fine muslin a little moistened. The features and muscles appear just as they would through such a covering. Nothing can be more wonderful than the execution of this sculpture. It is said to have been the work of San Martino, after the design of Corradini. De la Lande attributes it entirely to the latter, who also executed a female figure of Modesty, entirely covered with a thin veil; to be seen in the same chapel. This is admirably done, but scarcely equal to the Christ in exquisite finishing; nor is the figure itself of so fine a design, though the Abbé Richard prefers it to the former. The third sculpture is called the Undeceiving of Vice, and is said to allude to the reformation of a Prince San Severo, whose monument it adorns. Vice is represented by a figure enveloped in a net, and set at liberty by a cherub, the whole of one block of marble, by Queirolo. The carving of the net is really astonishing, great part of the figure having been finished

3

through

through it; the net has many folds, and scarcely touches the statue. This however is more a work of labour than of refined skill or taste, like the dead Christ. There are some other good sculptures in this chapel.

De la Lande mentions the last prince of this family as having been very curious in chemistry, and as having discovered several ingenious methods of encaustic painting, printing in colours, &c. all which he kept secret, and therefore deserves to be reckoned a juggler, and not a philosopher.

The monastery of the Chartreux occupies one of the finest situations in Europe, on a very high hill above the town. Its revenues are immense, and the building equally spacious and magnificent. The church, decorated with precious marbles, jasper, and lapis lazuli, contains some good statues, but more bad ones. Its best pictures are twelve minor Prophets, by Spagnuololetto; two others, Moses and another, by Luca Giordano, in the manner of the former; and above all the Nativity, by Guido, a large picture, which has been engraved. In the sacristy are also

some good paintings, especially Peter denying Christ, by M. Angelo da Caravaggio. We were indulged with a sight of the prior's apartments, which are not usually shewn, and they are ornamented with pictures. The treasury by far surpassed every thing of the kind we had yet seen. So many rich pieces of plate, such a profusion of gold and jewels, with plenty of holy bones in glass cases, altogether form a severe satyr on human folly, and human knavery. A few years ago this convent, not being sufficiently obedient to its chief in Dauphiny, received a severe check, on the remonstrance of the court of France, and can now admit no novices, without express leave from the King of Naples. Since which, the monks have ceased to give public dinners, as they formerly did, to any strangers who chose to go and visit them uninvited.

Above this monastery stands the castle of St. Elmo, on the summit of the rock, which is cut away below, so as to render it impregnable. From its ramparts we partook of one of the finest views in Europe. The town of Naples lay like a map under our feet,

feet, with a vast extent of ocean on one side, and a delicious country on the other. Vesuvius was capped with clouds. The monks below enjoy nearly the same prospect—why did I say *enjoy*? I verily believe they envy every dog that runs in the streets, and grudge every lazzarone the felicity of basking in the filth of the pavement, because he lives in that world which they have renounced, but on which it is easy to see they look with longing eyes. I noted in every countenance that we met in this mortified dwelling, either a squinting leer of curiosity, or an envious malignity; no traces of even hypocritical devotion. Mere personal austerities, practised for no end but to flatter the proud idea of superior sanctity, cannot fail to debase the mind, as much as virtuous self-denial, and exertions prompted by benevolence and social love, exalt and refine it.

In a chapel belonging to the church of the Holy Ghost, mention is made of a St. Richard, King of England. This could not be Richard I. because he justly and wittily censured the vices of his clergy; nor probably Richard II. because his murderer and

successor kept terms with the church. I leave it to historians to find out who he was ; but I believe they must first invoke the " unknown saint " for a special illumination.

The theatre of St. Carlo is well known to be one of the largest and most magnificent in Europe. We saw twice performed there the Destruction of Jerusalem by Nabucodonozor ; for in Lent nothing but sacred history is allowed to be represented. We were more moved to laughter than edification, though the scenery and decorations were in a very superior style, and the music admirable, as usual at Naples. Jeremiah was performed by an actor with a fine bass voice, since known on the London stage, and said to be a *much* greater favourite with a lady of high rank at Naples, than those performers who have *not* *bass* voices.

The palace of Capo di Monte is in a beautiful situation, but the house itself poor and unfurnished. Its foundations having given way, it has never been finished. Here is a great part of the Farnese collection of pictures, cameos, medals, and books, but mostly

in confusion, piled on the floors, and covered with dust.

Of the numerous pictures, several are avowedly bad, but some very fine, particularly a Charity, and other performances of Bartolomeo Schidone, whose works are very rare; a Madonna by Guido, and another by Leonardo da Vinci, both admirable; some pieces of Parmigianino, and of the Caraccis, are very good; but others appeared to me indifferent copies of what we had seen elsewhere; as the Satyr presenting flowers to a nymph, by Annibal Caracci, and a Holy Family by Parmigianino, both in the tribune at Florence. I have since found that Cochin and De la Lande make the same remark on the picture of the satyr. We did not see the admired Danae of Titian. Is this what Cochin calls a Leda? vol. 1. p. 133. The famous cup of onyx, about eight inches in diameter, found in the tomb of Adrian, is perhaps the most precious morsel in the collection. It is sculptured with the apotheosis of Alexander according to some; but antiquaries are divided upon the subject of it, and, what is more astonishing,

Cochin says this bas-relief is good for nothing, and in a very bad taste ! This writer also depreciates the rest of the cameos, and indeed cameos in general. He understood pictures better ; for there can be no doubt that the performances of the ancients on gems, are not only as astonishing, but as refined in execution, as any thing they have left us. The medals at Capo di Monte are esteemed very choice. Among the books, I principally noted an illuminated manuscript of exquisite beauty, done in the fourteenth century, in which many kinds of flowers are very delicately executed. Here is a group of two rock crystals, the largest known, weighing 1800 pounds,

Not far from Capo di Monte are the Catacombs, like those of St. Sebastian at Rome ; and a traveller who has seen either, may spare himself the trouble of exploring any more. They are vast caverns hewn out of the rock, said to have been used by the primitive Christians for celebrating their religious rites, and burying their dead. In the sides are numerous horizontal cells, each spacious enough to contain a dead body, which,

which, when occupied, were walled up. Many bones, and one dried body, still remain.

The porcellana, or royal china manufactory, is extremely deserving of notice. Here we saw a superb set of china intended as a present for our king, entirely made from ancient models found in Herculaneum and Pompeia, and painted with Etruscan ornaments. It was accompanied with a set of small white statues, of warriors principally, designed to be placed on the platform in the middle of the table. These have all been exhibited to the public at Windsor since their arrival. The clay and quartz used in this manufactory, are found in the kingdom of Naples.

In the place where it is carried on, are now lodged many antiquities brought from the Farnese palace at Rome, particularly the enchanting Venus *aux belles fesses*; two fine colossal heads of Vespasian and Antoninus; a colossal Apollo, and a beautiful Mercury, both in bronze; a bust of Euripides, and many other admirable things. The antique Flora was not yet arrived.

There are some naturalists at Naples, among others we had letters to the Abbé Don Nicola Pacifico, a zealous botanist, and able mathematician. His library possesses four volumes of the botanical plates of Cupani, an unpublished work of the most extreme scarcity. They are in the style of Boccone's figures, but better.

Don Nicola conducted us to a wood belonging to a monastery of the Camaldulenses, where was *Lathræa Squamaria*, Toothwort, and *Anemone appenina*, Purple wood Anemone, in flower (March 14th), and that curious fern *Pteris cretica* in fructification. We then visited the celebrated Dr. Cyrilli, whose garden contains some rare plants, and his library an old herbarium made by Imperato, more curious than important.

The most ingenious and indefatigable naturalist in this part of the world is Don Filippo Cavolini, whose observations on corals, and other marine animals, rival those of our illustrious Ellis for extent and fidelity. His conversation entertained us much. He unites the fire of genius to the most laborious accuracy. That curious question of the
manner

manner in which insects perceive sounds, had not escaped his attention, and he thought he had discovered the external orifice of the ears of *Cancer Pagurus*, the black-clawed crab, in an operculated hole on each side of the forepart of the thorax. Don Filippo was entirely unacquainted with the discoveries of Fabricius concerning the same organ, the substance of whose observations I communicated to him, and I leave him to make his own remarks upon them. Naples is an excellent situation for a naturalist in this line. A vast variety of corals and corallines, shells, marine insects, &c. are to be found on its shores. The *Syngnathus Hippocampus*, Sea Horse, is very common, and may be bought of the lazzaroni, with other sea productions, for a trifle.

It was impossible to omit waiting on Sir William Hamilton with particular introductions, not merely as an ambassador, but as a man of science. His house is delightfully situated, and elegantly fitted up in the English taste. It is furnished with many pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Angelica Kauffman; a fine crucifix by Vandyke, and
a most

a most capital naked boy by Leonardo da Vinci in fine preservation. I could not but smile to hear what pains Sir William has been at to get commodious sash windows, in the English style, made at Naples, and how much they are admired; while our people of pretended taste, are just introducing into London the foolish and inconvenient-French windows, which open like folding-doors, never shut close, and must be either wide open, or quite shut;—but when was fashion wise?

Mr. Stanbusch, the Danish Ambassador at the Neapolitan court, enriched me with some insects, and many very rare plants, gathered about thirty miles to the south of Naples; among which were *Rhinanthus Elephas*, and *Allium Chamaemoly*. From such a specimen, I would gladly have visited so promising a spot, had the season been favourable. At this gentleman's house I met Mr. Italinska, the Russian Envoy, who had applied himself to the study of Ichthyology during his residence here. Who would have expected so much science in such a rank, and in so dissipated a place as Naples?

Naples? Nor is it to be expected among the inhabitants themselves. I am assured, on very good authority, nothing can exceed the ignorance of the Neapolitan nobility, except their insolence and meanness. If one of them recommends a tradesman to a stranger, he will lay that tradesman under a contribution in consequence. Here and there one meets with a duke or a prince who has so much of the shadow of literature, as to be a collector of old useless books; but it is rare to find one who can read them. All the Neapolitans in general bestow great contempt on the strangers whose curiosity prompts them to ascend Mount Vesuvius, and scarcely one among an hundred of them can be found who has been upon that mountain. Few have ever seen Portici or Pompeia. Their prevailing inclination is for empty shew and idle dissipation, for they have scarcely spirit or feeling enough to pursue even pleasure with ardour or taste. If these be the "Corinthian capitals of polished society," it must be allowed they are as yet but little advanced from the *black*. In mu-
sic

fic alone their taste is refined. I accompanied Mr. Slanbush, in his chariot, to the Corso one Friday, on which day, throughout Lent, a great parade of equipages is to be seen there. Many of the coaches, gay and fantastic as possible, were drawn by eight horses, and some by ten. Each equipage was preceded by one loose horse, decked with ribbands, and a running footman or two beside him. This has a very elegant appearance, as the animals are trained to exhibit themselves to the best advantage. The women of this country did not strike me as handsome; at least whenever I met with an English woman at Naples, or indeed in other parts of Italy, she seemed, by comparison, an angel; but perhaps that is not a fair way of judging.

C H A P. XXV.

BAIÆ—VESUVIUS—PORTICI—POMPEIA.

THREE great excursions are indispensable to every curious traveller who visits Naples, to Vesuvius and Portici, to Pompeia, and to Baiæ and its neighbourhood; the latter can hardly be accomplished in one day. It was the first we undertook, having made a party with two gentlemen from Ferrara.

We traversed the grotto of Paufilippo at the western extremity of Naples. This is a straight cut through the mountain, half a mile in length, above 40 feet high, and 18 wide. It is dark and dusty. This passage is generally supposed to have been made by Lucullus, and heightened by Nero and Adrian. De la Lande gives a different account, and the common people believe in the

the effect of Virgil's incantations, for they have no other idea of him than as a sorcerer. From the farther end of it a pleasant road, chiefly along the shore, brought us to Puzzuolo; now a little shabby town, but once a very considerable one. By the road side grew *Glypeola maritima*, and abundance of *Lycopsis bullata*, Cyrilli Fasc. Plant. 1. tab. 11. f. 3. between which and *L. variegata* of Linnæus I can find no difference; with here and there the *Lamium bifidum*, tab. 7. of the same author, all three in flower.

In the market-place of Puzzuolo is a good antique statue of a Roman orator, and an oblong pedestal of one solid block of white marble, inscribed to Tiberius, adorned with bold well-finished bas-reliefs, representing fourteen cities of Asia Minor, under the semblance of as many figures, with their names and attributes. The statue which this once supported, is supposed to remain buried somewhere in the neighbourhood.

On the west side of this town lies the gulf of Baiz, around which are situated most of the remarkable antiquities. Vast piers in the water are shewn as the remains of a
bridge

bridge which Caligula attempted to build across the gulf; but this is not well authenticated. We traversed this delightful bay in a boat, accompanied with a guide, and landed near the Cape of Misenum. All here is classic ground. A short walk to the westward brought us to the Elysian Fields, situated on the shore of another gulf, beyond the Cape of Misenum, in the form of an amphitheatre. They are full of ruins of vaulted sepulchral chambers, and by no means recall the poetical ideas which their name promises, except indeed in the beauty of situation and climate, which they possess in common with every part of this enchanting coast. Here we gathered the elegant *Cyclamen*, and *Litbospermum purpureo-caeruleum*, of which we preserved specimens as relicks. A plant gathered in a celebrated or delightful spot, is like the hair of a friend, more dear to memory than even a portrait; because it excites the imagination, without presuming to fill it.

Not far distant is the Piscina Mirabile, a vast vaulted reservoir for water, now empty. Its fine hard stucco merits attention. On

the shore, towards Baia, is a low vaulted chamber, which has suffered much by earthquakes, and whose inside is ornamented with a stucco bas-relief. This is called the tomb of Agrippina, mother of Nero, but without any probability.

From hence we rowed along the coast towards Baia. The shore is high and rocky, covered with *Coronilla Emerus*, Scorpion Senna, *Cheiranthus incanus*, common Stock, and many other pretty plants in flower. *Fucus natans*, *selaginoides*, and some others, were floating in the sea. The first ruin we passed, is called Piscina di Hortensio, the remains of which are very slight. Next the ruins of the palace of Marius and Scylla presented themselves, and are so called, foolishly enough, because the statues of those two rival warriors were found there. They are now at Portici. These ruins are finely situated on the cliff over-hanging the sea. A little farther on are the remains of a fort, built by Charles V. in the water. We then landed at Baia, before the temple of Venus, the ruins of which, of brick, are very picturesque, and beautifully clothed with bushes of *Lentiscus*

ews and other plants. The myrtle, alas! is starved and degenerate, like the goddess's modern votaries here; but we brought away some sprigs of it. The pretended temple of Mercury is circular, and its cupola still remains. A remarkable echo is caused by its form, and the evenness of the walls. Its inside is damp, and produces beautiful tufts of *Adiantum Capillus-Veneris*, and a delicate fern which passes for a variety of *Pteris aquilina*, with what propriety I am not certain. Adjoining to this ruin are some very entire baths.

All the ground hereabouts is covered with ruins of the ancient Baia, so celebrated by writers of the Augustan age; yet surely one passage of Horace, "*Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis*," is very improperly quoted by those who now describe this place. The poet only imagines those words as if spoken by a rich man about to choose a country retreat; and they can no more be quoted as a direct commendation of Baia, than

"—— drinking tea on Sunday afternoons,

"At Bagnigge-wells, with china and gilt spoons;"

which the prologue to the farce of *Bon Ton* gives us as the highest ideas of fashion in a city dame, could be quoted as the reigning mode of the present age, or the chief pleasure of the poet. The above line of Horace, however, is found in De la Lande and most authors. The Abbé Richard is more judicious in his quotations.

We returned to our boat, and proceeded along the coast to the remains of Nero's palace, of which the most interesting parts are the natural hot baths and stoves, still remaining. Passages cut in the solid rock lead to these hot springs; but they are so heated with the steam, that we could not bear to go far into them. One of the boatmen stripped himself, and running to the end and back again, with all possible speed, brought us some of the water, which is salt, and hot enough to boil an egg. How wonderful is it that these hot springs should exist for so many ages, probably of the same temperature!

Going on board again we next landed near the Lucrine lake, which is now much choked up, and has no evident communication with the

the bay. A heathy tract of land, close to the sea, was covered with *Erica arborea*, tree heath, of a small size, and *Passerina hirsuta*, hairy sparrow-wort, both in full flower; the elegance and fragrance of which excited the admiration of our whole party, and even the boatmen adorned their hats with beautiful branches of each.

A walk of about half a mile northward brought us to the lake of Avernus. Our flowery branches of *Passerina* might almost have passed upon Charon for the golden bough, if we had been inclined to tempt the dread descent; but we were satisfied with contemplating the still and dark surface of this celebrated lake,

"O'er which no fowl, unstruck with hasty death,
"Can stretch her strengthless wings, so dire a breath
"Mounts high Heav'n from black jaws."——

So singeth Sandys,

and I give his translation as a curiosity, in preference to the somewhat more elegant, but more hackneyed, Virgilian original. Those who admire alliteration, and wish to have the sound of verse an echo to its sense,

may find that beauty in the beginning of the second line.

Whether birds can bear this atmosphere or not, we observed plenty of frogs leaping into the water on our approach.

On the right hand of Avernus stands a temple in ruins, commonly said to have been dedicated to Apollo, beautifully commanding the lake. A path along the opposite shore brought us to the Sybil's cave, a long straight grotto cut through a hill; towards the end of which we were carried on men's shoulders along a narrow passage through some water, into a little dark chamber ornamented with stucco, pretended to have been the place where the Sybil gave her oracles. This however is extremely doubtful. There is nothing about it very remarkable; but its warm humidity, and the springs which rise here and in some neighbouring caverns, make it more probable they were all baths, as De la Lande supposes. We were glad to return to the fresh air and light of day, and coming out at the end of the grotto, opposite to that by which we entered, found ourselves at our boat.

Monte

Monte Nuovo, which rose out of the ground in one night in 1538, and Monte Barbaro, which used to produce the wines of Falernum, so much admired by Horace and Martial, next presented themselves, and passing by the foot of them, we arrived again at Puzzuolo.

Hiring some one-horse chairs, we ascended a hill to the Solfatara, a most striking natural curiosity. It is evidently the crater of an old volcano, and the level plain which now closes its orifice, sounds hollow when struck with a stone. The soil is all sulphureous and barren. Scarcely any thing grows there but miserably starved *Erica arborea*, three or four inches only in height. Hot sulphureous steams issue from crevices in the ground, and sulphur and alum crystalize about them. In one place, built round with stones like a lime-kiln, the water is heard roaring below in its way to Nero's baths, with a noise like that of a steam engine, and thick fumes ascend into the air. All the rocks are white with saline efflorescences, and in some places they are ornamented with plumose alum. Not far distant are the

alum works; but how that substance is procured we could not exactly learn. It is a tremendous idea to reflect, when standing on this plain, what a dreadful fiery abyssa may be under our feet, arched over perhaps by a very thin crust, which may at any time be dissolved in a moment, and sink into the fluid mass below. Who can tell when these fiery steams may burst their prison-house, and break from that confinement which they seem so ill to brook? Woe to the poor shepherd, the alum-worker, or the curious naturalist, who shall be treading the Solfatara on that day!

We descended the hill to the amphitheatre of Puzzuolo, a ruin of considerable dimensions, and more particularly worthy of notice, as the cells of the wild beasts, and their drinking-places, are uncommonly well preserved. In one of these cells St. Januarius is said to have been imprisoned, and it is now a chapel; but so meanly decorated, that I presume the legend is not in very high repute, otherwise, surely, a spot so sacred would be more honoured. The arena is converted into a garden. The walls in this neighbourhood

hood produce many mosses and ferns, especially the rare *Polypodium leptophyllum*.

The ground here is broken and romantic. I could have spent whole days among the ruins, especially among the catacombs of the Campania Felice, in one of which is a very entire *columbarium*, or circular chamber, surrounded with little cells to hold the urns of the dead. We were hurried away to the remains of the Thermæ, or baths of Puzzuolo, not very interesting, and the Cento Camere, a number of cells said to have been prisons in the time of Nero. Many of them are now used as cellars.

A ride of three or four miles along a country full of ruins of the ancient town of Puzzuolo, and other edifices which formerly occupied the Campania Felice, brought us past the lake of Avernus, on the side opposite to that we had already visited, to the Arco Felice, a noble old gateway, through which the Appian way passed. Beyond this arch we had a noble view from the brow of a hill. The ruins of Cuma, in silent desolation, were in the foreground; its bay, unoccupied by a single sail or rudder, lay before us, and
the

the islands of Ponza and Ventotiene, with Monte Circello, were distinctly seen rising above the watry horizon.

This was the extent of our excursion, as it began to rain, and we were but ill defended from wet in the miserable cabriolets of the country.

The last, but not the least, curiosity on re-entering Puzzuolo, is the temple of Jupiter Serapis, whose beautiful remains are to be seen in a poor garden adjoining to the town. The pavement and ground plan are more entire than perhaps in any other ancient temple. Bronze rings to which the victims were fastened, and channels in the floor with a perforated stone to let their blood pass, are still in perfect preservation. Scarcely any part of the superstructure remains standing, except three very fine fluted columns. Many fragments of the architrave of the door, and other ornaments, are scattered around, and exhibit an uncommon degree of delicacy and elegance of sculpture. The reason of their fine preservation we read in the chronicle of Nature herself. It is truly astonishing to observe that the sea has been over this place, to
a great

a great height, since the temple was built, though now many feet below it; and it is no less certain that it must have been stationary above it for a considerable time. This we learn from the three columns still standing. About the length of six feet of the middle of their shafts, and no other parts, are perforated by the *Mytilus lithophagus*, or stone-eating Muscle. It appears, therefore, that some convulsion having changed the level of this spot of ground, the sea overflowed the temple, and brought with it a quantity of soil sufficient to bury many feet perpendicular of the edifice; so it remained a sufficient time for these muscles to take possession of such parts of the columns as were above the ground, but under water. After some time another convulsion restoring the sea to what was probably its ancient bounds, the building was left dry, and half buried in the earth, which being removed some years ago at the expence of the king of Naples, all the lower part of the temple was found in the perfect state we see it. See *Bobadscb de Animalibus marinis*, p. 153.

In this garden *Nicotiana fruticosa*, shrubby
 tobacco,

tobacco, was in flower, with a stem three or four inches in diameter, and very large. *Glypeola maritima*, every where among rubbish, had not only the filaments of the fading flowers turned purple, as Linnaeus describes them, but even their petals. Who shall elucidate the colours of flowers and their several mutations? It is an unexplored path of very curious knowledge.

We arrived at Naples about dusk, and the whole expences of our expedition amounted scarcely to half a guinea each, for our Ferrara friends made the bargain!

Another day we went in a calash through the Grotto of Paufilippo, and then, taking the right hand road, came to the Lago D'Agnano, a pretty sequestered lake, which reminds one of Grassmere in Westmoreland. Near it the king has a hunting seat, and close to its banks are the stoves of San Germano, and the Grotto del Cane.

The former are rooms filled with a natural hot sulphureous vapour, and are used as hot baths. Alum and sulphur crystalize about their walls. These must be very useful in many complaints, and they are extremely

treely commodious, much more so in many respects than a water bath. The different apartments vary in their degree of heat.

The famous Grotto del Cane, or Dog's Grotto, is a cavern in the side of a hill, about eight feet long, three wide, and four or five high at the entrance, which is closed with a door. We extinguished torches in the vapour, but thought it unnecessary to torture any poor animal, as the nature of this grotto is now so well known, since the different composition of airs has been discovered. Reptiles only resist the effects of the vapour for any length of time, because their respiration is arbitrary, and they live in this grotto as under water for a determinate period. We stooped down to within six inches of the ground, and felt the pungent steams, exactly as if we had received a blow on the nose. The sensation was more dull, and less permanent, than that caused by volatile alkali. Hereabouts *Draba muralis* was in flower.

Returning to Naples we visited Virgil's tomb, which stands in a private garden, overhanging a cliff, by the entrance of the Grotto

of Paulilippo. It is a sort of low ruined tower. The niches within remain pretty entire. From its top I brought away a sprig of the bay tree, taking care to injure the sacred plant as little as possible, and also of Ivy and Cytifus; not indeed of his own true Cytifus, for that has been pretty clearly proved to be *Medicago arborea* of Linnæus.

Not far from hence, in the church of a monastery, is the tomb of Sannazarius (who died in 1530), with the epitaph by Cardinal Bembo, who is generally fortunate in such compositions, though in this somewhat hyperbolical.

“Da sacro cineri flores, hic ille Maroni

“Sincerus Musæ proximus ut tumulo.”

The thought has been imitated by Pope, in his epitaph on Rowe, especially as it now stands on the monument, which I wonder Dr. Johnson did not remark in the exuberance of his erudite hypercriticism.

The tomb is entirely of white marble, adorned with two statues of exquisite beauty, representing Apollo and Minerva, with the names of David and Judith engraved below them.

them. This we were inclined to attribute to false motives of religion, motives which have given birth to the most ridiculous as well as the most tragical things in the world; but on enquiry found reason to admire what we were about to deride. A certain Spanish vice-roi, who deprived Naples of many curiosities, to enrich his own country, would have taken away these Pagan deities, under pretence that they were impious in a Christian church. The monks, however, saved them by the above artifice from his more impious hands. They are now sacred personages, and cannot be removed without sacrilege. The same vice-roi sent away a beautiful antique Venus from the street before the castle, because the porters and lazaroni were reported to be too sensible of its charms. But that their morals were not his sole anxiety, appears from his having allowed it to be replaced soon after by a more homely figure of the goddess, which remains to this day. De la Lande strangely asserts that the sculpture of the above tomb has no extraordinary merit, and that the figures were begun by Santa Croce,

a Neapolitan sculptor, and finished by a certain monk. We were told they were by a scholar of Michael Angelo, which their style confirms, and of their transcendent perfection there is no doubt; nor is the rest of this mausoleum unworthy of them.

Our next expedition was to Vesuvius, setting out at six in a fine morning, in a calash. Nothing is more ridiculous to an Englishman, than the manner of driving these vehicles. We were allowed only to hold the reins, or rather ropes, and our driver stood behind, brandishing the whip over our heads. French writers tell us the little horses, who draw these calashes, go with *une vitesse extraordinaire*: but to the English the mode of driving them is much more extraordinary than their swiftness.

Arriving at Portici, we left our chaise, and proceeded on mules and asses, with four guides, towards the mountain. The ascent at first is gradual, and the road not bad. The soil, as may be supposed, totally volcanic. The plants which most abound, are *Spartium junceum*, and an inodorous species of *Artemisia*, not then in flower. *Bryum caespitium*,

caespitium, and *Lichen pyxidatus* are also very plentiful. The torrent of lava which issued in 1771 is still totally barren, except in *Lichen paschalis*, which covers it most copiously, appearing like hoar frost. The plants are small, not above half an inch high at most. We have not found this species before in our tour. I recollect gathering it in a micaceous soil in Westmoreland, two or three inches high, with fructification; and every specimen I have since examined has mica about its root. This *Lichen* therefore should seem to be peculiarly attached to a volcanic soil, and to be the first beginning of vegetation on lava, for which its shrubby figure and slender roots are admirably fitted. So the filamentous *Lichens* insinuate their roots into crevices in the bark of the oldest trees, while the broad crustaceous kinds cover young bark, and the smoother sorts of stones and rocks. Ferber tells us a *Lichen* grows on the lava of Vesuvius, but without mentioning its form or species. Being a perennial of very slow growth, a long course of years elapses before its crumbling branches fall into the cavities of the lava; and de-

caying there, form vegetable mould for the nourishment of other plants.

Having travelled about six miles from Portici, and within one of the crater, we accomplished the rest of the journey on foot, and found, by walking gently, and often stopping to rest, the ascent neither extremely difficult nor laborious, notwithstanding the loose crumbling soil. The view from the top would alone have repaid our labour. Naples spread out before us, looked like a beautiful model of a town; the gulf of Baiz, and islands beyond, were full in view. Capræa, and the country about Pompsia, were distinctly seen almost under our feet. But we had a more extraordinary and more astonishing spectacle to behold. Walking to the left, half round the mountain, on the brink of the old crater, we arrived at a spot where the lava was gushing out with great violence, which the guides said had been the case for four days past. It was red hot, and came out with a hissing noise, and a steady progressive motion, exactly like melted iron poured from a furnace. The torrent was about two feet wide, and had formed itself

banks,

Banks, by cooling on each side as it ran. We dipped in the thick sticks used in ascending the hill. They immediately took fire, but brought out great masses of the melted matter, which soon cooled into black porous cinders, some of which we preserved. Hereabouts were many cracks and chasms, from which issued very hot sulphureous steams, and thick smoke, which often annoyed us, and concealed us from each other for a time. There were, nevertheless, several little masses of snow very near these chasms, and their sides were incrustated with saline efflorescences of a bright red, yellow, white, or green; according to the various combinations of sulphur, arsenic, iron, and different salts. The huge fragments of cinders and lava, standing up like rocks, of all these brilliant colours, exhibited a gay fantastic grotto-work of the most whimsical appearance. They seemed very hard and firm, and we stepped over and among them in great safety. Sometimes indeed they proved too hot to remain upon long; and the smoke was unpleasant, but not to such a degree as to be at all alarming; and we confided in the prudence

and example of our guides, to judge how far we might go, and no farther.

We then, with great labour, ascended the little mountain, which had been formed within a twelvemonth in the old crater, on the inside of which its sides appeared to rest, its summit arising several yards perpendicular above the rim of the ancient orifice. In its top is the present crater, into which we looked, the smoke being inconsiderable, and blown to one side by the wind. Here was little to be seen but peaked cindery rocks, a mass of which closed the orifice at no great depth. This little mountain may be expected to sink altogether into the great crater on the first considerable eruption, and then Vesuvius will appear less pointed than at present.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and seen as much as appeared necessary or prudent, we descended much faster than we came up, sliding down on the loose cinders at a rapid rate, and soon came to the place where our beasts were waiting. Here was a party of strangers, consisting of several gentlemen and one lady, who were eating a kind of breakfast

breakfast preparatory to their undertaking the journey we had just accomplished. They enquired in French concerning our adventures with great eagerness.

On arriving at Portici, we went to see the only part of Herculaneum now visible, which is the amphitheatre. The descent to it is by steps cut out of the rock of lava which covers the whole. The rest of the old town, being under the town of Portici, has been filled up, after having been examined, to prevent accidents. Passages are cut so as to shew some of the seats, the orchestra, and a few apartments with painted walls; but no very accurate conception can be formed of the whole. We brought out a portion of a beam entirely converted into charcoal.

The museum of ancient paintings at Portici, taken from Herculaneum and Pompeia, is very curious indeed. They are chiefly on stucco, and have been removed with great care. They are no less various in merit than in design. Two of the finest are Theseus having just killed the Minotaur, and Hercules with some other figures.

These heroes are nearly as large as life—I mean degenerate modern life. Many pieces of birds and fruit are well done. A view of the ancient town of Puzzuolo, though coarsely executed, is curious; as well as a grasshopper in a chariot driving a parrot, which is supposed to be a satire on the vile and contemptible Nero; being applicable to his charioteering, his green livery, if I remember right, used on those occasions, and his singing on the stage. What the parrot alludes to is not known. In the court of the palace are two fine equestrian figures of the Balbi, father and son, and some other statues, all taken from Herculaneum.

Returning to Naples that evening, we set out very early next morning again for Portici and Pompeia. The latter is about fifteen miles from Naples. The road passes over the great stream of lava which issued from the mountain in 1769, and ran into the sea. This, like the other, is covered with *Lichen paschalis*, but it scarcely produces any other vegetable. The stream may be about thirty yards broad where it is crossed by the road.

Nothing

Nothing could have been finer than the situation of Pompeia. A gentle declivity of about a mile leads to the sea, and on that side of the town were many delicious villas. The town commands the whole bay, with its rich and beautiful borders. On the south some fine bold hills terminate the view across the bay. On the north it is bounded by Vesuvius, and other hills beyond. A considerable part of this ill-fated town is now laid open; but a much greater portion remains buried, to the depth of ten or twelve feet below the present surface. Above it are vineyards. The soil which encloses the houses is now hardened into a tolerably firm stone. The most probable opinion concerning the manner in which this town was overwhelmed is, that it was not by a stream of lava, but by a shower of water and ashes, so hot as to scorch, but not burn, or melt any thing. The shower which buried Herculaneum, seems to have been hotter and more dense, owing to the greater vicinity of the mountain.

Lady Miller's letters give so full a description of the present state of Pompeia, as well

as of the museum at Portici, that the reader will readily pardon my being very short upon both. Her account indeed, of all the environs of Naples, is little else than a literal translation, or rather extract, of De la Lande's book; but she appears to have seen every thing with her own eyes, and as her letters were to all appearance not written for the public, such plagiarism was very excusable in her, though the editor of them ought to have mentioned it.

Great part of one street of Pompeia is as entirely laid open to the air, as before the fatal eruption. The houses are only unroofed. The pavement is of lava, and resembles that of the Appian way. It is much worn by wheel carriages. On each side is a raised foot-way. In this street are many shops, a house where cups, like those now used for coffee, were found, and a very neat surgeon's house, known by the instruments of the owner. Over the door of one spacious dwelling is a certain carving in stone, which very expressively indicates that to have been a brothel. Modern manners are shocked at such flagrant public obscenity; but it is remarkable

markable that in the soldiers barracks, which are very entire, and the walls of which are marked all over with initials, words, and devices of different kinds, nothing obscene can be found.

Some of these houses have elegant mosaic pavements, and their stucco walls are painted with great taste. There is indeed a simplicity in the designs, a fault to which our national taste in England has, I think, been inclining, ever since we became acquainted with these Neapolitan antiquities, and those of Palmyra. One house, that had not been discovered above six months, was much the best; and remained hitherto unmutated. In it are some good representations of plants, and, among others, one very like the leaves of *Agave Americana*, but the flowers are ill done. There is a better painting of the same plant, with different flowers, on a pedestal near the south corner of the garden of a villa which has been laid open, between Pompeia and the sea. In this figure the leaves are exactly those of the *Agave*, but about half their size. The flowers, about eight or ten, in a simple racemus, like those

of an *Aloe*, but rudely finished. If it be the *Agave*, which I dare not aver, these figures are a proof that this plant, now so common on rocks, roofs, and walls here, was not brought from America; but I rather conceive them to have been intended for *Aloe perfoliata*, which the ancient inhabitants of Italy might have had from Africa.

At Portici we saw such parts of the museum as we had not time to visit the preceding day; but many days and months would be requisite to study this amazing collection. The infinite variety of bronze vases, statues, tripods, lamps, &c. for the most part in a fine taste; the culinary utensils, many of them unintelligible to modern luxury; the provisions themselves, as loaves of bread, dates, bird-seed, pine-nuts, carobs, &c. whose shape is very perfect, though their substance is changed to charcoal; the sight of these gives an impression not to be described. One cannot think they belonged to people who lived 1700 years ago. The beautiful mosaics are less astonishing, for they are made to last to the end of the world. Here are many utensils of glass,

and some pieces of very fine pastes, particularly a mass of yellow, a portion of which has been polished, and looks as well as any thing made at present. Also many things of ivory, and some curious gold lace, made of wire only, without thread. Some of this, with some linen, were found about the bones of a lady, the impression of whose neck and breasts may be seen moulded in the lava. The rolled manuscripts have been often described, as well as the contrivance for unfolding them; but the operation goes on very slowly, nor have the discoveries hitherto repaid the necessary pains. The best statue is a large bronze Mercury in a sitting posture.

In one apartment by itself is a small very indecent group in marble, of a satyr and the goat. This is kept in a case, and shewn to men only. Its workmanship is good, but the finishing not very high. In vain do antiquaries of the present day palliate such representations, as being mystical; I can see nothing in them but the most abominable depravity.

In order to be favoured with a sight of
all

all these curiosities, as well as the palace of Capo di Monte, we were obliged to have tickets procured by Sir William Hamilton, and to see every body concerned very copiously. How much more liberal is the establishment at Florence, and how much more useful! The excavations at Pompeia go on very slowly; nor will the king allow any body but himself to undertake them, lest they should find any thing better than what he has got. At one time the antique bronzes were dug up in such quantities, that every body at Naples made museums of them. One of these collections was sold when we were there, and I bought a tolerable Hercules, and bust of Augustus, at no great expence.

The booksellers' shops at Naples afforded us nothing curious, and the guide-books were so execrably bad, we disdained to buy any of them*.

* Don Gaetano D'Ancora has since published a good guide to the antiquities on the west of Naples, entitled *Guida ragionata per le antichità e per le curiosità naturali di Pozzuoli, &c.* Napoli 1792, one vol. 8vo. 152 pages, 51 plates. There is an edition in French.

The

The climate of Naples disappointed us no less. Perpetual rain and storms, with really cold weather, during the greater part of our abode there, made large fires necessary in our spacious apartments; and we would gladly have resigned a few of our pompous anti-chambers, to have had one whose doors and windows kept out the weather.

C H A P. XXVI.

FROM NAPLES TO ROME, BY CASERTA
AND MONTE CASSINO.

March 17. A VOITURIN engaged to carry us to Rome for ten sequins, stopping by the way two days at Caserta, where we were to visit Sir William Hamilton, and one day at the famous Benedictine Convent of Monte Cassino, for which we had letters procured by Father Cremona, a worthy monk of that order, whom we had known at Naples.

The court was then at Caserta. The palace is a vast square building, with about thirty windows in a row in each front. It wants a break of some kind, as a dome, or more conspicuous portico. Behind is a long dreary barren piece of ground, skirted with poor trees, and terminated by the mountains,
down

down the edge of one of which, directly opposite to the centre of the palace, and about two miles distant, runs a vast artificial cascade, equally in defiance of taste and nature. This is continued in hanging ponds, and other cascades and fountains, to the palace. Vanvitelli was the architect. The great cascade is at such a distance, and in so unlikely a place for water to be expected, that it looks like linen hanging to dry, and blowing about in the wind. To give it some meaning, Sir William Hamilton lately proposed to the king to add a colossal statue of Moses, in the attitude of striking the rock, and so accounting for the strange position of the water-fall. This would really be an improvement.

Mr. Graffer, a very ingenious gardener recommended to the queen of Naples by Sir Joseph Banks, was then employed in laying out a garden for her majesty in the English taste, to which purpose a portion of ground was allotted, not far distant from the palace; but unluckily in full view of a stupendous naked brick wall, built with herculean labour for the purpose of keeping the
above-

above-mentioned cascade in its place. No plantation whatever could conceal this glaring wall from any part of the garden; nor could any climbing plants reach near to its top. The ground was besides occupied by miserable olives, with scarcely a picturesque tree to turn to account. Nevertheless Mr Græffer had succeeded, we thought, wonderfully. He had formed some very pleasant lawns, interspersed with clumps of myrtle, and other shrubs, and the whole wore a very promising appearance. But unfortunately none of the Neapolitans could see any kind of beauty in his performances, and they complained of his introducing so vulgar a thing as myrtle! The queen was much disposed to be pleased, but she could not stem the tide of opinion; nor did the king approve of the expence, so the whole was given up some time after. What delicious gardens might be had in this favoured climate! What groves of *Magnolias*, *Liriodendrons*, *Camellias*, *Gordonias*, and *Kalmias*, for a fiftieth part of the expence of this ridiculous cascade! But who should enjoy them?

not labouring to stop the tide of opinion
-evods

hôt Neapolitans! Nature has no charms for them!

Mr. Græffer conducted us to a beautiful spot on the banks of the river Volturnus, where a long tract of gently swelling hills was entirely covered with bushes of a *Daphne** not described by Linnæus, then in full flower, and whose fragrance perfumed the air to a great distance. Mr. Græffer first discovered this plant in company with the present Professor Sibthorp of Oxford, in the island of Ponza, and has now sent it to Kew garden. The Neapolitan botanists and florists universally take it for *Mezerion*; but its leaves are evergreen, silky beneath, and the flowers terminal.

At Sir William Hamilton's we were entertained with some charming unpublished quartettos of Giardini's, and with a greater assemblage of literary and intelligent people than I should have expected. Here was M. von Goethe, prime minister to the Duke of Saxe Weimar, author of the well known Sorrows of Werter, a polite unassuming

* *Daphne collina*. Smith *Spicilegium*, 16. t. 18.

man. In justice to this court it must be allowed, that the taste and accomplishments of our minister meet with the respect they deserve; he is the centre of what literature and science is here to be found; as well as the chief favourite of the sovereign. Common report says, there is much more real cordiality between Naples and England, than between Naples and Spain. As to the character of the king, two traits may serve to give an idea of it. He is a great billiard-player, and adjoining to the billiard-room has a small oratory, with a figure of the Virgin, to which he addresses himself when any great sum is depending. He is extremely fond of hunting the wild-boar, and partakes of that amusement almost every day. The least appearance of a thunder storm alone used to interrupt him. But of late his royal courage braves this danger undaunted; for he is provided with a little image of some anti-electric saint, which, being worn in his bosom, is a sure protection. How much to the honour of his confessor, who must necessarily have given his sanction to this pious and enlightened confidence!

dence! These little foibles, however, do not lessen his character as a benevolent and well-meaning sovereign; and I have had occasion before to observe, that the imperfections and errors of princes, are more to be attributed to those about them, than to themselves. They are often enveloped in such a complicated cloud of flattery, clashing intrigues, and disguised information, that a man must have more than common confidence in his own abilities, who would venture to say he could always judge and act rightly in such a situation.

The queen of Naples bears the character of great amiableness and benignity, as well as of good plain sense. She is very popular with the common people, and their attachment is no inconsiderable embarrassment when she walks out. In going to her English garden, a swarm of the lowest rabble were always clinging about her person like bees, and kissing her hands. They would even rush into the garden itself, and continue hanging upon her wherever she sat or walked. It was thought dangerous to check this disgusting expression of loyalty, and the

inconvenience of it is said to have contributed to make her majesty tired of her garden.

We were too agreeably engaged otherwise to visit the palace, as it contains no remarkable pictures nor statues, and the outside promised nothing extraordinary with respect to architecture. It is, however, said to be the largest and most complete palace in Italy, and to be decorated with great variety of fine marbles, the produce of the country. Its measurements and cost may be seen in De la Lande.

Caserta is twelve miles from Naples. The town itself is poor and straggling.

March 19. A little before entering Capua, are some remarkable ruins of the ancient town. One of them seems to have been a sepulchre, on the plan of those of Adrian and Augustus. About ten miles beyond the present Capua, we left the good road, and passed through woods of oak, abounding with *Lichen glomuliferus*; arriving at length at a solitary inn called San Felice, where we dined on eggs and fruit, amid pigs, mules, and chickens. The whole would have made
an

an admirable subject for Berghem, and the scenery around was worthy of the pencil of Ruyfdael, or Claude Lorraine.

The farther we went, the road grew worse and worse. In one place the carriage stuck in a slough, and we were obliged to call such help as was to be had to get out again. The pious monks of Monte Cassino are accused of keeping their roads as bad as they can, that they may not have too many visitors; and indeed some perseverance is required to get at them in winter. To crown all, it grew dark before we got within three miles of San Germano; and the road was so very bad, we were often obliged to alight and walk for fear of being over-turned, an accident which at length happened to me, Dr. Younge being on foot alone. Turning too sharp in crossing a little bridge, the carriage was laid down gently on one side in the rivulet, which luckily was very shallow, and the bridge very low, so that no material mischief was done. Here we were at anchor. Our driver, instead of trying to repair the damage, was howling aloud, and calling upon all the saints of heaven for

help, and especially St. Antonio, whom we have seen at Genoa to be the patron of mules and asses; but our hope in him was vain, nor was he even so complaisant as Hercules in the fable, who came and told the waggoner he must clap his own shoulder to the wheel. Our voiturin's prayer was perhaps too pharisaical to deserve any attention, for he kept crying, "*O Sant' Antonio che ho fatto per questa disgrazia?*"—Oh, St. Anthony, what have I done to deserve this misfortune? Finding, therefore, our own heretical endeavours more likely to be useful than the help of the saints, I undertook to grope out my way in the dark to San Germano, above a mile distant, leaving my friend and the driver to console each other in the mean while. At length I found the village, which stands at the foot of Monte Cassino, 54 miles from Naples, and in which is a convent dependent upon the great one on the hill. At this lower convent we were to have slept, being provided with a letter from the superior of San Severino at Naples. Finding the village dark and silent, I made up to the first convent that presented itself;

in

in the church of which the monks were singing their evening service. Never were any sounds so welcome. Hastily concluding this must be the convent we wanted, and finding no other entrance, I went boldly into the church porch, and knocked, with all my might, at the door several times; but to no purpose. The monks continued their singing, and nobody came. Very likely this event may be registered, in the legends of the monastery, as an assault of the devil; and these monks may be ranked with St. Anthony for not being frightened from their devotions by his attempts. Perhaps that very saint, to complete his vengeance on us for our voiturin's improper prayer, might inspire them with the idea, and so prevent their coming to help us. Finding my impious attempt vain, I proceeded to explore the village, and at length perceived a miserable hovel of an inn, the landlord of which was in the act of frying some animal substance or other over the fire. No sooner was my business known, than down went the frying-pan in the middle of the kitchen; all hands were called, and a pair of strong horses,

with torches and lanthorns, instantly procured. Thus we set out, and after some difficulty in discovering by which road I had come, our shouts were answered; we got up the chaise, and arrived at San Germano without farther disaster, except my leaving a good hat in one of the ditches. But our distresses were not at an end. All this alacrity to help us arose from the sordid hopes of plunder. We were foolishly induced to stay at this wretched inn, by plausible, but false, assurances that all the monks of the lower convent were then gone up the hill, to-morrow being the eve of the feast of St. Benedict. After paying, not unthankfully though enormously, for the assistance we had received, our patience revolted, on being asked a sequin each for one miserable bed, in a room without glass or curtains, and a bad salad and eggs for supper. We declared we would rather sit in the carriage all night. This declaration had its effect, and for one sequin we were allowed to throw ourselves on this wretched bed, on which the rain and wind beat through the broken shutters. The supper we could not touch,

on

on account of the bad oil. Happily we escaped from this den of thieves in the morning, with the loss of a dressing-gown only stolen from me, and a part of the poor voiturin's back of his carriage cut away as it stood in the yard,

March 20. We ascended the hill on horse-back with a guide, being told it was three miles to the upper convent; but neither guide nor horses were necessary, as the distance was not half so great as reported, and the road perfectly evident.

This spacious convent stands on the very summit of the hill, overlooking a vast and fertile plain subject to it, and whose produce enriches the powerful community who occupy this stately edifice. Adjoining to this hill is one much higher, whose top was now covered with snow. That on which we were was enveloped in mist, and it was amusing to behold the singular spectacle of various small fleecy clouds, like smoke, suspended below or before us, and flying about on every side. When they came to us, they scarcely formed a mist sufficient to moisten

any thing, and were soon gone again. This hill abounds with the mastic tree, *Pistacia Lentiscus*, and *Euphorbia Characias*, red spurge, which last being at this time in full flower, smelt very offensively.

On presenting our letter to the porter, we were told the *padre cellario*, to whom it was addressed, was still at the lower convent; but we were soon put under the protection of one of the monks, named Don Severino del Balzo, who politely undertook to shew us every thing here, and never quitted us while we stayed.

This convent, the head of all those of the Benedictine order, consists of various cloisters, galleries, and other apartments, none of which are remarkable for their architecture. It was originally founded by St. Benedict, in the place of a temple of Apollo which he destroyed in the sixth century, and has since been twice overthrown by earthquakes. A few chambers of the original fabrick remain, called *Stanze di San Benedetto*, and held very sacred. In them are many pictures, not all good; but there is a most exquisite Madonna by Raphael, which

which is well preserved, and atones for all the bad ones. The church is in a good taste, and very richly inlaid with marbles. The roof of the nave is painted with the miracles of St. Benedict, by Luca Giordano. Behind the altar are four large pictures by Solimene; and in other parts of the church several other good paintings, chiefly by the same artists, whose works however I do not profess much to admire. The stalls of the choir are very admirably carved in wood by a German. Under the altar repose the bodies of St. Benedict and his twin sister. Its front is enriched with a very superb alto relievo of silver, partly gilt, made about twenty years ago, and representing some parts of the tutelar saint's history, with architectural decorations. The organ is a very good one, and was played on to gratify our curiosity. In the front are figures of three angels, blowing real trumpets, which accompany the instrument at the pleasure of the performer. In the sacristy is nothing particularly curious. The library is numerous, containing plenty of divinity, history both ecclesiastical and profane, and many miscel-

miscellaneous books. No natural history is among them. Metaphysics are principally studied here, as becomes monks. Noticing some fine *lumachello* marble in this room, in which the shells were remarkably distinct, our guide observed that they were "Sports of Nature." I thought him too learned to be set right, and his error was not likely to be hurtful to any body. We were shewn the first book ever printed (I believe), a folio on religion, by Fust, in October 1459; also the first book ever printed in Italy, on religion too of course, dated 1465. There was a French translation of Bower's history of the Popes, which the librarian observed was a heterodox book, but too notoriously false and absurd to do much harm, in which I do not think he was much mistaken.

We dined with another visitor and our kind guide, in some apartments appropriated to strangers; and at four o'clock attended the Vespers, which began the Feast of St. Benedict. Afterwards we were presented to the Abbot, an elderly man of dignified appearance and polite manners. He was going to offer us his hand to kiss, a homage paid by

by all who approach him, but recollecting we were strangers, he hastily checked himself. I had presence of mind enough to make a sign of paying him the compliment. He wore a very superb emerald cross, about six inches long, on his breast.

This Abbot is a temporal prince, and his power very great. The monks of the convent must all necessarily be of noble birth. The court of Naples is supposed to have long looked with eager eyes on the riches of these Benedictines; but their extensive benefactions, and the pains they take in the education of youth, give them a strong interest with the people. Their order is the most consequential of all, now the Jesuits are no more. As far as we had any means of information, they are also the most learned, liberal, intelligent, and polite. They profess great hospitality as a duty, partly, perhaps, from policy. When we took leave of our guide, and made our acknowledgments for his attention and civility, he modestly answered, " he was only doing his duty." Before the great gate of the monastery was a company of forty or fifty poor people,

people, whose dinner was provided by the monks. How far such charity is really useful to the community, I will not now examine. It is pleasant to see but the semblance of goodness. The whole of this visit was very romantic, and I would not have omitted it for much greater troubles than those we underwent at San Germano. If any future travellers should be inclined to follow our steps, they have only to provide themselves with a good introduction from some Benedictine convent at Rome or Naples; to avoid travelling in the dark, and to shun the inn of San Germano.

We walked down the hill in the afternoon, through a slight shower. The sun shone bright on many parts of the rich and wide-extended landscape, while others were speckled with the shadows of small flying clouds in a beautiful manner. Two fine rainbows, not concentric, were almost under our feet. The world seemed all below us, for the secluded community we had just left, could hardly be considered as belonging to this earth. When we cast our eyes back on their lofty "towers and battlements,

ments, bosomed high," not in "tufted trees," but in clouds, which sometimes curled round their solid basements, and then sitting lightly off, were dispersed in the boundless space of ether; it was not difficult to imagine the whole to be the airy production of enchantment, and that the fabrick was frequently about to dissolve away in the clouds that half concealed it.

Arriving at the convent below, we delivered our letter, and were most hospitably received. We supped in an elegant and comfortable manner, with a French gentleman, a visitor like ourselves, and were lodged in very handsome apartments. Nothing could exceed the attention of the servants, four of whom waited on us. The *padre cellario* paid us a visit in our apartment before supper, and we had some very pleasant chit-chat, but saw no more of him afterwards. These monks, though not all others, are far above receiving any pecuniary compliment; but we endeavoured to requite the civility of their servants as it deserved.

March 21. We departed at day-break,
after

after being regaled with excellent chocolate. Passed by an amphitheatre, the circuit of which is entire. It belonged to an old Roman town at the foot of the mountain, called Cassinum, as appears from an inscription preserved in the convent above. Proceeded along a very bad road to Ciprano, a small town likewise of Roman origin, in the Pope's dominions, where our baggage was examined.

At a little coffee-house in Ciprano, we were entertained with the history of St. Arduino, an Englishman, patron of the town, whose body is preserved here, as an elderly man informed us. We had not the grace or curiosity to visit his shrine, for want of time, and passed on to Fianone, a large ugly town on a hill, overlooking the most beautifully varied country possible. The inn was poor and dear.

March 22. The road lay through arable land, rudely cultivated, with bad fences, or none at all. Buffalos, *Bos Bubalus*, are used for plowing throughout this country, as well as about Rome. They are hideous animals,
with

with very coarse black hair, and have a singular swinging motion of the head in walking. Of their milk a kind of cream cheese is made, called *formaggio di cavallo*, or horse cheese, but nevertheless very good. About ten o'clock we had an early dinner at a solitary little inn, near which several uncommon insects were crawling about on a bank in the sun, chiefly *Scarabæi* and *Carcullones*, some of the latter appear to be non-descript. In the afternoon the country improved as to picturesque beauty, and the thickets by the road side were gay with several pretty spring plants, as

Scilla bifolia, generally blue, very rarely white.

Anemone appennina, pale purple, or white.

Galanthus nivalis, Snowdrop.

Pulmonaria officinalis, Lungwort.

Fumaria bulbosa, Bulbous fumitory.

The two first hold exactly the same place in an Italian grove, that *Hyacinthus non-scriptus*, hare-bells, and *Anemone nemorosa*, wood anemone, do with us. They flower at the same time, and are as common, growing among dead leaves of trees. The snow-

drop may also be paralleled with the daffodil, *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*, more rarely found with us in similar situations; and *Pulmonaria* supplies the place of our red campion, *Lychnis dioica*. To the *Fumaria* we have nothing analogous, except Lily of the Valley should be thought so, as far as concerns time and situation.

We slept at a very decent and reasonable inn without the walls of Montone, a town in which the Prince Doria has a magnificent palace, exalted high above the other buildings. We did not enter the town, but botanised on some romantic rocks about our inn, producing the plants just mentioned, with plenty of *Lamium maculatum*, spotted dead-nettle, and here and there what appeared to be *Lichen tartareus*, but without fructification. This species we have not before observed in Italy. I have mentioned it, vol. i. p. 198, as a bad substitute for Orchall in dying. In this neighbourhood are many caves cut in the rocks, formerly perhaps inhabited. They remind one of Italian romances; of banditti, enchanters, and hermits. The people, however, seemed much more

more honest and respectable, than any such personages; and we began to perceive we had left Neapolitan fraud and impertinence behind us. In this journey we provided our own accommodations at the inn, by way of experiment; but were not so well satisfied as when the whole was left to our voiturin.

March 23. From Montone to Frascati is a ride of four hours. Furnished with a guide, we proceeded to explore the town, so celebrated as a summer abode for the Roman gentry, and ascended the hill to the ruins of old Tusculum. Among these, the most interesting are what vulgar report says were a part of Cicero's villa; but this is not authorized by any satisfactory evidence. There are twelve arched chambers of the old reticulated brick-work, destitute of windows. Adjoining is a small amphitheatre, with a reedy pool in the centre, and by it the remains of a tower, from which the guide told us Cicero used to be a spectator of the games. So vague is their information! nor are antiquaries more satisfactory in their accounts of its true situation. Near

the ruins above mentioned, a very narrow passage, cut out of the rock, is said to extend very far, and to terminate in a chamber. About the entrance grew *Marchantia triandra* of Scopoli, if I am not mistaken. Its leaves are very like *Fargionia*.

After looking into two or three gardens, little worth notice, except for the fine situation they all in common enjoy, we came to the Villa Aldobrandini, where are some ceilings pretty well painted by the Cavalier Arpino, particularly one of Judith. The water-works in the garden are curious enough in the old trickish style, especially a figure of the Cyclops which plays on the pastoral reeds; and a Centaur blowing a horn; also an organ; all which are worked by water, and make a hideous noise when approached too near. They may be more tolerable when imperfectly heard at a distance. If painted statues be disagreeable from their too great resemblance to nature without life, as any one who has seen Mrs. Wright's wax-work must have felt, this Centaur, in which a voice is superadded, will easily be conceived to be really frightful.

The

The gardens here, like all about Rome, are full of large old evergreens, long since grown above the reach of shears and pruning-hooks, and therefore, though formally disposed, not unpleasing. Majestic cypresses, the rich foliage of evergreen oaks, and the tufted stone-pine, *Pinus Pinea*, with its bronze coloured trunk glowing among branches of bay, laurus-tinus, box, and other shrubs, all together make a very beautiful scenery, especially when interspersed with antique statues, mouldering pillars, and ruined fragments of buildings; ornaments which seem peculiarly appropriated to the gardens of Rome. Frascati enjoys an additional advantage in its very extensive prospect over all the Campania, terminated by the sea, and its northern exposure renders it a delicious retreat in summer.

Rome is twelve miles distant, and we easily reached it early in the evening.

Pio's excellent hôtel being now occupied, we made trial of a French one; but alas, it was too truly French! After starving for three days at the dirty table-d'hôte, amid some of those cormorant chevaliers de St.

LAND

L 3

Louis,

Louis, so well described by Mercier in his *Tableau de Paris*, who instantly clear every dish that appears, and whose disgusting voracity deprives one at once, so far luckily enough, of appetite and provision, we resorted to our old principle of living in the manner of the country. We met with a neat and comfortable set of apartments in the house of a mercer, in Strada Condotta, named Filippo Melani, one of the most obliging, decent, and worthy families that could be, and were well served with provisions from a house in the neighbourhood.

C H A P. XXVII.

CHURCHES OF ROME, CONTINUED FROM

CHAP. XXII.

TO return to the churches of Rome, with which, if the reader is already satisfied, he has only to pass on to the next chapter; I beg leave to mention them in the order in which we visited them.

Adjoining to the Capitol is the very ancient and celebrated church of St. Maria in Ara Coeli. The ascent to it is by 124 marble steps taken from a temple of Romulus; but the front itself does not answer to such magnificence. Twenty-two ancient marble columns adorn the nave, said to have belonged to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which stood on this spot; but they are not all of one size, form, or material. Behind

the altar is a Holy Family by Raphael, with a cat in the fore-ground. The porphyry urn, containing the body of St. Helena, is as fine as that of Clement XII. at St. Giovanni in Laterano. About this church are many old monuments, and two pulpits, of the same materials, and in the same style, as the tomb of Henry III. in Westminster-Abbey, having pannels of red porphyry, and borders of mosaic. Here we heard the Gloria Patri charmingly sung, and one of the prettiest voluntaries I ever heard any where. In one part of the church is an altar, said to have been erected by Augustus, at the time of our Saviour's birth, under the denomination of *Ara primogeniti Dei*, "The altar of the First-begotten of God." I am sorry those, who invented this silly legend, thought Christianity wanted any such countenance.

St. Augustino, the principal church of the Augustine Monks, is chiefly remarkable for the fine picture of Isaiah, by Raphael, situated about the middle of the nave. It has been engraved, and is worthy of all admiration, though now much damaged. There are
many

many other very excellent pictures, and several elegant mausoleums. The following epitaph, on a simple tablet of marble, is remarkably happy, and has never been noticed :

Urbano VII Pont. Max.

brevis imperii principi,

sed memorizæ disturnæ.

illud Fortunæ fuerit ;

hoc erit Virtutis.

St. Maria in Via Lata, situated in the Corso, is famous for a miraculous picture of the Virgin by St. Luke, which does him no credit as a painter, and for some of the Virgin's hair, and other relicks. Its antique columns are cased with Sicilian marble, falsely called jasper, which never looks well. The church is dirty, and scarcely worth visiting, except for the music at the Vespers, which is very good.

St. Maria in Campitelli is of noble architecture, and has in one part a cross of most beautiful orange-coloured transparent alabaster, placed so as to be seen against the light, and well worthy of notice.

St. Maria sopra Minerva belongs to the Domini-

Dominicans, and is of a long narrow figure like most of their churches. It was built on the ruins of a temple of Minerva. In the choir are the very conspicuous mausoleums of Leo X. and Clement VII., both of the Medicis family. One of the chapels, on the left, is ornamented with that of Benedict XIII. But the glory of this church is the celebrated Christ of Michael Angelo, a single statue of white marble as large as life, holding the cross, the reed, sponge, and scourge. It is really fine, but by no means equal to his Moses, either in character or composition. Its right foot is cased in brass, to protect it against the devastation of the innumerable devout lips perpetually applied to it.

On Easter Monday several very rich silver busts, and other ornaments, were exhibited on the altars of this church. On Lady-day was a procession of orphan girls, dressed in white, and crowned with flowers, to hear mass here; at which many cardinals attended, from taste I presume, as well as devotion.

Of all the churches in Rome, that of the

the Jesuits, il Gesù, is one of the richest and most truly magnificent. Not to enter into a detail of its numerous paintings, which are many of them highly deserving of particular observation; the altar of St. Ignatius is, without exception, the finest thing of its kind. It terminates the cross aisle on the left. Four immense columns of gilt bronze, fluted with lapis lazuli, support a frontispiece, above which appears a figure of God the Father, accompanied by a cherub holding a globe of lapis lazuli, the finest and largest piece of that stone ever found. I guess it to be about twenty inches in diameter at least, but not a complete sphere. Under the altar lies the body of St. Ignatius, in a most elegantly formed sarcophagus of bronze, adorned with bas-reliefs. Above stands the statue of the saint, about ten feet high, accompanied by three angels, the whole group cast together in molten silver, and ornamented with precious stones. Over this is a Glory of gilt bronze, with the name of Jesus in letters of rock crystal. The niche is lined with lapis lazuli and antique alabaster, set in gilt bronze. The whole is truly stupendous, and
in

in a certain style of airy magnificence, if I may be allowed the expression, best suited to such extreme richness of materials, and which is the character of every thing belonging to the Jesuits. Sometimes this statue is concealed by a picture; but the sacristan will be happy to shew it at any time to strangers. Cardinal Bellarmine is buried here, with a monument by Bernini.

The church dedicated to St. Ignatius may almost vie with that last mentioned, for magnificence of architecture, and a profusion of marbles and lapis lazuli. The altar of St. Louis Gonzaga is not much unlike that I have just been describing, nor scarcely less magnificent. A superb urn of lapis lazuli contains the saint's body, and the large bas-relief over the altar, by Le Gros, is truly excellent.

Most of the Jesuits' churches abound with lapis lazuli; I shall mention but one more of them, that of St. Andrew, near Monte Cavallo. Its form is oval, singularly elegant, but more like a ball-room than a church. St. Stanislaus, a jesuit saint, reposes in a lapis lazuli urn; but what is more remarkable, is
the

the chamber of this saint, now magnificently decked with marble, and containing his statue by Le Gros, lying on a bed, as if dying; the hands and face of white marble, the drapery of black. It is an admirable and singular thing.

In this neighbourhood are the churches of St. Susanna, and of the Madonna della Vittoria. In the former may be seen some excellent paintings in fresco, not so much noticed as they deserve to be; in the latter are fine alabaster pilasters, and Bernini's celebrated statue of St. Theresa, which he esteemed his master-piece. This is deservedly criticised for its almost lascivious expression; and indeed the most naked Venus would be a much less improper ornament for a church, than this luxurious saint, melting in extacy, with a little smiling cherub, or rather cupid, directing a dart to her naked bosom. This is called divine love, and it must be allowed to be very attractive. In digging the foundations of the portico of this church, the celebrated Hermaphrodite of the Villa Borghese was found, which it was not decorous for the Friars to keep, how much soever they

6

might

might admire it. They gave it therefore to the Cardinal Scipio Borghese, who, in the warmth of his holy gratitude, paid the expence of their portico. Another Cardinal, of the Cornaro family, gave them this St. Theresa, probably by way of consolation; and it seems not an inadequate one.

Here is an excellent picture by Domenichino, of the Virgin giving the infant Jesus to St. Francis.

In a church called St. Andrea delle Fratte, are two angels by Bernini, in a very singular taste. Nothing can be more affected and awkward than their gestures, and the legs and feet, of one of them especially, are hideously long and lank.

How different is the statue of St. Susanna by il Fiamingo, at the Madonna di Loretto, near Trajan's Pillar! It is more Grecian than most modern sculptures, and the drapery admirable.

St. Andrea della Valle is a very noble church. Its front remarkably fine, and the internal architecture good. Domenichino has painted the roof in a great style. Here are some remarkable chapels. That of the

Ginetti

Ginetti family on the right hand has eight columns of verde antique, and the front of the altar is encrusted with a curious green jasper, called emeralds in Magnani's book. The next chapel belongs to the Strozzi family, and was planned by Michael Angelo, as may easily be known by its twelve columns of dark marble, designed with that sublime artist's own peculiar majesty. This chapel deserves all attention from those who admire his taste. The Barberini chapel, and some others, are very rich and very elegant.

The little church of St. Romualdo, belonging to the Camaldulenses, is extremely celebrated for its altar-piece by Andrea Sacchi, one of the best pictures in Rome. Of this Magnani gives so full and just an account, I cannot omit it.

“ The saint (St. Romualdo) is represented
 “ in a delicious vale of the Apennines, ex-
 “ plaining to his recluse companions his
 “ reasons for quitting the world, and points
 “ out to them the miraculous ladder which
 “ he had seen in a dream, like that of Jacob.
 “ The whole painting breathes peace, and
 “ the charms of solitude. The composition

“ is

" is simple; attention is well marked in the
 " countenances of the monks listening to
 " the saint, whose own head is eminently
 " beautiful. The picture is full of most
 " perfect harmony, and it is impossible to
 " avoid admiring the union, the taste of the
 " drawing, and the manner in which the
 " painter has managed the keeping in six
 " figures of Camaldulenses in white drapery,
 " where, not having the means of pro-
 " ducing an effect by the assistance of a va-
 " riety of colour, he has supplied that de-
 " ficiency, by beautiful degradations of *chiar*
 " *oscuro*, with the most admirable and pleas-
 " ing success. The back ground is less
 " happy."

The English are said to be particularly
 fond of this picture, and it surely does ho-
 nour to their taste. Its effect is the greater
 perhaps, because one goes purposely to see
 it, and nothing else; nor is there any thing
 in the building to distract the attention, or
 disturb that calm and pensive satisfaction
 excited by the contemplation of this charm-
 ing picture. There are, nevertheless, two
 very good paintings in the same church, the
 painters

painters of which are unknown, and their subjects I forget ; but in one is an admirable figure of an angel.

The Chartreux are possessed of one of the most majestic churches in the world, made out of part of the immense baths of Diocletian, and disposed in its present form by the great Michael Angelo ; for what lesser genius could have attempted such a work ? Its figure is a Grecian cross ; from the floor to the vaulted roof measures about 100 feet, and the angles of the central part are ornamented with antique granite columns, nearly half that height. A majestic simplicity dignifies the whole ; nor are the decorations unworthy of the rest. The pavement is particularly handsome, abounding with the finest *cipolino*, which, though not commonly a very beautiful marble, on account of its unequal polish, is here seen in great perfection. The floor is crossed obliquely by a very splendid meridian line. This church is provided with spitting boxes by each of the kneeling desks, the first we have met with in Italy or France, for there every body thinks himself at liberty to spit on any floor,

sacred or profane, without ceremony or delicacy.

The entrance into this church is by a circular vestibule, 60 feet wide, originally one of the *caldaria*. This part is damp, and the pictures it contains are spoiled, but they seem never to have been very good. On the right hand of the door is the mausoleum of Carlo Maratti, erected by himself some time before his death, and ornamented with a small vase of red porphyry. The epitaph as follows :

D. O. M.

Carolus Maratti pictor,

non procul a S. Lauretana domo

Camerani natus,

Romæ institutus, et in capitolinis ædibus,

Apostolico adstante Senatu,

Clementis XI. P. M.

bonarum artium restitutoris

munificentia,

creatus Eques.

Ut suam in Virginem pietatem,

ab ipso natali solo cum vita hausitam

ac innumeris expressam tabulis,

quæ gloriosum ei cognomentum

compararunt,

mortalis quoque sarcinæ deposito

confir-

confirmaret,
in hoc templo eid. angelor. reginæ sacro
monumentum sibi vivens posuit
Anno D. M.D.CCIV.

Over his bust is inscribed,

Credo videre bona Dñi in terra viventium.

and on the flat stone which covers the mouth
of his vault,

Solum mihi superest sepulchrum.

Opposite to this stands the tomb of Sal-
vator Rosa, thus inscribed :

D. O. M.
Salvatorem Rosam Neapolitanum,
pictorum sui temporis
nulli secundum,
poetarum omnium temporum
principibus parem,
Augustus filius
hic moerens composuit.
Sexagenario minor obiit
Anno Salutis MDCLXXIII
idibus Martii.

The chief curiosity in this epitaph is, that it ranks him on a footing with the best poets of any age, and yet speaks of his abilities in painting as only not inferior to those of any of his contemporaries. Surely the praise ought rather to have been reversed, and still his poetry would have been over-rated. What are his satires, however severe and ludicrous, to many poems of the last century? Partial friends and contemporaries are often very bad judges of a man's talents.

In the body of the church are several admired paintings.

The fall of Simon Magus by Battoni, does him great honour. The light and shade is managed in a striking manner. Indeed I cannot but prefer this to Vanni's picture of the same subject preserved here, which has been copied in mosaic for St. Peter's.

Not far distant is Subleyras's excellent and harmonious picture of St. Basil delivering a chalice to a deacon, after having said mass in the presence of the Emperor Valens. Of this too there is an admirable mosaic at St. Peter's. The criticism of De la Lande,
copied

copied verbatim in the Manuel d'un Voyageur, "*La figure du roi qui est sur le devant est singulierement pensée & indecise sur son plan,*" shews these authors did not understand the picture. This Arian prince is represented as being so affected at the sight of the holy mysteries, as to faint away. His eyes are closed, and he is kept from falling only by the assistance of his attendants. Whether, therefore, we are to understand the above expression as meaning that, from a defect of keeping, the figure does not well keep its place in the picture, which is not true, or whether it means that it does not stand well on its legs, which is true, and is as it ought to be, the criticism is equally false.

The Assumption, falsely called by Magnani Conception, of the Virgin, by Bianchi, is chiefly remarkable for the cloud on which the Virgin is seated being so like a naked man's thigh, both in form and colour, that we actually mistook it for such, and looked among the confusion around for the rest of his body.

To this church belongs a cloister in the same grand style, designed entirely by Mi-

chael Angelo, around which runs a vast colonnade of 100 granite pillars, without any other ornament. In the centre of the area, a spacious square grass-plat, stands a fountain, and four immense cypresses, whose lofty summits waving in the wind, while all is still and solitary below, are admirably calculated to "exalt the mind to heavenly musing," and give impressions not to be described.

The church of the Twelve Apostles, near which the late Pretender resided, is of an elegant design, and looks well, though the nave is only white-washed, and streaked with grey to imitate Carara marble, a cheap and easy mode of decoration. A small tablet on the right hand signifies that the *præcordia* of Clementina, late (pretended) queen of England, were buried there. On Sunday the 15th of April, a more magnificent and more venerable monument was here for the first time exposed to the public, that of the late Pope Clement XIV. Ganganelli. Its form is like most of those in St. Peter's; the base, a segment of a circle, of blue and white marble of Carara, and perforated in the middle by one of the church doors, thus made

made to represent the entrance of the tomb, as in the mausoleum of Alexander VII. Over this door is a very simple sarcophagus of the same marble, with a statue of Humility accompanied by a Lamb, on one side, and on the other Temperance; the latter bends over the sarcophagus. Both these figures are admirable, in the true antique style; their drapery very delicate. They are altogether different from the turgid inaccurate style of Bernini. Above the sarcophagus rises a plinth of *lomachello*, supporting a sitting figure of the Pope, extending his right hand horizontally, as in the act of benediction. This hand seems rather clumsy and awkward. The original is said to have been so, but such a defect ought not to have been perpetuated. Upon the whole, this monument does great honour to the artist, a young Venetian named Cavona. He was reported to have been employed upon it four years, and was to be paid 11000 crowns, about 3000 pounds sterling. The body of the Pope was deposited in a niche opposite the monument of Innocent VIII, at St. Peter's, till this tomb should be finished, and

was now expected to be removed hither in great pomp ; but that has not yet been done. His successor, much attached to the Jesuits, is supposed not to love his memory ; but his remembrance is not the less dear, on that account, to all good men, and the populace hold him in high veneration. Prodigious crowds flocked to contemplate, and even to kiss, his tomb ; which strongly renewed the public regret, and revived all the circumstances of his death. Nobody seems to doubt his having been poisoned.

A large print of this mausoleum has been published, which serves to shew its design ; but gives no adequate idea of the execution.

We had one evening the curiosity to attend the funeral of a woman at this church. The body lay on a bier in the middle of the nave, with four great tapers about it, and was dressed in a black gown with a veil ; the face, hands, and feet naked. Four priests seated near read the service, which being finished, and the priests gone, the veil and some other ornaments were taken away, and the body put into a strong plain wooden coffin

coffin or chest. It was then let down into one of the vaults.

The obsequies of Cardinal Delci were celebrated April 11th, at St. Marcello's, in the Corso. The church was hung with black and gold; yellow wax tapers being ranged round the bier, on which was placed the coffin, under a pall of cloth of gold. The music, by the performers from the Pope's chapel, was simple, but very sweet. The mob scrambled for the plentiful droppings of wax from the tapers, which they would, doubtless, turn to account. In an excursion towards St. John Lateran, we came to several churches, not wholly to be disregarded.

St. Stefano Rotondo is an ancient circular edifice, remarkable for its antique pillars, not all of the same dimensions; nor could we determine them to be of Parian marble as reported; the greater part are granite. The walls are badly painted with the martyrdoms of the primitive Christians, too horrible to be described.

St. Maria alla Navicella, is said to have been repaired after the designs of Raphael. It is small, and not remarkable for any thing,
except

except a pretty portico, not unlike the style of the ruined palace by this great artist, already noticed, p. 17. Its denomination is taken from an antique model of a boat in marble, placed on the waste spot of ground adjoining, in which, I have been told, a certain dramatic writer, dead not long since, used often to sit and compose his works, regardless of the notice of passengers, who, indeed, are not many in this desolate part of the town.

Passing St. John Lateran, we arrive at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, of which Magnani's book says full as much as it deserves; and though it was built by Constantine, and, moreover, enriched with wood of the true cross, and holy earth from Jerusalem, by St. Helen; though it is one of the seven principal churches of Rome, visited by those who seek indulgences, I shall have so much indulgence for my readers, as to say no more about it.

The most common grass which makes the turf in all this waste ground, is *Poa bulbosa*.

Santa Bibiana, not far distant, possesses a famous statue of that saint, by Bernini;
its

its drapery is almost the best I ever saw from his chissel, and the head expressive enough, but rather too gay. Pietro da Cortona's excellent fresco, where this saint is refusing to worship idols, is justly admired. The figure of the saint, and that of a woman endeavouring to persuade her, form a striking, and perhaps rather too studied a contrast. This church is small. In it stands an old pillar of red antique marble, *rosso antico*, to which St. Bibiana is said to have been tied. Her relicks repose in a most precious sarcophagus of pale clouded oriental alabaster, of a large size, and very beautiful colour.

St. Silvester, near Monte Cavallo, has, in the Bandini chapel, four good statues, especially St. John the Evangelist, and Mary the sister of Lazarus, by Algardi. Magnani mistakes in calling her Mary Magdalen, as the inscription says "she had chosen the better part." St. John is very handsome, but rather too feminine. The four small paintings in the cupola by Domenichino, are not conspicuously excellent.

St. Paul the hermit, near the four fountains,

tains, is a neat little modern church, with a profusion of indifferent sculpture.

We devoted a long morning to exploring the principal churches on the other side the Tiber, and in our way visited St. Mark's, near the Venetian Ambassador's palace, in which is St. Mark the Pope, painted by Perugino, really a very good picture, the best I have seen of this old master. Also the Adoration of the Magi, by Carlo Maratti, a poor thing unworthy of its author. Here are many indifferent monuments.

St. Carlo ai Catenari, an elegant building, is highly interesting on account of its pictures. The best are the four Cardinal Virtues under the dome, by Domenichino: at the high altar, which is enriched with porphyry columns, the Procession of St. Charles Boromeo, in the plague of Milan, excellently painted by Pietro da Cortona: but above all, the Death of St. Ann, by Andrea Sacchi, esteemed one of the most capital pictures in Rome, and remarkable, like his St. Romualdo, for great harmony of colouring. Its light and shade are admirable,
and

and the expression, though not violent, in my opinion is strong enough, notwithstanding Magnani says the piece wants animation. I do not admire the head of the Virgin, who is presenting the infant Jesus to St. Ann as she lies in bed. Joseph follows the Virgin, and on the other side of the bed is an old man sitting, probably the husband of the dying saint, whose name perhaps all readers may not know was Joachim; and he too was a saint, for in this family, as in China, nobility seems to *ascend*, and that pretty copiously. A kneeling figure in the fore-ground, thrown into the shade, has a good effect.

St. Angiolo in Pescheria, or in the fish-market, has an ancient portico adjoining, whose history is not very well known. Though much battered, it appears to have been in a good taste, and merits a better situation. There is nothing worth seeing in this church; nor in that of St. Gregorio at the foot of the bridge.

St. Bartolomeo's, built on the ruins of the temple of Esculapius in the island, has little to atone for the building it has supplanted, except four fine pillars of red porphyry,

phyry, supporting a small dome over the high altar, and a very large sarcophagus, or rather bath, of the same stone, which contains the saint's body.

Not far from hence is a Benedictine Monastery, admired for its rich church dedicated to St. Cecilia, who is said to have dwelt on this spot. Part of the bath remains in which she is believed to have suffered martyrdom, and the leaden pipes are still preserved. A white marble statue of the saint, by Maderno, pleased me exceedingly. She is represented, as her body is said to have been found in the tomb, lying on one side, with the face turned downward, in a very picturesque attitude, and the drapery is excellent. The altar and tribune are immensely rich. Near the door we found the sepulchre of a Cardinal Adam, an Englishman, who died in 1398; those good old times when Englishmen were not all consigned to everlasting perdition. His statue lies in the usual stiff posture.

Near the Porta Portese we came to St. Francesco a Ripa, where the rich chapel of the Palavicini family contains two magnificent,

cent, but not very elegant monuments. The most remarkable thing here is the statue of St. Louisa Albertoni, by Bernini. We could not find the antique bas-relief, said by Magnani to be on the tomb of Laura Mattei, nor the St. Francis, by Cav. Arpino.

It being near noon, when many of the inferior churches are shut for an hour or two, we hurried away to St. Chrysogonus, an old church remarkable for its antique granite columns; but more for two porphyry ones, by far the largest I have seen of that valuable stone. At the altar are four fine columns of alabaster. It is in these more ancient churches that such productions are to be found in the greatest plenty and variety. The tribune is rich in old mosaics, and the whole edifice worth seeing, though far inferior to another in the same taste not far distant, St. Maria in Trastevere. Here are various antique columns of granite. The pavement is the richest and most elaborate old mosaic any where to be met with, especially about the altar, disposed in stars, diamond work, and other such figures, as usual, in very small pieces, and must have cost infinite

finite pains. A specimen of this kind of pavement, not of the finest kind, may be seen at Westminster Abbey, within the rails of the communion table. I guess the date of such works to be chiefly the 12th and 13th centuries. The tribune of this church is very rich. In a chapel is an excellent Assumption of the Virgin, by Domenichino, particularly remarkable for its perspective. Among some ancient inscriptions ranged in the portico, is an epitaph of one M. Cocceius, Aug. Lib. who is said to have lived forty-five years and eleven days with his wife, without any quarrel. A memorable example!

Returning by the Palazzo Farnese, the church of St. Jerome, San Girolamo, must be visited on account of the very famous picture of that saint, by Domenichino, copied in mosaic at St. Peter's. The colouring of the original is better than that of the mosaic, otherwise the copy is sufficiently correct. The subject is not pleasant. An old man, almost in the agonies of death, and nearly naked, dragged to the foot of an altar to receive the communion, has nothing very interest-

Interesting or agreeable, notwithstanding all the truth and nature of the design and colouring. The little angels above are admired, and very justly, except that the attitude of one, whose back is towards the spectator, is somewhat sprawling, and he is rather falling than flying.

At St. Rocco, near the mausoleum of Augustus, is an excellent picture of that saint kissing Christ's hand, by Giacinto Brandi, coloured very much in Guercino's style.

But one word more, courteous reader, and I have done with the Roman churches. St. Paolo fuori delle Mura, or without the walls, must not be left unnoticed. It was built by Constantine the Great, and belongs to the Benedictines. Nothing can be more magnificent than the forty, or rather I believe thirty-eight, Corinthian fluted columns in the nave, taken from Adrian's tomb. Each is about thirty-six feet in height, most of them of veined Parian marble, like those at St. Peter in Vincolis, the rest of a white marble reticulated with dark purple veins, not uncommon, but of great beauty, called

Pavonazzetto. These columns are not, as Magnani asserts, each of one single block, but of two. Their form is fine, their capitals of white Parian marble. Parallel with them, on each side, is a row of lower columns, much inferior in beauty, so that the nave is divided into five spaces. There are said to be twenty-eight columns of porphyry about this edifice besides, and many more of inferior value. The high altar has a gothic pyramidal pavilion. On each side the tribune is an oval slab of green serpentine, nearly three feet long, fixed in the wall, by far the largest pieces of that stone I have ever observed ; yet they are not noticed in books. The stone is common in old mosaic pavements, like that of Westminster Abbey, mixed with red porphyry, but in very small pieces. Its origin is unknown. Some have thought it came from Spain. With these great riches the church, after all, seems but a magnificent barn, on account of its totally irregular broken pavement, and rude wooden roof. Around the cornice are portraits of all the Popes, including his present Holiness, who exactly fills up the row, so that no
more

more can be placed without beginning a new line. This is one circumstance, among many others equally sensible, which makes the common people dread a revolution after the death of Pius VI. They believe, with great concern, that the business of this Pope's journey to Vienna, in the reign of Joseph II. was nothing less than to deprecate his ambitious attempts for the present, and obtain, at least, a peaceable life and death for himself. Such an unexampled journey they can only attribute to a most urgent occasion. How this may be, time will discover. The strange political phænomena of the present day, baffle all conjectures. It seems probable, however, that the good people of Rome are as injudicious in their conclusions, as in the reasons, or rather superstitions, on which they are built. A much more imminent danger seems impending from a quarter never thought of; and whatever may happen, those very reasons, however foolish, would certainly have no small share in helping to realize their apprehensions.

C H A P. XXVIII.

MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN—WORKSHOP
OF MOSAICS—VATICAN LIBRARY—
MUSEUM AT THE CAPITOL,

THE most choice collection of antique sculptures now existing, is universally allowed to be the Museum Clementinum in the Vatican. The late Pope first began it, by assembling all the celebrated statues from time to time brought to this palace; and adding to them the most choice antiquities he could procure; providing at the same time a range of apartments worthy to receive the whole; and the collection was called by his beloved name. The present Pope having been employed by him to superintend this noble undertaking, has ever since pursued the intentions of his predecessor, and has added new apartments, called
after

after him, *Museum Pium*. The whole together is generally denominated *Museum Pio-Clementinum*. Such sculptures as his present Holiness has added, are marked in bronze letters *Munificentia Pii Sexti*. It is usual to laugh at the frequent repetition of this inscription upon trifling pieces, scarcely worth notice; but it conveys information as to the history of the museum, and the mode of expression is not important. A laudable love of fame in sovereigns ought always to be respected and encouraged, to correct their taste for flattery and false glory.

We approach this treasury of the arts by the great Belvedere gallery, not much less than 1000 feet in length, and stored with a great number of ancient inscriptions. The stranger must not omit to contemplate the beautiful view from a balcony adjoining, which has given the denomination of Belvedere to this part of the Vatican. Rome, and the country to the north, are no where seen to such advantage. Every connoisseur of course enquires in the first place for the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinous (as it is called), and the Torso, so much admired and

studied by Michael Angelo. They are arranged in niches, under an Ionic colonnade, surrounding a court, in the centre of which stands a wide but shallow basin, of a single block of red porphyry, fifteen feet in diameter, and of a good form, supported by a pedestal.

Of the far-famed and well-known Apollo all description is needless; nor can I add any thing to the praise which all persons of judgment and taste have bestowed upon this inimitable production. The impression it gives is no where more concisely described, than by Lady Miller's soliloquy, after her first astonishment had somewhat subsided,—
 "It is but marble that I see!" Those who know this statue from casts and copies, can know little more than its general design, for the reasons I have attempted to explain in speaking of the Venus of Medicis, which I confess myself to have most fully experienced at first beholding this sublime original. Conscious of my own inability to furnish any adequate conceptions upon the subject, I beg leave to offer Winkelman's hymn, as De la Lande has well denominated it, in honour
 of

of this Apollo. It is a curiosity which has not, to my knowledge, appeared in English; and while it exemplifies the genius and enthusiasm of its author, will afford a conclusive proof that the study of antiquities is not always a dry one.

“ Of all the productions of art which the
 “ ravages of time have spared us, the statue
 “ of Apollo is indisputably the most sublime,
 “ The artist has conceived this performance
 “ from ideal being, and has made so much
 “ use of matter only as was necessary to
 “ execute and give a body to his thought.
 “ As far as the description of Apollo in
 “ Homer surpasses those descriptions which
 “ other poets have made after him, so far
 “ does this figure exceed all other figures
 “ of the same divinity. His stature is more
 “ than human, and his attitude expresses
 “ majesty. An eternal spring, like that of
 “ Elysium, diffuses the beauty of youth over
 “ the manly perfection of his frame, and
 “ gracefully displays itself in the noble con-
 “ figuration of his limbs. We must endea-
 “ vour to penetrate into the empire of in-
 “ corporeate beauty; seek to become creators

“ of a celestial Nature, in order to elevate
 “ the soul to the contemplation of such
 “ supernatural perfection ; for here is no-
 “ thing mortal, nothing subject to the wants
 “ of humanity. This body is neither warm-
 “ ed by veins, nor agitated by nerves. A
 “ celestial spirit, diffused like a gentle stream,
 “ circulates, if I may so express myself, over
 “ the contour of this figure. He has pur-
 “ sued Python, against whom he has bent,
 “ for the first time, his tremendous bow : in
 “ his rapid course he has overtaken him,
 “ and given the mortal stroke. In the ful-
 “ ness of sublime satisfaction, his august
 “ aspect, penetrating into infinity, extends
 “ far beyond his present victory. Disdain
 “ is impressed on his lips ; the indignation
 “ he breathes inflates his nostrils, and mounts
 “ even to his brow. But unalterable peace
 “ is seated on his forehead, and his eye is
 “ all sweetness, as if he were now surround-
 “ ed by the Muses, eager to offer him their
 “ caressing homage. Among all the repre-
 “ sentations of Jupiter that have reached
 “ us, there are none in which the father of
 “ gods seems so nearly to approach that
 “ dignity,

“ dignity, in which he once manifested him-
 “ self to the intelligence of the poet, as in
 “ this portrait of his son. The individual
 “ beauties of all other deities are assembled
 “ in this figure, as in the divine Pandora,
 “ This brow is the brow of Jupiter, preg-
 “ nant with the goddess of Wisdom, and its
 “ movement announces its will.—These
 “ eyes, in their fine-turned orbits, are the
 “ eyes of Juno ; and this mouth is the same
 “ that inspired the beautiful Branchus with
 “ voluptuousness. Like the pliant branches
 “ of a tender vine, his lovely hair waves
 “ around his divine head, as if lightly agi-
 “ tated by the breath of zephyr ; his locks
 “ seem perfumed with ethereal essence, and
 “ negligently attached at the summit by the
 “ Graces themselves. When I behold this
 “ prodigy of art, I forget all the universe ;
 “ I assume a more dignified attitude, to be
 “ worthy to contemplate it. From admira-
 “ tion I pass into extacy. Penetrated with
 “ respect, I feel my bosom heave and dilate
 “ itself, as in those filled with the spirit of
 “ prophecy. I am transported to Delos,
 “ and the sacred groves of Lycia, once ho-
 “ noured

"noured by the presence of the god; for
 "the beauty before me seems to acquire
 "motion, like that produced of old by the
 "chisel of Pygmalion. How is it possible
 "to describe thee, thou inimitable master-
 "piece, unless I had the help of ancient
 "science itself to inspire me, and guide my
 "pen! I lay at thy feet the sketch I have
 "rudely attempted; as those who cannot
 "reach the brows of the divinity they
 "adore, offer at its footstool the garlands
 "with which they would fain have crowned
 "its head."

It is astonishing how long every body has
 been mistaken about the statue called Anti-
 nous, which Winkelman has at length as-
 serted to be a Meleager of the first-rate sculp-
 ture of Greece. Its workmanship is not
 exactly like that of the time of Adrian, and its
 excellence is of a different kind. Neither does
 the countenance or character of this statue
 resemble those of the portraits of Antinous.
 "Its physiognomy," says Winkelman,
 "presents us with an image of youthful
 "grace, and of the beauty of the most lovely
 "period of life, accompanied with unaffect-

" ed

“ ed innocence and temperate desire; with-
 “ out the indication of any passion capable
 “ of troubling the harmony of the whole,
 “ or the sweet peace of mind impressed on
 “ every feature. Shut up in this profound
 “ calm, and resigned as it were to the en-
 “ joyment of self-contemplation, the very
 “ attitude of this noble figure indicates that
 “ silence of the soul, in which the senses,
 “ retired within themselves, seem to have no
 “ commerce with external objects.”—All
 this, which is perfectly just and characteristic,
 would but ill apply to an Antinous. So far
 from it, that all the portraits of this cele-
 brated young man are remarkable for a
 strength of expression, and an elevated cha-
 racter, inconsistent indeed with his history,
 if we except only his heroic death for the
 supposed good of his master Adrian. Indeed
 this whole figure is so like an acknowledged
 Meleager, hereafter to be mentioned, that
 there is the utmost probability of their being
 intended for the same person, whether real
 or imaginary is of no importance. Possibly
 it might have been accompanied originally
 by a boar's head, and other characteristics of
 Meleager;

Meleager; for it has evidently been much mutilated. Dr. Younge observed that its ankle bones are rather prominent, and the legs not well formed. This Winkelman has noticed. I remember the present ingenious Professor of Anatomy, at the Royal Academy Somerset Place, was much criticised for speaking of this statue in his first introductory lecture, as a specimen of the finest Grecian sculpture. "How," said his critics, "can the portrait of a person, who lived under one of the latter Roman emperors, be of Grecian workmanship?"—But we now find how much more the Professor knew of the matter than they did, whether we suppose him to have been informed of Winkelman's opinion, or merely of the revival of the art by the Grecian sculptors whom Adrian employed.

The Laocoon is all that can be imagined as to perfection of forms, and expression of pain and distress. Its composition need not be described; the beauty of its execution cannot. Here is every thing most capable of affecting a spectator. Helpless youth suffering, on the one hand, fear, dread, and anxiety,

anxiety, and seeking, in vain, for parental assistance; on the other, the extremest immediate agony, and uttering "the shriek of death." To this distressing combination is added, the anguish of a father unable to help his children or himself; and all this suffering is unjust. Antiquaries are agreed that this is the group mentioned by Pliny, and consequently one of the most esteemed pieces of sculpture even among the ancients. We therefore know precisely to what degree of excellence this art had arrived, whereas we are almost in the dark with respect to ancient painting.

The Torso, or trunk of an antique Hercules, is well known to have been the constant study and admiration of Michael Angelo, and is esteemed by Winkelman of more perfect execution than even the Apollo itself; but it is a mere trunk, and chiefly precious in the eye of a profound connoisseur.

As to the rest of this astonishing collection, I shall not attempt an enumeration, much less a description of the whole; but shall only offer a few detached remarks.

The Hercules, taken by some for a por-

trait of Commodus, appeared to me disgustingly mean, and unworthy to keep company with the Apollo, though Winkelman says it is one of the finest Greek statues, and that the head is particularly good.

Meleager, in the Sala degli Animali, is a beautiful statue, of which copies and casts are frequent. They may be known by the boar's head, and by a fan-like fluttering piece of drapery behind, contrived as a support to the figure. The countenance is more animated than in the other Meleager, called Antinous. This statue was bought in 1770, from the Piccini palace, for about 1250l. sterling; at so liberal an expence has this museum been furnished!

The same room contains a singular collection of a vast variety of animals in marble, many of them highly valuable for their execution, or curious for their materials. Among other things is a tree of white marble with two birds nests, in each of which are five little boys. A small lion, in a very curious unique marble of a light cinnamon colour; its grain like rosso antico, a variety of which I suspect it to be; or perhaps it may have been

been changed by heat, or some other means. Its pedestal is a slab of light green hard stone, like a kind of porphyry, but of different component parts. I never saw it any where else, but was fortunate enough to get a specimen from the person who polished this piece. A stag, in fine alabastro fiorito, is of great beauty. Here is also a large column of a beautiful and singular brecciated porphyry, partly dark green, and partly deep violet. The latter colour I never saw in this kind of stone before, and cannot help guessing, those parts which are of that hue, may have been red porphyry, the others black; and that the whole may have been united into a breccia by a porphyritic paste of a greenish tint, which has stained the red of the colour we see it.

In the adjoining apartment are many fine and celebrated statues. The Narcissus has a very foolish face, as perhaps it ought. The whole-length statue of Caligula is a good one, and probably in every part an exact portrait. Certainly it has none of the ideal beauty so much talked of by Winkelman.

The Nile and the Tiber are two interesting figures, especially the former, on whose

base

base is sculptured the natural history of the Hippopotamus and Crocodile (the Behemoth and Leviathan of scripture), their combats, and the manner in which the ancient Egyptians used to attack them in boats. All this is well copied in the garden of the Tuilleries at Paris.

The Cleopatra did not excite our admiration any more than Lady Miller's. One becomes fastidious among such productions as I have already described, and inferior merit loses its charms. Nor can the expression of this pretended Cleopatra be supposed very excellent or apposite, as she is now agreed to be a sleeping Venus, her bracelet, formed like a snake, being all that stamped her Cleopatra. Her drapery is good, but this is not precisely what one is most inclined to admire in a sleeping Venus. She has, however, been berhymed most copiously in the character of Cleopatra, and sonnets to her honour may be read here, by those who have no taste for looking at statues.

Opposite to this sleeping lady is the most noble and benignant Jupiter, by some attributed to Phidias; but that opinion is not well supported. I wonder De la Lande
mentions

mentions this statue so slightly. It is accompanied by two columns of the finest verde antique marble I know any where. The two following inscriptions, among many similar ones, are on rude monumental stones in this room :—

Ti. Cæsar
Germanici Cæsaris F.
hic crematus est.

The other,

Ti. Cæsar
Germanici Cæsaris F.
hic situs est.

By the first it seems the Romans erected memorials on the spots where their dead were burned, as well as where their ashes were deposited.

The Sala delle Muse, a circular apartment, whose dome is tolerably painted by Thomas Concha, contains beautiful statues of all the nine Muses. Here is also a female figure, enveloped in drapery, much like the statue of Lady Walpole in Henry VIIIth's Chapel, which her son Horace brought from Italy; but not leaning forward, or in the act of walking, so much as Lady Walpole's.

Adjoining is the Tribune, another round building, whose fine mosaic pavement was brought from the temple of Tricoli; except the black figures on a white ground, found in some other place, and of no great beauty. Here is a justly admired statue of Juno, and a very fine bust of Ariadne.

I ought to have mentioned sooner a square room, in which a small pavement of coloured mosaic, found at the Villa Adriana, is esteemed almost superior to any thing of the kind which the ancients have left us. In the centre are some masks of great expression, and the beautiful border is a festoon of vine-leaves and ribbands. Here is a Bacchus of rosso antico, and two famous perforated chairs of the same marble, which used to be at St. John Lateran. This room, and several others, are adorned with columns cased with the precious and beautiful yellow marble, giallo antico.

On each side the door of the Museum Pium stands a large Egyptian figure of red granite, brought from the market-place of Tivoli, and most probably made in Adrian's time, like many other things of the kind
hereafter

hereafter to be mentioned. But what must strike every one on his first entrance, is the stupendous sarcophagus of red porphyry, about eight feet long, five broad, and five deep, as near as I can guess, said once to have contained the remains of St. Helena, mother of Constantine. Its sides are sculptured, rudely enough, with warriors on horseback in alto relievo. Originally of one piece, and the largest in the world, it has been broken, but is now completely restored. This antiquity was, till lately, kept in the cloister of St. John Lateran.

The double staircase is very noble. Its columns are of the Carara marble, so common in hearths and chimney-pieces in England, and the balustrade of bronze. Above stairs are several pillars of breccia corallina, a pretty red and white antique marble; and many others in the gallery are of a most beautiful marble, erroneously termed alabaster, of which a vein has lately been discovered at Civita Vecchia. It resembles a rich jasper, of brown, red, and yellow shades. The guide very obligingly procured me specimens of it. The riches of this gallery

O 2

consist

consist in vases, with some statues. On the right, not far from the entrance, is an urn on a pedestal, of the most exquisitely fine black granite I ever beheld. The spots are very large, the white very transparent, and the black extremely dark. Some refracting particles are interspersed, somewhat resembling Labradore spar, but not coloured. It is an unique specimen. There is a tall vase of a peculiarly fine green serpentine, and another flat one of the common kind; but remarkable for its size. Also a square cup, circular within, and fluted, of an uncommonly elegant form, made of rosso antico. Several magnificent candelabra of white marble, of the most exquisite form and workmanship. On the top of the stairs are two large pillars of the dark green porphyry, very rare.

Such are a few of the most remarkable curiosities of the Museum Pium, but it is daily encreasing, and promises to be one of the finest things in Rome. May no untoward accident ever check its progress, or drive the arts again from their favourite seat! Or should the more important interests of humanity require some awful convulsion, if possible,

possible, may science and taste not be involved in the ruin of bigotry and superstition!

Both these Museums are every year opened to public view, without any expence, on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, when they are much crowded, as well as the apartments of the Pope, even his study, where I observed a diary of the weather lying open, with observations made that morning. His rooms are furnished with some good prints, but nothing otherwise remarkable. They are rather comfortable than sumptuous.

The workshop, where all the mosaics are executed, is highly worthy of attention. The different tints in glass, used for this work, amount to eleven thousand, all arranged in lockers, and numbered. The glass is in large cakes, which are broken by the workmen, as occasion requires, into bits of greater or lesser dimensions. The paste used for setting them, is made of powdered Tivoli marble, or rather stalactite, with lime and linseed oil. For the ground, peperino, a volcanic stone, used for building in the early times of the republic, is always preferred,

as being porous, and therefore fit to absorb the oil. A large picture, like the altar-pieces of St. Peter's, is generally seven or eight years in hand. We saw the workmen employed in doing the dial plates for the new clocks in the front of St. Peter's; one of which is to mark the hour according to the Italian reckoning, beginning at dusk; the other according to the usual manner. Other persons were engaged in a more delicate performance, the flight into Egypt after Carlo Maratti; which promised to be a very exact copy, and was intended for the cathedral of Sienna, to which I think the original belongs, and is a celebrated picture. When the mosaic is completed, and become hard, which happens in the space of a month, it is polished with sand and a hard stone.

An iron gate, about the middle of the great corridor of Belvedere, leads to the Vatican Library, which has long been reckoned the richest in the world, in manuscripts at least. The books are all locked up in close cases. An inscription signifies, that any person who should dare to purloin any, stands *ipso facto* excommunicated. This effectually

factually secures the collection against the depredations of saints; the locks and bars serve merely to protect it from heretics. The walls above the book-cases are painted with historical subjects, relating, more or less directly, to the progress of literature in the world, and the foundation and increase of almost all the libraries mentioned in history, whether sacred or profane. These pictures were done in the time of Sixtus V. and retouched by order of Clement XI. They are something in the manner of Vasari.

The chief curiosities, which came under our inspection, were;

A Russian Almanack, minutely painted with figures of all their saints, and varnished.

The famous old Virgil, of which a fac simile has been printed.

A very ancient manuscript of Terence, besides the less ancient one commonly mentioned; which last is painted with the masks, and even figures, of the characters in each play. How contemptible an idea of the Roman stage does this give! The genius of a Newton, or of him who sculptured

the Apollo Belvedere, is not, as to refinement, farther removed from an inhabitant of New Holland or Terra del Fuego, than the acting of a Garrick, or a Siddons, is superior to a performance in these awkward unvarying masks. In no other respect, perhaps, have we so decidedly the advantage of the ancients.

Henry VIIIth's letters to Anne Boleyn, cited as proofs of their too great intimacy before marriage, if not of positive adultery, and therefore decisive as to the improper grounds on which he sued for a divorce from Queen Catharine. Nobody could ever doubt the justice of the church on that memorable occasion; but the world, judging by the event, has condemned it for imprudence. So dangerous is the exercise of usurped power, even with a good intention!

The elegant manuscript of this prince's book on the sacraments is also preserved here, and shewn to all Englishmen especially. He sent it as a present to Leo X. who, in the joy of his heart, gave to Henry and his successors the title of defenders of the faith; a striking

striking instance of papal infallibility and fore-knowledge!

The museum of Christian antiquities contains mosaics, intaglios, cameos, rings, carvings in ivory, &c. found in the catacombs, and other places; their workmanship generally bad. The museum of profane antiquities is furnished with much more elegant things; but they are not numerous. There is a superb head of Augustus on an onyx about three inches and a half in diameter.

We were shewn, by express desire, the winding-sheet of Asbestos. It is coarsely spun, but as soft and pliant as silk. Our guide set fire to one corner of it, and the very same part burnt repeatedly, with great rapidity and brightness, without being at all injured. I have no conception what the flame could feed on. Its brightness seemed to indicate nitre.

On a wall in one of the apartments, we find a view of St. Peter's church, according to Michael Angelo's first design. It stands quite insulated, in the middle of a spacious square, which would certainly have been preferable to the encumbered state of the present

present building. The present dome, I think, has the advantage of that in this picture, being more lofty, and the whole church is larger.

The Museum Capitolinum ranks next after that of the Vatican. It was begun by Innocent X. much increased by Clement XII. and still farther enriched by Benedict XIV. and Clement XIII. The antique sculptures are exceedingly numerous and choice.

We first visited the palace of the Conservatori, where are some fresco paintings worthy of notice, especially a battle between the Romans and Veienti by the Cavalier Arpino; much in the style of Raphael's battle of Constantine and Maxentius in the Vatican, but inferior in grouping. The paintings of the next room, by Lauretti, although in many respects admirable, are inferior to the former.

The famous bronze statue of the Shepherd extracting a thorn from his foot, is not celebrated beyond its deserts; but the no less famous Wolf, of the same material, suckling Romulus and Remus, is doubly interesting for the anecdote which belongs to it. Two
great

great chasms in its hind legs are said to have been made by lightning on the day Julius Cæsar was killed; this figure being then in the ancient Capitol. They have all the appearance of having been so produced. How awful is it to contemplate the traces of a thunder-bolt that fell so many ages ago, and at such a moment!

A most beautiful animated head of Medusa, and one in alto relievo of Mithridates, are above all praise.

On the stair-case is the Rostral column, sculptured by Michael Angelo, in memory of that which was erected in the forum, to commemorate the first naval victory of the Romans over the Carthaginians, 261 years before Christ. Most books speak of this as the original column itself; but that was decorated with the real prows of the enemies ships, and what we now see is but a model of it. De la Lande says this was made on the discovery of a fragment of the inscription belonging to the ancient column.

Here are four large and capital bas-reliefs taken from a triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius.

Under

Under the portico of this building is a well-known statue of Roma Victrix, between two captive kings. The latter are represented with their hands cut off, and their wrists crossed and bound. Shame on their detestable conquerors who could practise and perpetuate such brutality!

The Museum of Pictures adjoining, was founded by Benedict XIV. for the use of students of painting, and consists of two very large rooms pretty well filled.—I principally admired,

The finding of Romulus and Remus; an excellent performance of Rubens, notwithstanding its being a *Flemish* peasant, as De la Lande remarks, who is coming to find them.

St. Helena, contemplating the Cross, by Paul Veronese; very rich, and of good expression.

The Persian Sybil, by Guercino; a most lovely picture, often copied, and never enough to be admired.

A blessed Soul going to Paradise, by Guido; truly angelic.

A Holy Family, by Parmigianino, like

that in the tribune at Florence ; but I think not so good, though vastly superior to the copy at Capo di Monte, Naples.

St. Sebastian, by Guido ; very sublime and engaging.

Fortune, by the same artist, running round a globe, is a well-known picture of great beauty ; though not pleasing to the eye, from that very appearance of instability, which, however characteristic, is better described in poetry than in painting. I have seen a copy or duplicate of this picture in London, at Sir Robert Strange's.

Vanity, represented by a naked woman, not extremely beautiful, lying on a bed, with the ensigns of royalty and riches at her feet, and a tablet above inscribed *Omnia vanitas*. In this picture De la Lande most truly observes, that Titian is as delicate in his colouring, as Raphael was in drawing.

The above-mentioned are but a very small part, even of the good pictures of this collection ; which is a noble monument of the munificence of Benedict XIV. though less necessary to students at Rome than in other academies, as here are so many precious collections

lections easily accessible to every body. Who can ever cease to regret that we have no such collection at Somerset House, and that the Houghton pictures are gone to be buried in barbarous neglect in Russia, instead of being made a national benefit, as well as ornament, at home ! I cannot in this place refrain from attempting a translation of the elegant compliment paid to this very Pope just mentioned, by the present noble possessor of Houghton, long ago consigned by the name of Horace Walpole, to much higher honour than titles can give, and who certainly would not have sold his pictures to the Empress of Russia.

To

Prospero Lambertini,

Bishop of Rome,

surnamed Benedict XIV.

who, although an absolute sovereign,
reigned with as much equity
as a Doge of Venice.

He restored the lustre of the tiara
by his virtues, the only means by which he obtained it;

Beloved by Papists,

Esteemed by Protestants;

a humble and disinterested priest;

a prince without favourites,

a pope

a pope without nepotism ;
 an author without vanity :

in a word,

a man whom neither talents nor power could corrupt.

The son of a favourite minister,
 who never paid his court to any prince,
 nor revered any ecclesiastic,
 offers, in a free protestant country,
 this deserved praise
 to the best of Roman Pontiffs.

Opposite to the palace of the Conservatori,
 we come to the Museum of Antiquities;
 consisting of Greek and Roman sculptures
 of all kinds, as well as inscriptions.

In the court appears the famous figure of
 Marforio, so well known as the jocular cor-
 respondent of Pasquin. It was originally
 meant to represent a river god, and is now
 much mutilated.

Near the stair-case is a small room furnish-
 ed with Egyptian idols in great numbers,
 and of various forms, all brought from the
 Villa Adriana, chiefly of black marble, well
 finished and in fine preservation. They are
 undoubtedly the production of Adrian's time,
 and were made for that Emperor, who cul-
 tivated the Egyptian idolatry, and paid di-
 vine

vine honours, according to that worship, to his minion Antinous, whose portrait appears here in white marble, under the form of one of these figures. Well might the primitive Christians reproach Paganism with this abomination ! Their successors might repeat the charge with more propriety, if they themselves had not so often deified odious cruelty and worthless celibacy.

The various articles of this museum are well enumerated by Magnani.

Here is that very famous statue of Antinous, holding a wand in its hand, so often copied and described ; the head of which is inimitably beautiful and graceful. There is also, in an apartment called the Sala di Ercole, if I mistake not, another very beautiful naked statue of the same youth. His portraits are innumerable. Happy could we exchange a few of them for certain likenesses of Homer, Cicero, or Virgil ! Of the latter here is a supposed bust, but not well authenticated. Its character is pleasing rather than great. The Abbé Richard says it is modern.

The

The most interesting things besides are,
Busts of Alexander and Ariadne.

The dying Gladiator.

A most highly finished colossal statue in
fine armour, by some taken for Pyrrhus.

Two of Niobe's children, not mentioned
by Magnani.

The celebrated mosaic of doves sitting, in
various attitudes, on the border of a golden
vase; acknowledged to be the best thing of
the kind which we have received from the
ancients. The delicacy of its workmanship
is inimitable.

Here are numbers of fine vases, sarco-
phagi, and bas-reliefs; among other tombs,
that in which the famous Barberini or Port-
land vase was found, supposed, without any
grounds, to have belonged to the Emperor
Alexander Severus and his mother. On the
top of the sarcophagus are recumbent figures
of a man and woman, and on its sides bold
alto-relievos, supposed to represent some
parts of the Grecian history as told by Homer;
at least such is the opinion of the Abbé
Venuti, who published a quarto pamphlet
on the subject. Both he and Winkelmann

are decidedly of opinion that this mausoleum never belonged to Alexander Severus, as the figure on the top is much too old for him, being evidently that of a man about fifty, accompanied by his wife, younger than himself. A slight and very dubious resemblance of this female countenance to that of Julia Mammea, mother of the above emperor, is all that occasioned the tomb to be taken for her's and that of her son. Winkelmann's hasty supposition, that the beautiful vase found inclosed in this tomb, and now belonging to the Duke of Portland, represents the history of Peleus and Thetis, merely because of the female figure holding a serpent, seems to me as ill founded as the other. Surely Mr. Wedgwood's conjectures, as he modestly calls them, are much more probable; that this vase, intended for the ashes of no particular person, is sculptured with merely a general emblematic allusion to death and a future state, the serpent being a well-known symbol of immortality. Its cost indeed must have been so great, that the ashes by which it was occupied could be of no mean rank, though we are still totally in the dark about
 2 their

their owner ; except I may venture to guess, that the dress of the two figures on the tomb, their luxurious bed (ornamented with representations of hunting the stag and wild boar), the style of decoration, and the good execution of the sculpture, indicate the most refined age of Rome, probably about, or not long after, the time of Augustus. The boldness of the alto-relievos is an argument for their not being of much later date. But I find myself getting into the inextricable labyrinth of antiquarian conjecture, and shall retreat in time. Enough has been said to shew the uncertainty at least of the vulgar opinion respecting the vase in question, which all books copy implicitly from one another. How strange is it, that all this magnificence should have been entirely concealed from sight, the vase shut up in the tomb, and the tomb inclosed in a dark sepulchral chamber, discovered in the last century, about three miles out of the gate of St. John Lateran ! We cannot, however, tell with what external magnificence the spot might originally have been adorned.

C H A P. XXIX.

PALAZZO BORGHESE, BARBERINI, GIUSTINIANI, COLONNA, DORIA, MONTE CAVALLO, AND CICCIAPORCI.—VILLA MEDICIS, NEGRONE, LUDOVISI, ALDOBRANDINI, GIULIA, BORGHESE, ALBANI.

FOR pictures the Borghese palace stands unrivalled by any collection we have seen, except perhaps that of the Florentine gallery. Here are commonly reported to be 1700 originals, arranged in twelve apartments on the ground floor; the only part of the palace shewn to strangers, and not inhabited by the family. Of these 1700 there are thirteen pictures by Raphael, and a great many more than I ever saw together before by Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Bassan.

The

The most celebrated performance among the whole is Domenichino's large picture of Diana and her nymphs ; a most attractive assemblage of feminine beauty, and in every respect worthy of this charming painter.

A Venus, by Titian, like the admired one in the tribune at Florence ; nor is it, I believe, quite certain which was painted first.

St. John, by Julio Romano ; copied from that of Raphael in the same tribune.

Christ carried to the sepulchre, by Raphael ; one of the best of his earlier works.

The Marriage of St. Catharine, by Parmiggianino.

A Holy Family, by Gaetano, of great merit.

The Disciples at Emaus, by Michael Angelo da Carravaggio ; of admirable and very just expression.

A beautiful Cupid and Psyche, by Zuccheri ; the former lying asleep, and Psyche viewing him by the light of her lamp.

Cupid caressing Adonis, by Paul Veronese ; very pleasing.

Celebrated portraits of Cardinal Borgia,

and of Machiavel, by Raphaël; with many others, of which Magnani gives a tolerable account, except that the admirable portrait of a Schoolmaster, said by him to be the work of Titian, we were told was by Guido, which I think more probable. The fine table mentioned by Magnani as of *Oriental*, seems to be of *Tuscan* jasper. It is red, like the pannels of the Medicean chapel at Florence. There must be an error in De la Lande's valuation of the porphyry bath (fine as it is), at 200 thousand French livrès, near 8,500 l. yet Magnani has copied the passage from the first edition of the above writer.

The celebrated slabs of flexible marble are no longer shewn to strangers, the finest of them having been thrown down and broken by some awkward booby, whom De la Lande calls *M. le D. de C.* as happened to the late Dr. Hunter's fine specimen of needle antimony.

The Barberini palace is rich in pictures and statues, but not of the very first rank. The whole collection has been so much changed in its arrangement since Magnani's book was published, that we could find nothing

thing by it; some things have been removed, as the *Narcissus* now at the Vatican. What we chiefly noted are as follows, in the order in which we saw them.

In the first room above-stairs, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, by Carlo Cigniano; the original of that in the Florentine gallery.

Second room, the Death of Germanicus, by Poussin; a well-known picture, of admirable composition; and ten pieces by Bassan, of whose works one seldom remembers the subjects.

Third, Guido's fine Magdalen, which has been engraved, a whole length. The same, said to be the original, is in a room below. Four Evangelists, by Guercino; and St. Jerome, by Spagnoletto.

Fourth, Raphael's mistress, by himself; and a copy by Julio Romano, much inferior to the original.—Modesty and Vanity, by Leonardo da Vinci; a very excellent picture, of which a good print has lately been published.

In a room on the middle or principal floor, is an indecent picture of Lot and his daughters, as large as life, by Andrea Sacchi,

well painted; but this is a subject too detestable to be represented, and this picture is the most odious of all I have seen of the subject. The father is lying on his back quite naked, and his daughters are looking at him.—The same apartment contains many good heads by Titian.

Next are two chambers hung with fine Gobelin tapestry of the history of Pope Urban VIII. Barberini, after the designs of Pietro da Cortona; some of the original cartoons of which are likewise shewn.

In another room are four Apostles, by Andrea Sacchi; and four others by Carlo Maratti, in a great style. The cieling is by the former.

In the next, a fine Michael the archangel, by the Cavalier Arpino; and many other pictures.

In another, a singular picture by Castiglione, in the manner of Rembrandt, representing Abraham with his family; the colouring very odd.—A good St. Sebastian, by Lanfranc; and many cartoons by Romanelli, not void of merit.

The ceiling of the great hall, by Pietro da

da Cortona, the most magnificent fresco in the world, is truly worthy of admiration; its colouring excellent; but it is too much trouble to look at such a ceiling as it deserves; and to unriddle its allegories would be nearly, perhaps, as tiresome as unprofitable.

By a door on the side of this hall, opposite to that by which we entered, we came to another set of apartments, and had a different conductor. Here are numerous antique statues and busts, mentioned by Magnani, and some good pictures; as copies of Raphael's Transfiguration, and Battle of Constantine; the first very highly esteemed. Raphael's portrait by himself, dated 1518. Some beautiful heads of Angels, by Parmigianino. Esther before Ahasuerus, by Guercino; engraved, I think, by Strange. Abraham and Isaac, by M. A. da Carravaggio; disagreeable in character, as Abraham is handling his son very roughly, and seems sorry the angel is come to interrupt him. The Gamesters, by the same artist, is very excellent, perhaps the best picture in the house. It has often been copied, and there

is an admirable copy of it at Wentworth Castle in Yorkshire, Lord Strafford's.

The large Sleeping Faun is a fine statue, esteemed of the first-rate execution; perhaps justly; but there is no room for character or expression. Near it is a good modern Adonis, by Giuseppe Mazzola. Here are two admirable antique fresco paintings, brought from the gardens of Sallust; one of which, a Venus, has been retouched by Carlo Maratti. There are also many good busts by Bernini; one of them, a lady in a laced ruff, is perfectly astonishing for the labour and delicacy of the workmanship. In one of the halls is a vast brazier of massy silver, and in another room a large silver table.

The Palazzo Giustiniani is one of the darkest, dirtiest houses in Rome; and the rooms on the ground floor, shewn to strangers, are uninhabited and unfurnished. The family occupies those above. We noticed the following pictures:

Christ before Pilate, by candle-light; finely expressed. The painter is Honthorst of Utrecht, called by the Italians, Gherardo delle notti, from his excellence in painting candle-

candle-lights. This is esteemed the best picture of the collection ; but for expression I should prefer the Massacre of the Innocents, by Poussin. Nothing can be more affecting than this picture, though of the utmost simplicity of composition, consisting of but three or four figures. Almost as pathetic as Michael Angelo's Virgin at Genoa, it is one of those very few pictures which have the full and exact effect their subject requires. It is a jewel of inestimable value.

The Miracle of the widow's son, and that of the Man born blind, both by Parmiggiano, are striking performances.

A Landscape, by Salvator Rosa, pleased me very much at first ; but on examining it more carefully another day, I was disappointed.

• A Magdalen with angels round her, said to be of the school of Raphael. The faces are very beautiful.

The Marriage at Cana, by Paul Veronese, is a superb picture, which attracts every body's notice. The bride is handsome, and most richly apparelled.

Here is one of the finest vases extant,
perhaps

perhaps even preferable to that at Florence. It is sculptured with a bacchanalian subject; the figures of consummate elegance, but rather too naked. This precious antiquity was, till very lately, kept at the villa belonging to this family, near St. John Lateran.

The antique sculptures in this palace are immensely numerous, and were chiefly found on the spot, among the ruins of Nero's baths. Who can tell what treasures may still be latent in the Roman soil! Are they destined to be brought to light while the present city exists? or shall this city first become its own sepulchre, and other ages, far remote from ours, scrutinize its ruins, and lament over its fragments, as we do over those of its proud predecessor? I would rather indulge the pleasing hope, that science and humanity may prevent the repetition of such devastation as it has already known.

As the Palazzo Giustiniani contains near 600 statues, besides innumerable busts, bas-reliefs, and other sculptures; it is impossible to enumerate, or even to detect, all that may be worthy of notice. They are kept in a very dirty condition, under pretence that
washing

washing might damage them ; but their discoloured state is a great impediment to their just effect.

Among them is a famous Minerva ; a fine bust of a young Faun ; a bust in green serpentine, remarkable for being the only one known of that stone ; an expressive statue of Marcellus the consul ; and a very extraordinary composition of several little naked boys lying asleep together in a kind of dish. This sculpture is excellent, and copies of it may be seen in other parts of Italy.

On the stair-case, and in the court, are many things highly worthy of notice, exposed to the air and to the public ; of which the most curious are Jupiter nursed by the goat, and the same deity drinking out of the horn of Amalthea ; both of very ancient Grecian workmanship.

The Colonna palace is a vast treasury of the arts, enriched from time to time by various individuals of this illustrious family ; among others by the warlike and learned Cardinal Pompey Colonna, whose natural son was the father of Fabius Columna, or
Colonna,

Colonna, well known among botanists for his accurate figures of plants.

The apartments on the left are hung with noble Gobelin tapestry of Alexander's battles, after Le Brun. Other rooms are furnished with a vast number of landscapes, amounting to above sixty; some of which, by Salvator Rosa, are very excellent indeed. There are others by Nicholas and Gaspar Pouffin; the former in his cold clear style of colouring; and a great many performances of Lucatelli, a very decent painter, who imitated Salvator Rosa; and of Orizonte, an imitator of Gaspar Pouffin. Also two very good pictures by Subleyras, one representing some sick people in an hospital, and a charity subject its companion.

In a bed-room, is a most exquisite Magdalen, by Guido Rheni; which I imagine must be what Magnani means when he speaks, p. 80, of the head of St. Margaret, by Guido. There is indeed in another part of the house such a picture as the latter; but by no means comparable to the Magdalen, which makes me suspect my author confounded them. Yet De la Lande copies him,

him, only adding, that this St. Margaret is a beautiful sketch; which criticism Lady Miller has transcribed. Whatever merit this may have, I am sure the other ought not to have been unnoticed.

The *Colonna bellica* is a little slender pillar of antique red marble, about five feet high, exclusive of its pedestal, so that nobody could well stand upon it. There must, therefore, be an error in supposing this the real column from which a dart used to be thrown to declare war, and which stood before the temple of Bellona. What we now see is probably an ancient diminished copy or model of the original. The figures on its shaft are worthy of notice.

On the other side of the hall we saw, besides the things mentioned by Magnani and De la Lande, an exquisite bust of Adrian, found a few miles from Rome, about sixteen years ago. A good Prodigal Son, or rather a Peasant, for it has nothing to characterize it particularly, by Salvator Rosa. The Death of Regulus, by the same painter, is a large and well composed picture, the figures small.

The Assumption (of the Virgin) by Rubens,

bens, is not one of his best works. The David is by Guido Caniacci, not Guido Rheni. The Ganimede of Titian is square, not octagon. The St. John of Salvator Rosa wants grace and sublimity; and is a meer good naked clown. The antique statue of Flora has a very ideotic countenance. The Apotheosis of Homer we could not see; it was said to be locked up.

The gallery of this palace is deservedly celebrated as one of the most magnificent rooms in Italy. That at Wentworth Castle, Lord Strafford's, is no mean imitation of it. The portion separated at each end by columns makes an agreeable break, in what would otherwise be too long. These columns are solid blocks of the precious yellow marble of the ancients. On the ceiling is painted the glorious battle of Lepanto against the Turks in 1571, when Mark Anthony Colonna commanded the Pope's galleys, and after which he was honoured with a triumphal entry into Rome, and received by Pope Pius V. with his cardinals in state.

Palazzo Doria, situated in the Corso, contains one of the most numerous and valuable

able assemblages of pictures in Rome. The first rooms are ornamented with many landscapes in distemper, by Gaspar Pouffin, and some others, all which have been lately bought. In one of these rooms is a silver table, chased with some parts of the history of Andrew and John Doria, in which the front of St. Matthew's church at Genoa, their burial-place, is very distinguishable.

Magnani mentions but a small part of the remarkable paintings in this superb palace. Among others we noticed, in the great gallery built in a quadrangular form round a court, a picture, bad indeed, of Abraham and Isaac, by Titian. Misers, by Albert Durer, with very grotesque faces. A little picture by the same old master, though seemingly marked with other initials, of a Warrior kneeling before a buck with a cross between its horns. The print, engraved likewise by him, is not uncommon. I presume it represents the story of St. Eustatius. Heads of a Satyr and young man with pastoral reeds; probably what Magnani means by Pan teaching Apollo to play on the flute, and which he says is by Annibal Carracci.

We were told it was by Ludovico Carracci. I am at a loss which to believe. The expression is inimitable. The four elements, with the creation, and terrestrial paradise; six wonderfully high-finished and elaborate pictures by Breughel. A brilliant portrait of Innocent X. by Diego Velasquez, deservedly called the Spanish Titian. Some very stiff uncouth pictures by M. A. Buonarotta, which must have been among his earliest attempts. St. Rocco and an angel by Bartolomeo Schidone; a large picture, the expression very good; but the saint, who is undergoing some torture, seems not to have so great a share of resignation as saints are usually drawn with. In the same room are some beautiful little tables of *alabastro fiorito*, so called from its red veins on a white ground, somewhat resembling a flowery kind of embroidery.

In other apartments are several good landscapes by Orizonte, in which, being views imitated from the country about Rome, in the style of G. Pouffin, he has very well represented the stone pine, *Pinus Pinæ*, except that the foliage, when minutely examined,

mined, has not quite its proper effect. Here are some good landscapes by Both, an excellent pupil of Claude. A portrait of Rubens's confessor, by Rubens; admirable and very fresh. This friar was too good-natured a man to insist on his penitent's restraining his pencil to holy subjects, and therefore deserves the honour of being perpetuated in its immortal touches. Some good markets by M. A. da Carravaggio; but who can value such subjects? Two excellent portraits said to be by Holbein; one of himself, aged forty; the other of his wife, aged thirty-six; their date is 1575. But as that painter died in 1554, they must be the work of some other person. They are much above the usual merit of Holbein. Cain and Abel as large as life, by Salvator Rosa, extremely celebrated, and perhaps justly; but my attention was more engaged by a picture underneath of Christ carrying his Cross, and St. Veronica presenting him with her handkerchief, by Andrea Mantegna. The expression is so just and so touching, that it cannot be contemplated without extreme emotion. I have rarely met with so affect-

ing a picture. There are, besides the principal personages, two other heads, which are also very good, and serve as a contrast to the former, being guards, or at least spectators, much less interested than the saint. These four heads make the whole composition. The finishing is very high. The redness of the eyes perhaps rather over done. The tears admirable. The Turk on horseback, mentioned in Magnani, is by Benedetto Castiglione. A Deluge, by Luca Giordano, is a very good performance. In the same, or an adjoining room, hangs a Holy Family by M. A. da Carravaggio, well done, although less strong than his general manner; but the design is very odd. The Virgin and Child are asleep in a wood. An angel, whose back presents itself to the spectator, is fiddling; and Joseph, with his usual civility, is holding a music book to him. The admirable Virgin and dead Christ of Annibal Carracci, is now removed from the chapel into one of these rooms. The Bacchanals of Titian are gone; we could not learn whither. The Madonna with uplifted hands adoring her sleeping infant, an inimitable
and

and far-famed work of Guido, cost 8000 sequins, about 3800 l. sterling. It has often been copied, if not repeated by the master himself.

I have been the more full upon the pictures in this palace, because Magnani and De la Lande are so very short. Most of the above are not mentioned by either.

The Papal palace of Monte Cavallo is scarcely worth visiting, except for a few pictures, and those indeed very capital ones. Here is the famous St. Petronilla of Guercino, copied in mosaic, with superior perfection to most others, at St. Peter's. The original is much damaged; the shades very black. The design of this picture has nothing in itself to interest the feelings much, and yet its effect is such as powerfully to fix the attention. The body of a young woman, St. Petronilla, is about to be taken out of a tomb, crowned with flowers, and fresh as if but lately dead. A young man, her husband, is among other spectators. He seems not enough agitated; but his action of turning round to address a person near him, is the most just possible. Above appears a black

looking Christ in a glory, the worst part of the picture; otherwise, the grouping, drawing, action, and colouring of the whole are excellent, and have caused this to be reckoned one of the four best pictures in Rome.

St. Gregory the Great shewing a bleeding hostie to an unbeliever, is a most excellent performance of Andrea Sacchi. The martyrdom of St. Processus and St. Martinianus, two soldiers, said to have been converted by St. Peter while in prison, well painted by Valentin, a French painter; and the death of St. Erasmus by Pouffin. All these exist in mosaic, by Cristofori, at St. Peter's. The Virgin and child, much larger than life, painted by Carlo Maratti, has great merit; and its copy in mosaic may be seen near the clock in the great court. The Virgin holding a cloth near the sleeping Jesus, by Guido, I cannot pretend to admire. The drawing of the child is good, but its colouring very bad, and the cloth conveys an indelicate idea. But of all foolish compositions, nothing surely can exceed a large picture in this palace, by the same capital painter; in which the Virgin is sitting at work, with a parcel
of

of angels admiring her sewing, with all the grimace of boarding-school misses flattering and fawning upon their governess. Their attitudes are just such as might be expected in the humble companions of Mary Queen of Scots, or of any other princess famous for needle-work, whenever she should deign really to handle the needle, which they were generally doomed to exercise for her reputation.

The chapel is large and noble, on the plan of the Cappella Sistina at the Vatican. There are some other good pictures about the palace, besides those above mentioned. In the garden is a *caffeaus* (coffee house), as it calls itself, supposed to be in the English taste; at which our country has no reason to be offended.

In an obscure place near the bridge of St. Angelo, may be found the Palazzo Cicciorporci, which Magnani says was designed by Julio Romano, and that it is one of the most singular pieces of architecture in Rome. The building is only half finished, but I perceived nothing very extraordinary about it.

The Villa Medicis stands within the walls, just behind the Piazza di Spagna. Its garden is quite public, and being in a very elevated situation, commands a pleasant country prospect. Its terrace affords, perhaps, the best view of St. Peter's and the Vatican, as well as of the Castle of St. Angelo. In the iron casing of the door of this villa may still be seen a slight depression, made by a cannon ball, which Queen Christina one day caused to be fired from the castle, by way of a sportive salutation to the family. It was characteristic of her genius. The inscription on the artillery of this princess, recorded in the Menagiana, "*Habet sua fulmina Juno*" (Juno has her thunder-bolts), deserves to be remembered; and one would remember her whole history and character with considerable pleasure, if it were possible to forget the spiteful and detestable murder of Monaldeschi, that indelible blot on her name!

Villa Medicis is covered externally with antique sculptures, enough to form a museum of themselves. Its apartments have been stripped of almost every thing of value, to enrich the Florentine gallery, as have likewise

wise its gardens. There still remained two very noble granite cisterns, taken from Titus's baths. A bronze statue of Mars, by Giovanni di Bologna, struck me extremely, with all due submission to Monf. De la Lande, who is pleased to say this figure is "*tres lourde, court, & de mauvaise attitude.*" It has however been thought worthy to be transported lately to Florence, while antique statues innumerable are left behind in the garden. This Mars is stepping forward, something in the attitude of the Apollo Belvedere. Perhaps its gesture may be a little exaggerated; but it is a first-rate statue nevertheless.

The gardens are a common resort of persons who live about the Piazza di Spagna, especially foreigners. Their walks of box, laurus-tinus, and bay, are straight and formal, but their verdure, now rude and unconstrained by shears or scythes, makes them refreshing in warm weather, and pleasant in winter.

The gardens of Villa Negrone, likewise within the walls, are ornamented with rows of the finest cypresses any where to be seen,
planted

planted about the year 1580, by Sixtus V. while cardinal. They are now in the full vigour of their growth ; by no means inclining to decay.

Villa Ludovisi, just within the Porta Pin-ciana, is as retired, and its beautiful and magnificent gardens as picturesque, as if it were far remote from any town. The ilexes, bays, and other evergreens, are highly luxuriant, and the garden is bounded by a long shady walk, happily varying from the usual straight line, ornamented, not encumbered, with antique remains, and altogether forming a retreat no less classical than delicious. In an area near some mossy fountains overshadowed with fern, we found plenty of *Veronica acinifolia* in flower, April 15th. The most admired statue in the garden, is an animated Satyr by Michael Angelo, which ought to be lodged in a cabinet, for more reasons indeed than one ; but whose character and finishing are excellent. What kind Genius tempers the Roman atmosphere to these fine productions of art, that marble should preserve its most delicate surfaces, even its polish, for so many ages, through
the

the vicissitudes of a climate by no means very mild to our feelings, nor very uniform ?

This Villa is open to public inspection on Saturdays only. The house itself is small, and meanly furnished; but its antique statues are very choice. Mars in repose is admirable; and a Gladiator, its companion, very good. In the same room stands a good naked statue of Antoninus Pius.

No sculptures are more famous in this collection than two groups, one commonly denominated Arria and Pætus, the other Papius, supposed to be deceiving his mother with a pretended account of what was debated in the senate. Both these denominations have long, however, been doubted, and Winkelman has proved them erroneous beyond all dispute. The groups are of the finest Grecian sculpture, and the male figures quite naked, as the Greeks always represented their heroes. Not that we must place too much dependance on this circumstance, or understand too rigorously the assertion of Pliny, that the Romans always clothed and armed their military characters. Witness the naked figure of Antoninus just mentioned,

ed, and that of Caligula in the Museum Clementinum, supposing them well ascertained; of which I believe there is no doubt in the case of Antoninus, his countenance is so well known. The mustaches in this supposed Poetus, the shield and the sword, says Winkelman, are unsuitable to a portrait of a Roman senator. Neither did Poetus stab himself (as this man is doing) with the poignard his heroic wife presented. He was so dastardly as to shrink from her example, and submit to be bled to death. The able antiquary, of whose remarks I now profit, conceives these figures to represent Canacea, daughter of Eolus, king of the Tyrrhenes, to whom her father sent a sword to kill herself, on account of her incestuous commerce with her brother; and farther, takes the very great liberty of *supposing*, that a soldier, the bearer of this sword, ignorant of its purport, no sooner saw to what use the princess applied it, than he stabbed himself. As this is the best conjecture so great a master has to offer us, I shall venture to assert that the subject of this group is *totally unknown*; while of its companion, however,

I most

I most readily adopt Winkelman's ingenious and satisfactory explanation. After giving his reasons why the figures in question represent neither Papirius and his mother, nor Phedra and Hippolitus, he decides them to be intended for the first interview of Orestes and Electra, as described in the Electra of Sophocles. Their hair is cut short, having been sacrificed at their father's tomb; a circumstance so rare in Grecian females, that it first led Winkelman to his present opinion. Electra holds her brother by the hand, according to the play, and her countenance expresses a mixture of joy and grief, combined with an expectation of something from him, which has been mistaken for the feminine curiosity of the Roman matron questioning her son. Before I ever read this explanation of Winkelman's, I never could discover in the young man's countenance that cunning concealment which other writers describe; and I regret not having had an opportunity of seeing these sculptures again, with his book in my hand, that I might have been more able to give the subject the attention it merits. The figures
are

are excellent, and with a true idea of their history, I doubt not but their expression would be found as just as it is masterly.

Bernini's group of Pluto and Proserpine, is surely very falsely criticised in De la Lande. He says "Pluto's back is broken; his figure extravagant, without character, nobleness, or expression, and its outline bad; the female one no better;" to none of which could we assent.

A casino in the garden possesses Guercino's celebrated Aurora, reckoned the finest fresco perhaps in the world. With respect to drawing and expression, those of Raphael must always be allowed the first place; but no master ever succeeded so well as Guercino in the colouring and effect of this kind of painting. Mengs's performances in the same way are much admired; but they are unpleasantly yellow. That artist seems to have aimed at the glow of oil painting, so rare in fresco, by mixing a great proportion of yellow throughout the whole, and his glow is therefore artificial; while that of Guercino is the clear brightness of nature. The freshness of his morning, as expressed in this picture,

picture, the effect of the dawning light, the tints of his sky and fleecy clouds are so imitably just, they influence the spirits like a real morning; that feast of nature so rarely enjoyed in artificial life. Nor is the composition of this piece unworthy of its execution :

“ The sweet Aurora, queen of dawning light,
 “ Throws gracious glances on the earth around:
 “ She smiles, and the pale legions of the night
 “ Fly at the roseate beams with which her brows
 are crown’d.”

The chariot of the goddess is drawn by bright dun horses, and she scatters flowers as she advances. Nothing can be more finely expressed than the retiring night and her train. But the whole has been engraved, and its composition needs no description, though a common print can but ill convey its effect. Another ceiling in the same building, painted with a figure of Fame, by Guercino, is said to be fully equal to the Aurora; but it unluckily escaped my notice. Here are several antiquities worth seeing, especially busts. A curiosity of a peculiar kind is preserved here, not always shewn unless parti-

2

cularly

cularly enquired for, great part of a human skeleton, incrusted with a kind of stalactite, seemingly calcareous. The form of the skull is perfectly preserved. It was found somewhere by a pilgrim, and presented to a Pope of the Ludovisi family, probably Gregory XV. It is carefully kept locked up in a box lined with crimson velvet.

Villa Aldobrandini is a little shabby house not much worth seeing, except for the celebrated antique painting in fresco, called the *Nozze Aldobrandine*, and that perhaps is inferior to some at Portici. This piece was found in the gardens of Mæcenas. Its subject is a wedding. I shall not enter into the controversy whether it be intended to represent any particular history or not. Winkelman takes it for the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis. The general story is admirably told, the drawing fine, and nothing can be more true than the characters and air of the figures. The bride is seated upon a couch in virgin modesty and diffidence, while her female companions are endeavouring to encourage her. The bridegroom sits at the feet of the bed, with his back towards the women, im-

patient

patient at the procrastination of his spouse, and turning round, with the most lively and just action, to know when the farce is likely to finish. This curious antiquity is kept in a casino of the garden.

Lady Miller ludicrously imagines that the bride is sorrowful, because her spouse is not very far from his grand climacteric; by which remark it should seem her Ladyship mistook one of the old women for the bridegroom, who himself is surely neither old nor ugly. It is no less strange that our lively authoress should be so little of a connoisseur, as to look for "mirth or gaiety" at that period of the nuptials of which this is a representation.

In the palace itself are two portraits of the execrable Donna Olympia Maldachini, mistress of Pope Innocent X. (Pamphili), who married her to his brother for his own convenience, and supplied her extravagance by means of every exaction he could contrive to impose upon the people. Among other things she caused him to lay such taxes upon corn as have, in a great measure, occasioned the present miserable state of agriculture about Rome. She began a palace

in the Transteverine quarter, which, on the death of her doating paramour, at the age of eighty-one, the indignant public would not suffer her to finish. Its vast foundations still exist.

Here is likewise a portrait of Queen Joan of Naples, by Leonardo da Vinci, different from one of the same master at the Palazzo Doria, but with the same countenance; which indeed sometimes occurs in other works of his, as in Vanity at the Palazzo Barberini. It is remarkable for the long-cut, dark, voluptuous eye; but cannot be an original, because both the Neapolitan queens of that name were dead before L. da Vinci was born. Among a few other curious pictures is a dead Christ admirably foreshortened, by Mantegna, almost a deception, but highly disagreeable; a Triumph of Bacchus, by Titian; some parts of our Saviour's history, by Benvenuto Garofalo, in imitation of Raphael, whose works this painter, who died in 1695, copied with peculiar felicity. The Cupid and Psyche of Annibal Carracci we could not find.

Not far out of the Porta del Popolo to
the

the east, in a retired spot, near a rock composed of impressions of leaves and other vegetable matters in *tufa*, stands a villa, seldom visited by strangers, commonly called Papa Giulio, or more properly Villa Giulia, built by Pope Julius III. and the scene of his licentious amusements. The palace is small, but very elegantly adorned. It remained long desolate, till repaired by Clement XIV. and the present Pope. The roof of a semicircular arcade in the back front is finely painted with a trellis of roses, jasmine, and various other flowers, interspersed with birds, satyrs, and great numbers of little naked boys and girls, sporting in various ways. Several of these groups are indecent, and one towards the north end is too abominable to be described. Of this a bird is an attentive spectator; and the artist has conveyed so much admirable moral meaning into its countenance, as in some measure to apologize for the rest of his work. These paintings were done by the most able hands, and their execution is equal to almost any thing I have seen. But what can be said of the manners of an age and country, in which such licence

was tolerated in the Papal character! Who can now dispute the truth of those disgraceful traits with which Bayle and other Protestants have marked the history of Julius III. and some other Popes? We have here flagrant proof that nothing they have said *can* be an exaggeration. Let us, however, be impartial enough to allow that times are much changed for the better within the two last centuries; nor ought we in any age to throw the blame due to a vicious sovereign, on the whole nation or church that is unfortunately under his command. A people may be excused for winking at some private vices in a prince whose public character is good, as in the cases of Trajan and Adrian; but surely a whole nation becomes criminal by submitting to obey such a monster as Pope Alexander VI. nor had this Julius III. much public merit to make him tolerated by a manly and virtuous people.

Behind the house is a most romantic Nymphæum, or grotto-like temple, highly curious and singular. It occupies an oval space, sunk about ten or twelve feet below the surface of the ground. We descend
into

into it by a concealed stair-case, and then find ourselves in an oval room, open to the sky, and decorated with four niches, in each of which is a beautiful little fountain always playing, and the whole accompanied by sculptures. Never did I see any thing which conveyed so strongly the idea of an enchanted palace, more especially as we entered the villa at a door that happened to be unbarred, and rambled about at our leisure without meeting a living creature. While this palace was neglected by the Popes, many parties used to come from Rome to dine in the Nymphæum in hot weather; nor can any thing be conceived more pleasant.

The court is over-run with the pretty *Euphrasia latifolia*, and its white-flowered variety.

Of all the villas about Rome, that of the Borghese family is allowed to be the richest and most magnificent; Villa Albani alone rivals it in antique sculptures. With them I shall close my account of those delightful scenes, about which my imagination and my pen still fondly linger; nor would many volumes suffice for all that might be said,

even without borrowing any thing from the descriptions of others, to do them justice.

Villa Borghese stands at a little distance out of the Porta Pinciana. Its spacious gardens excel in that peculiar style of magnificence appropriated to the gardens about Rome, which recalls so many interesting ideas, that one would almost dread to see them submitted to the reforms of enlightened modern taste. What is wanting in scientific disposition, is made up by the vast luxuriance and venerable antiquity of their woods of bays and ilex, towering cypresses, grassy walks abounding with beautiful wild flowers in the greatest profusion and variety, mossy fountains, and all the magic forms of antique beauty, all the fairy tales of ancient history, decorating and enlivening the whole, Botany gave an additional charm to our frequent rambles in these gardens; but of that I shall speak hereafter.

The palace was built by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, a great and intelligent lover of the arts, under the pontificate of his uncle Paul V. early in the last century. The busts of both, by Bernini, are preserved here in
an

an upper room. That of the Cardinal has a great deal of character. The outside of this magnificent edifice has undergone little or no alterations since it was built. It is almost covered with bas-reliefs, statues, and busts, set in the pannels and niches. In the principal front alone, about 120 antique sculptures may be counted, many of them highly curious, and finely executed. Every gate, temple, and alley is in like manner adorned with a profusion of the works of ancient art. De la Lande observes, that this profusion is so great in the external decoration of the palace, as to have a confused effect; and that more care has been taken to accumulate ornaments, than to dispose them with taste. To this I cannot subscribe. The architecture itself is simple, its projections small, and its decorations *kept down*, if I may so say, that the sculptures may predominate. The whole front is but a vehicle for them; nor do I find any thing to blame, except a want of simplicity in the mouldings of the pannels in which they are set.

The apartments have very lately been thoroughly repaired, so that the fresh and

neat condition of every thing is a great advantage. Every room exhibits a rich abundance of the choicest marbles and porphyries, in columns, cornices, and mouldings, and so precious an assemblage of statues and busts as can scarcely be seen elsewhere. Many days or weeks would be necessary to examine this collection with attention. The principal pieces are too well known to need a description here, as the Gladiator, the Centaur, the piping Faun, the beautiful winged Genius or Angel, the little Apollo distinguished by a lizard, Curtius leaping into the gulf, which last is now placed in the great hall; the Hermaphrodite, Seneca in the bath, and many other ancient statues, The David, the Æneas and Anchises, and the Apollo and Daphne of Bernini, are likewise celebrated, and are all very admirable. The first, said to be the sculptor's own portrait, is about to exercise his sling against Goliath; his attitude is natural, but the vulgar action of biting the lip is justly criticised for its meanness. David, as an inspired character, ought to have been represented with the calm dignity of the Apollo Belvedere. The Daphne is a wonderfully labour-

ed

ed performance. The change of her fingers and hair into leaves, and the roots shooting from her toes, are represented with such happy boldness and ingenuity, that one almost forgets it is a poetical fiction. The apt lines on the pedestal, written by Pope Urban VIII. an excellent Latin poet, in his youth, have been often published, but never, I believe, translated; the following is at least their literal sense :

*Quisquis amans sequitur fugitive gaudia forma
Fronde manus implet baccas seu carpit amaras.*

He who makes fleeting joys his fond pursuit,
Grasps barren boughs, or gathers bitter fruit.

In the Gallery, a most beautifully proportioned room, amazingly rich in giallo antico, and various other valuable marbles, are four or five busts of Marcus Aurelius, and as many of Lucius Verus. One of each is colossal, and particularly fine; their preservation perfect.

Since Magnani's book was published, the arrangement of the statues, in general, has been much changed; but they are all to be found in some apartment or other.

The

The famous Seneca appeared to me of black marble, not of touch-stone as commonly described, for it is easily scratched with a knife, and contains fragments of white shells. The same remark holds good of many, if not all the things in this palace and the villa Albani, said to be of touch-stone. His girdle is alabaster, not giallo antico. Winkelmann, among his various reformations of the public opinion, has asserted this statue to represent a slave, and not Seneca. His reasons are, that several other figures exist at Rome, extremely like this, some of which are carrying baskets, and one has a comic mask at his feet; from whence he concludes them all to be servants, whose business was to go to market, as was often represented on the stage. Neither, says he, does this figure resemble the pretended busts of Seneca. All which, however, is not very conclusive. The great expression of this statue indicates some particular history. Its lassitude and debility agree well with that of Seneca. It is not holding a basket, but its hands express the earnestness of its speech. As to the pretended busts of the same philosopher, they
may

may be all false, and this his only genuine portrait. Its having less hair than they, proves nothing if their countenances agree, as it only shews the whole-length figure represents him in a more advanced age than the busts. This statue, having been found without feet, has been set up in a modern bath or vase, lined with red stone, to look like blood.

The celebrated pillars of hard green breccia, in one of the first rooms, consist of small fragments of granite, porphyry, and other stones, naturally united by a porphyritic paste of a dull green colour, exactly as in those already described in the Museum Clementinum. In another part of the villa Borghese is a bath of brecciated red porphyry. The celebrated Hermaphrodite is very like that at Florence, though esteemed much superior in execution, and therefore believed the original ; it is also, in one respect, more indecent. There is another highly indecent one, presenting itself in front, kept in a closet.

In the upper rooms are several pictures not mentioned in Magnani. The best are,
a Venus

a Venus of Paul Veronese; a view of St. Peter's church by Desprez, already mentioned; Abraham and the Angels, by Tintoret; Musicians, by M. A. da Carravaggio; Sufannah and the Elders, by G. Honthorst, dated 1655; some people drinking, by Teniers, and several other Flemish pictures; a beautiful Venus, by Titian; in the back ground of which are a man and a woman looking out of a window, and a woman playing on the harpsichord. There is a room of landscapes, mostly in the style of Poussin, by Rison, a late artist; and another of history pieces, by our countryman Gavin Hamilton. On a chimney-piece is a modern bas-relief in rosso antico, done by Agostino Penna, in 1782. One great curiosity in the garden of this villa must not be left unnoticed, the Etruscan altar, mentioned by Winkelmann, vol. 1. p. 152, standing at the end of the great alley to the east. It is triangular, and sculptured with several Heathen deities, in a great, though dry, style; and with but little relief. Its whole form is elegant, and its preservation complete. So valuable

valuable and beautiful an antiquity deserves to be placed in the house.

Villa Albani is somewhat farther removed from the town, out of the Porta Salara, in a most delightful situation, and commanding a beautiful and very extensive prospect. Its founder was Cardinal Alexander Albani, the great patron of Winkelmann. Here that ingenious antiquary acquired great part of the profound knowledge for which he was so much distinguished. He had a set of apartments to himself. The Cardinal was accustomed to retire to this villa every afternoon, to enjoy the society of his friends, and according as Winkelmann liked or disliked the company and conversation, he was perfectly at liberty to join it or not. He was a genius that ill brooked controul; but exquisitely sensible to friendship and kind offices; and his attachment to the Cardinal was very warm.

Magnani's account of the curiosities of this villa, p. 111, &c. is remarkably full and exact, insomuch that finding little to add, and scarcely any thing to correct, I shall take his book as the ground-work of what I have

have to say; nor would it be necessary to say any thing, if De la Lande and Lady Miller were not so very short upon this collection, which undoubtedly is of the first rank as to busts and statues.

Every thing here is in the most exquisite preservation, and as neat as an English house. The portico towards the garden is one of the most beautiful things that can be, and nothing could be better imagined than the temples of Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus Pius. Who shall say whether most feelings acceptable to God, are excited by the contemplation of these fanes of virtue personified, or at the shrine of a St. Anticelus and a St. Regina, whose relicks are mouldering in the chapel just by? Besides the figures of these good emperors, here are many other portraits interesting in Roman story. One grudges a place among them to the vile Domitian, though this be the only whole-length figure of him which has escaped its just doom, and therefore curious as an antiquity. Two large basons of alabastro fiorito, seven feet and a half in diameter, are

not the least splendid decorations of the temples in question.

On the first floor is an oval vestibule, which, with some rooms adjoining, are highly elegant; and among them is a cabinet of very choice vases, and other antiquities. The Egyptian idol, said to be of *plasma di smeraldo*, seems a greenish basalt; and the Canopus, another idol, like a vase with a head upon it, described as of touch-stone, is surely basalt. Here is a celebrated bronze Apollo *sauroctonos*; and a Minerva of the same metal.

In another chamber, over a chimney-piece, is that most exquisite bas-relief of Antinous, in white marble, esteemed the choicest piece in this whole collection, and which Winkelmann calls the glory of the art in its own or any age. It was found at the villa Adriana, and appears but a part of a large composition, representing, probably, the apotheosis of this youth. His figure is in profile, of no very bold relief, but of the most exquisite beauty and grace. Its outlines and finishing are models of perfection.

The lateral porticos of this palace contain

a pro-

a prodigious number of choice antiquities, and lead on each side to a series of apartments no less abundantly stored. Here are *termini* of many of the Grecian heroes and poets, with Scipio and Hannibal. An Ephesian Diana, with her usual superabundance of breasts, in a temple dedicated to herself. A captive King, whose garment is of the green hard breccia, already described at the villa Borghese, said to be of Egyptian origin. Here is a large bason of the same, exactly similar to one in the portico of St. Mark's church at Venice; otherwise the stone is extremely rare. Busts of Carracalla, Lucius Verus, and the young Marcellus, erroneously called by Magnani Marcus Aurelius. A Serapis in basalt. Various very interesting bas-reliefs, among which are some of the labours of Hercules on the sides of a vase. Innumerable statues of gods, goddesses, and heroes, both here and in a portico of the garden, especially a terminus of Diogenes; and vast numbers of Egyptian priests and idols; among others, Antinous in the form of Osyris, seven feet high, in the most beautiful oriental alabaster; and
another

another as large of rosso antico. The fountain in the centre of the parterre, formed of four Sileni supporting a granite basin fifteen feet in diameter, is much admired; but the whole of this parterre is formal and dreary, considered as a garden, and destitute of shade. What the other parts of the pleasure grounds are, we had not time to examine. The sculptures are such an inexhaustible fund of study and amusement, that this villa ought to be visited many times, even by the most superficial lover of the arts; and it was our fate to see it but once.

Much must be left unseen after the longest stay in Rome. The most persevering industry, and most ardent curiosity, will have their moments of languor, and many objects may perhaps be inaccessible at the time one most wishes to visit them. Others may, by various accidents, be shut up from the public for a time, as when palaces are repairing, or collections changing their owners. Add to this, dark days, and cold wet weather, very unpleasant for studying in uninhabited or marble rooms; and the

most active traveller will find he cannot turn every moment to account. One place only is equally temperate in all weathers, St. Peter's church. This is the most delightful and inexhaustible lounging-place, and the best resource for filling up broken days or hours, that can be.

The Corfini palace we could not get admittance into, for some of the reasons above mentioned ; and that of the Duke of Bracciano is shewn in summer only, when the family are out of town. Villa Pamphili we ought to have seen, but visited only its gardens, which are spacious, wild, and magnificent. Villa Giraud, in the road to it, is actually built in the form of a ship, at least as much as a house can be ; though it seems as paradoxical in description, as Mr. Bruce's mountains in the form of an inverted cone.

C H A P. XXX.

CEREMONIES AT ROME IN THE HOLY
WEEK—CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO—FO-
RUM—COLOSSEUM, AND OTHER RUINS
—FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA—VILLA AD-
RIANA—TIVOLI—BOTANY.

March 30. **B**EING the last Friday in
Lent, there was a vast concourse of people
at St. Peter's in the evening; among others
the Duchess of Albany, natural daughter of
the Pretender. All the altar-pieces here, as
in other churches, were covered with purple
curtains in sign of mourning; and during
this solemn season all the public clocks are
made to strike upon wood.

April 1. (Palm Sunday.) The ceremony
of distributing palm branches, as described

by Lady Miller, was performed in the Cappella Sistina, not at Monte Cavallo, as the Pope was this year resident at the Vatican. What are used on this occasion are small fragments of real date palm-branches, twisted about with straw to make a figure. In England, Catholics use sprigs of yew for this ceremony. Here was no procession on mules to the Pantheon.

At seven in the evening we went to the church of St. Maria Novella, to hear a most delightful Oratorio of Metastasio on the Passion, the music by Jomelli. It was preceded by a short Italian oration, delivered by a boy about twelve years old, dressed in black, and powdered. Some child of rank generally performs on this occasion, as it is esteemed an honourable sort of exercise. The youth was not deficient in courage, nor in the graces of delivery, though of course artificial, and somewhat too pert.

April 4. (Wednesday.) This evening we heard the Lamentations of Jeremiah sung at St. Apollinare, near the Piazza Navone. The music has been carefully kept for several

ages in the college to which this church belongs, and is always performed on this day. About seven the service began, and we were gratified with some of the sweetest most plaintive sounds I ever heard, executed by the first singer of the theatre *Della Valle*, without any accompaniment.

April 5. (Maundy Thursday.) A day of great parade: we repaired at nine to the Vatican, and after hearing mass in the Capella Sistina, went to the Capella Paolina, the altar of which was illuminated with about 4000 wax tapers. The Pope and Cardinals soon came thither in procession, bringing the sacrament along with them, and leaving it there. Next followed the benediction from the central window of St. Peter's, the most august of all the ceremonies of this day; and then the washing of the pilgrims' feet, with their dinner, at which they were served by his Holiness in person. We then saw the table set out for the Cardinals' dinner, and in two other rooms the magnificent services of gilt plate, destined for their use, dressed out with flowers, &c. Lady

Miller's account of all these ceremonies is so full and exact, that I forbear to enlarge upon them. Foreigners, at least of our sex, are readily admitted to the whole. Ladies, if properly recommended, are allowed to see them from latticed boxes provided on purpose. It is usual to go in a black full dress, and being so apparelled, the guards readily let us pass, notwithstanding the Capella Paolina being so small that scarcely twenty people could get in besides the assistants in the procession. Toleration extends here so far, that in this most solemn service, when all the Cardinals and the Pope himself were prostrate before the altar, some Swiss protestants refrained from kneeling, and gave no offence. In the Capella Sistina, on this and other days, our station was in the walk behind the bench of Bishops, and before that occupied by the heads of houses, which not being always filled, we often procured seats upon it. Otherwise the bishops, with equal good nature and politeness, made a sign to us to sit down on the back of their bench, whenever the service required their standing or kneeling. At the washing of

the feet we absolutely touched the Pope, and during the dinner, the number of strangers round the table making it difficult for the servants to remove the dishes, we set the example of assisting them, saying, that "when his Holiness served the table, any body might be proud to help away with the plates," by which means our party kept their places, and saw the whole ceremony very commodiously, contributing to amuse the company in our turn.

In the afternoon we returned again to the Sixtine chapel, and heard the whole service, consisting of fifteen psalms, and the *miserere*. After the three first psalms, some of the lamentations of Jeremiah were sung most divinely indeed. At the end of the psalms the lights were extinguished, except those in the music gallery, which were not very apparent; nor could we see the musicians; and the *miserere* was performed by twilight. This piece of music is one of the most celebrated in the world. The performance is entirely vocal, yet sounds of instruments frequently seemed intermixed. Nothing can be sweeter, more plaintive, nor more har-

monious ; but I expected somewhat more of magnificence ; and the voices seemed far from numerous. Well might Lady Miller's fine taste and sensibility make her own " she never heard music before," and that " she had now heard enough to make her dissatisfied with the finest opera, and the most perfect performers to be found elsewhere." It is said the Emperor Joseph II. was so delighted with this music, he procured an accurate copy of the notes, and had it performed at Vienna ; but the effect was not the same. German execution would not do ; Italian taste was requisite.

Afterwards every body flocked to St. Peter's, which was illuminated solely by an immense cross of burnished copper, studded with innumerable lamps, and suspended between heaven and earth before the high altar. The effect of light and shade throughout the church is very fine, and many artists might be seen taking advantage of it to make sketches of the building. Many relics were exhibited from the gallery of St. Veronica, under the great dome ; among others the famous handkerchief which that saint
lent

lent our Saviour to wipe his face, and which received its impresson ; a precious memorial indeed if genuine ! A worthy Abbé of our acquaintance being alone this evening in a retired part of the church, some country people came to enquire of him, whether that illuminated cross was *holy*. To which he replied in the affirmative, justly observing, as he told us the story, that he really did not know what other answer to give,

April 6. (Good Friday.) Mass was said at the Capella Sistina as yesterday, except that no wafer was consecrated, but his Holiness went in procession to the Capella Paulina, where he took the wafer out of the supposed sepulchre on the altar, in which it had remained since yesterday, and brought it with great solemnity into the first mentioned chapel. Previous to his going to the Pauline chapel, he uncovered the cross on the altar, and then kneeled before it. After which, the Cardinals, Bishops, &c. in their turns did the same. This is called the adoration of the cross, and the whole of it was accompanied by very fine vocal music. The
Pope

Pope was without shoes or mitre ; but after he had bowed to the cross, prayed silently, and kissed the altar steps, he returned to his seat, and resumed his mitre and shoes. During some part of the mass a friar delivered a Latin sermon.

In the afternoon we heard the Miserere at the Sixtine chapel, set by a different composer from that of yesterday, I knew not which composition to prefer. Each seemed the perfection of harmony, and left nothing to be desired, but that its impression might last for ever. The Pope went from hence to St. Peter's, to pay his devotions to the illuminated cross. In order to have a good view of him, we got upon the steps of the high altar, which, like every other altar in Rome, was at present quite unfurnished, and seemed to be no longer considered as a holy place, in allusion to the sad suspension of the Christian world between the crucifixion and resurrection. At this altar was now an assemblage of the most distinguished foreigners, collected there to see his Holiness, particularly their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke

Duke and Duchefs of Buccleugh, and the feveral ladies of their parties, to all whom the Pope feemed actually to be kneeling; and this had an extremely ludicrous effect. It was a matter of debate among fome of us, what could moft probably occupy the holy father's thoughts at that moment. Could fo many lovely, though heretical, forms be totally unregarded? Perhaps a pious wifh might be excited for their converfion. Could the moft mortified and abftracted mind be entirely abforbed in fpiritual meditation, amid the fplendour of fo much pageantry, and the gaze of fuch a multitude of curious and obferving eyes, without fuffering a thought to wander from the idea which that fufpended crofs was intended to excite? I will not fay what were all our various conjectures on this fubject, but I am affured by an obferving lady who flood near his Holinefs, that a part of his concern, at leaft, was evidently to kneel gracefully, and to difplay a very handsome leg to the beft advantage. No Pope ever conducted himfelf with more judgment or tafte in all the ceremonies in which he performs a part,
 nor

nor is this, seriously, an inconsiderable or unimportant merit in the Papal character.

The relics were exhibited again. The church was quite a promenade, and thronged with the first people then in Rome, as well natives as foreigners. On this occasion the immensity of the fabrick appeared more striking than ever. The vast multitudes of people made no crowd. Troops of peasants and of citizens met parties of princesses with their numerous attendant abbés and *cavalieri*, without jostling or incommoding each other; and though every body was in motion, nobody was in another's way.

At the Duke of Gloucester's this evening all the company were in mourning, in decent conformity to the customs of the place.

April 7. (Saturday.) We witnessed various other ceremonies at the Sixtine chapel. First, the matins, at which a cardinal officiated. The litany was most delightfully chanted, and before it was finished the Pope came in. The cardinals all kissed his hand in turn. Afterwards the Pope and cardinals arranged themselves before the altar, stand-
ing

ing uncovered. We watched the event in silent suspense, when on a sudden the purple curtain dropped, and discovered a fine piece of tapestry of the Resurrection of Christ; at the same moment the sound of trumpets was heard without the chapel. Never was any thing more theatrical, yet the effect was too striking to be disapproved. High Mass being then performed, at the elevation of the host the trumpets sounded again. After much kneeling, bowing, blessing, &c. &c. the Pope retired and put an end to the shew.

We then went into the church, and found the pictures uncovered, the altar furnished, and great preparations making for the following day. While we were there, the Pope came in, attended by his Swiss guards, as is his usual custom every day about two o'clock. He first kneeled to the chapel of the sacrament, which was decorated with tapers, and then went to the famous old statue of St. Peter, said to have been made out of a figure of Jupiter Capitolinus. The foot of this he kissed and applied to his forehead repeatedly, afterwards holding his head

head under it for a long time. During this, which was really the only contemptible performance of the good man that I ever witnessed, and the only one that staggered my charitable opinion of his probity and good sense, for it is a voluntary ceremony, his guards formed a circle around him. There were scarcely ten people in the church besides. Many of the Swiss were smiling, and one of them was guilty of an action that astonished us extremely. As the Pope held his head under the toe of the statue, this wicked soldier imitated the action of kicking with his foot, casting an arch smile at his next neighbour. This shews how little the most ignorant are really deceived by mummery and grimace, unless it be accompanied with something great or virtuous. Hypocrisy is often like the silly ostrich, that thinks itself secure, if it only hides its head. When the holy father had satisfied his devotion to the great toe of this brazen image, he kneeled for a very long while before the high altar, as the preceding evening, taking snuff several times very deliberately; after which

which he returned home through the *Capella Gregoriana*.

April 8. (Easter Sunday.) was a day of great expectation, and it exceeded every thing yet exhibited.

At nine we went to St. Peter's, where a most superb throne of crimson velvet was prepared for his Holiness behind the high altar, that is, between it and the tribune. The altar was adorned with candlesticks and statues of pure gold, each at least six feet high, and rich carpets were spread from it to the foot of the throne. The Pope soon came in his crimson velvet chair borne on men's shoulders, and with the two superb fans of white peacock's feathers carried, as usual, behind him. He wore a fine tiara, and was preceded by the cardinals and other dignitaries of the church in their full dress; among them the Greek patriarch, with his mitre something like an imperial crown. Eight different tiaras and mitres were carried before the Pope, all rich in pearls and precious stones of great value. On one of them his name, Pius VI. was embroidered. All these

these were placed on the altar. The Swiss guards were in armour, as on the preceding Thursday morning at the chapel.

During the first part of the service the Pope sat in a small throne on one side of the great one, and between that and the altar. Here he was dressed with great ceremony, by a number of assistants, with much more magnificent robes than those in which he came, except that he exchanged his fine tiara for a plain mitre of cloth of gold, and seated himself on his grand throne. He then performed high mass, being sometimes at the altar, sometimes at his throne, as occasion required. The lessons were chanted in Latin first, and then in Greek, by a handsome Greek priest with fine dark unpowdered hair, who performed his function with much grace and dignity. Afterwards his Holiness administered the sacrament, that is the wafer only, to the cardinals and the principal civil magistrate, having first taken it in both kinds himself. The wine he sucked out of the cup through a gold pipe, an ancient custom, of which I leave those who are learned in ecclesiastical lore to shew the reason.

reason. This ceremony being concluded, he was carried in his chair, making the sign of the cross to the people as he went along, round to the other side of the altar, where he paid his devoirs as usual; and was then conveyed upstairs to the great front window of the church, from whence he gave his benediction as on the preceding Thursday; the great bell ringing, the guns of St. Angelo firing, and the soldiers being drawn up in the great area before the church, which, as well as the inside of that building, was crowded with immense multitudes of people.

I never in my life saw any magnificence or dignity which could convey an idea of what the Pope exhibited in this morning's business. All the decorations were so complete in their kind, so truly superb and elegant, that no shew could be finer; and the whole exhibition was so much calculated to inspire veneration and awe, as well as admiration, that surely nothing human could exceed it. Certainly no sovereign, who pretends to mere temporal authority, can ever assume such dignity; nor can any scene of

action be found comparable to the stupendous temple where this ceremony was performed.

The throne and its accompaniments were immediately removed; and thus ended the devotional ceremonies of the holy week.

These ceremonies are a great object of curiosity to travellers, and Rome is never so full of strangers as at this season. Foreigners have no reason to complain of their accommodation in any respect. They bring too much money into the town to be unwelcome guests; and the English in particular meet with the kindest attentions, and a flattering sort of deference, quite distinct from French cringing, from persons of all ranks. They serve to break the uniformity of society among the nobility; and the attention they pay to the curiosities of the place ensures them the good will of every true born Roman, from the highest to the lowest rank. With respect to their manners or conduct, provided they do not disturb the public peace, there is no kind of restraint. No bowing nor fasting, even in the most solemn season, unless they choose it. Our purveyor requested

as a favour that we would not require meager dinners in Lent, to which we readily assented; but thinking it decorous to ask for fish on Good Friday, he answered us, that if our consciences required it, we should be furnished with fish; but if not, he would be more particularly obliged to us to dispense with it that day, on account of its scarcity. We told him our consciences made no point of any such matters, and that we had more considered his feelings than our own, in making the request; accordingly we were supplied, among other things, with a good piece of wild boar. In the devotional ceremonies, I believe none of the English, then at Rome, were so punctilious as to shew any rude or fastidious non-conformity to the general customs. For my part, I conformed upon principle, by no means "condemning those who kneeled not," nor complying out of any fear or apprehension with those who did. I considered all these various forms but as another mode of expressing gratitude and devotion to the same God and the same Saviour we all in common revere; and should have but a bad opinion of the heart

and principles of any one who could witness many of them, without genuine religious emotions. It would be happy if the differences of religion were less thought of, than those sources of improvement and consolation to which all modes of faith, in common, direct us, though each by a different path.

Converted Jews are baptized in Easter week at St. John Lateran, with great pomp. These people are tolerated at Rome under severe restrictions, being locked up every night within a walled precinct allotted for their habitation, where they have a miserably dirty synagogue, accompanied with every sign of poverty. A sermon is preached for their edification every Saturday throughout the year, at a chapel near the hospital called *Trinità de' Pelegrini*; and one hundred Jewish men, with fifty women, are obliged to attend and hear it. As to the reason of this disproportion between the numbers of the two sexes, whether it be that women are considered as having greater powers of propagating the truth if converted, or that considerable numbers of the fair Jewesses are supposed to be already in the way of salvation,

vation, in consequence of the *private* instructions of abbés and other holy personages, I have not accurately learned.

On Easter Monday, in the evening, splendid fire-works were displayed from the castle of St. Angelo. There were many illuminations in different parts of the town made by rows of great torches, or rather iron cups of pitch and other combustibles, burning before some of the principal palaces, which, from the terrace of Trinità de' Monti, made the town look as if it were on fire in fifty different places. Several sky-rockets were also exhibited. About nine the grand display began by a vast fountain of fire, consisting of 4500 rockets discharged at once from the top of the castle. Of this magnificent fire-work Mr. Wright, of Derby, has given a very exact representation in one of his excellent pictures. Afterwards followed a variety of other devices, with some very lofty rockets occasionally, and the whole was terminated by a fountain like the first. I never beheld any thing of the kind comparable to these fire-works. The following evening we saw them to greater advantage

from a house fronting the castle, which is much the best situation. The expence of each night is said to be 500 Roman crowns, or about 112 l. sterling.

It is worth while to ascend the roof of this castle, to enjoy the view of the city and its environs. In the centre of the building is an oblong room, painted by Julio Romano and others, in which some suppose the ashes of Adrian were originally deposited; though the most general opinion is, that they were enclosed in the large pine-apple of bronze, which crowned the summit of the ancient structure. No vestiges remain of the casing and ornaments of marble, which, with the fine columns now in St. Paul's church, originally decorated this magnificent mausoleum. How tantalizing is it to read of the ravages of the barbarians who first turned this building into a castle, and defended themselves with fragments of its statues, till all traces of its former glory were entirely obliterated! The solid fabrick itself has, however, resisted alike the efforts of time and barbarism, and is now the chief fortress of the city. Hither the Pope can retire
from

from the Vatican, in case of any alarm, by means of a covered gallery, built by Alexander VI. who might well be glad of such a retreat. Here is the Papal treasury and archives. One curiosity in this castle is a chair, like a large sentry-box, suspended by ropes, and so balanced that a person in it may, by a slight effort with his hands, ascend or descend in a moment the whole height of the building, passing through trap-doors in each floor.

In this place Father Ricci, the last General of the Jesuits, was confined till his death, two years after the dissolution of that order. We heard an interesting account from an eye-witness, very nearly concerned in the matter himself, as I suspect, of the grief and despair displayed by the fraternity at the funeral of their chief, who was buried in the church of the Florentines not far distant. With him whatever hopes they might have of restoration vanished; and, like a little shock of any kind after a great affliction, his death seemed to be more acutely felt than even the first great blow of their dissolution.

The various ruins of Rome have been too often described, and are too well known, to need any new illustration. Many of the principal ones are situated about the Campo Vaccino, a dirty desolate place, which was once the Forum. Here are the three vast arches, all that remain of the Temple of Peace; the triumphal arches of Septimius Severus, Titus, and, not far distant, that of Constantine. Under the gateway of that of Titus, through which no Jew will ever pass, are bas-reliefs finely executed of the spoils of Solomon's Temple; among which the seven candlesticks, the ark, &c. may be distinctly seen; and from hence are taken the figures of these things, usually given in histories of the bible, as they exactly accord with the descriptions in holy writ. I wonder so very curious and precious a monument is not better preserved.

From this spot we come to the Colosseum, that stupendous fabrick, from whose majestic ruins princes and cardinals have pilfered materials for several palaces, without making any very perceptible impression. Such sacrilegious attempts have, for the future, been

rendered impracticable, by the laudible contrivance of Benedict XIV. who has consecrated this building, under pretence that it was sanctified by the blood of many Christian martyrs in the times of persecution; and the same Pope has caused several altars to be erected within its circuit. It is now therefore a holy building, and cannot be plundered any more without sacrilege against the church, as well as against the arts. In one part of the ruins lives a hermit, who has the care of a small chapel. All the broken arches are over-run with grass and bushes, intermixed with abundance of the beautiful red anemone, *Anemone hortensis*; and nothing can be more singularly romantic than the views from the upper part, where various portions of the Campania, with ancient aqueducts, monuments, and other picturesque objects, are seen through breaks in the outer circumference of this vast ruin, which makes the best possible fore-ground for such scenes.

The ruins of Caracalla's baths are next in size to those of the Colosseum; but the ground

ground about them is so much enclosed in gardens, they are not very accessible.

What remains of the baths of Titus are some vaulted chambers, now subterraneous, and chiefly remarkable for the ancient fresco decorations; from whence Raphael borrowed his arabesques for the galleries of the Vatican.

The Theatre of Marcellus has been very fine; but is now in a most miserable state, encumbered and choaked with wretched houses, and black with dirt and smoke. Within its walls stands the Palazzo Orfini, in the court of which are some good sculptures.

Trajan's Column is built of huge entire blocks of the finest white marble, through the centre of which the stair-case has been cut. We ascended its top by 187 steps. Its fine pedestal is now disencumbered from rubbish, and stands in a sunk area about its own height, shewing how much the neighbouring ground has been raised.

The pyramidal Mausoleum of Caius Cestius is perfectly well preserved, and stands partly built up in the town-wall near St. Paul's

Paul's gate. The dark sepulchral chamber in the centre, is painted with angels and other ornaments. Near it is the burying-ground for the English, and other heretics, who are not allowed to be deposited in consecrated ground, lest by that means they should by accident, perhaps, get to Heaven, and Satan be cheated of his just due ; for it seems consecrated burial is a very powerful means of admission into Paradise ; many Christians laying so great a stress upon it, that they appear to think it their best chance, as perhaps it sometimes may.

Out of the next gate, St. Sebastian, the road leads to the famous fountain of Egeria ; which has now regained its native wildness, and is returned to that state, the loss of which the poet lamented :

" —————quanto præstantius efflet

" Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas

" Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora to-
phum,"

Juv. Sat. iii. v. 18.

The clear spring arises from the recess of a ruined vault, where is a recumbent statue of the nymph, much damaged. The little
green

green hillocks around are studded with endless varieties of the *Ixia Bulbocodium*, with purple, yellow, or small white flowers; and all the margin of the fountain is beautifully over-hung with mosses and fern.

That gate of Rome called Porta Pia, designed by Michael Angelo, is remarkable for some of its ornaments representing a barber's bason and towel, which are said to have been sarcastically contrived by the architect, to remind the spectator that Pope Pius IV. who built it, and whom Michael Angelo hated, was the son of a barber.



One of the most pleasant and most indispensable excursions about Rome, is to Tivoli. We went thither on the 18th of April, passing by the old church of St. Lorenzo without the walls, whose doors were shut. There is nothing extraordinary in its external appearance. The road is rather uninteresting in the beginning. *Silene pendula* grew every where, and the banks were covered with *Asphodelus ramosus* in full flower, as well as varieties of *Ophrys aranifera* (Spider Orchis) and the *Orchis rubra* of Jacquin.

About

About fifteen miles from Rome is a small lake on the left, a little way out of the road, the water of which deposits a very copious stony sediment, encrusting every thing about it, and forming *tophi* like the Tivoli stone. All the neighbourhood consists of the same stone, on which grows *Lichen cartilagineus* of Lightfoot, and in the interstices many starved and dwarfish plants, among others *Cistus salicifolius*.

A little farther on is the sulphureous lake, or *Solfatara*, which discharges itself by a canal of blue turbid water. The floating islands of this lake, are nothing more than congeries of the roots of rushes, conglutinated by the sediment of the water. Plenty of hepatic gas was bubbling up from the bottom, which we were soon glad to leave to

“ ——— waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

Great bushes of the Judas tree, *Cercis Siliquastrum*, now in full bloom, contributed very much to enliven the scenery hereabouts. They were as yet destitute of leaves; and their innumerable flowers of a glowing red, set on the dark brown bark, had a most brilliant

liant effect. I heartily wish Judas had chosen some more vulgar tree to hang himself upon, that his odious memory might not be perpetuated along with this pretty plant. *Styrax officinale*, Storax tree, likewise presented itself to us here for the first time.

At the bridge called *Ponte Lucano* is an ancient tower, the sepulchre of the Plautia family, with an inscription, to be found in De la Lande and Lady Miller. The tower itself is a fine object. From hence the right-hand road conducted us to Adrian's celebrated villa; to which so many of the present museums of Rome have been indebted for their chief riches, and where probably innumerable treasures still remain buried. Its ruins give a high idea of its former magnificence; but they are so much mutilated and over-run with weeds and bushes, that nobody has yet been able to make out the plan of the whole. It is known to have contained theatres, temples (especially for the Egyptian worship), aqueducts, a library, representations of Tartarus and Elysium, with every thing that could gratify the taste and luxury of a very accomplished

plished and powerful sovereign. A full account of what it now is, as well as what it is supposed to have been, may be seen in De la Lande, vol. vi. p. 267.

On the vaulted roof of an apartment, where many persons have written their names, I met with that of Ferber; which so strongly belied the old adage against writing on a wall, I was proud to inscribe my own beneath it. Here we met with a scorpion, *Scorpio Europæus*, under a large stone. It was half torpid, and little prepared for attack or defence. In summer these ruins most probably swarm with such insects, as well as vipers, lizards, &c. yet I would gladly encounter them all to meet with a plant of the true Balsam of Mecca, *Amyris Opobalsamum*, which Adrian is said to have cultivated here among many other curious Oriental plants. It is doubtful, however, whether this report has not originated from the Abbé Richard's confounding the Balsam tree of Mecca with the *Styrax*; see his *Descr. d' Italie*, vol. vi. p. 403. and De la Lande, vol. vi. p. 307. The *Styrax* certainly does grow here, and in all the hedges about Tivoli,

as

as Cæsalpinus first remarked, *De Plantis*, lib. 2. cap. 34. and may very possibly have been originally brought by Adrian. Its native country is Judea, where it produces abundance of that sweet and precious gum or resin called Storax; but at Tivoli it scarcely affords any gum, for want of heat; and as it has not been found in any other spot approaching to the same latitude, I very much suspect the plant is not a native of Italy. Notwithstanding its fruit ripens at Tivoli, it never perfects seed in the botanic garden at Turin, and still less in more northern latitudes, though it resists even our frosts, and flowers abundantly every year in the open ground at Chelsea. I cannot help remarking here a striking analogy between Pliny's account, *Hist. Mund. lib. 12. cap. 25.* of the little insects which pierce the *Styrax* tree, from whose perforations the gum exudes mixed with saw-dust, and Mr. Curtis's history of the *Silpha grisea*, with its similar attacks on the Osier; see *Transf. of the Linn. Society*, vol. i. p. 87. The operations of the insect may occasion a discharge which would not otherwise

otherwise take place, and that insect may not exist at Tivoli.

We returned to the *Ponte Lucano*, and continued our road to Tivoli, where we were lodged at a miserable inn, though the best in the place, called the Temple, because it adjoins to the famous Temple of the Sibyl, some say of Vesta, which overhangs a precipice looking down on the great cascade, and within whose sacred walls we were to have dined, had not a perverse shower of rain prevented us. This beautiful ruin has often been delineated, and a cork model of it may be seen in the British Museum. The white walls of the inn are covered with excellent sketches in black chalk, by artists who have been there, and, like us perhaps, confined by bad weather.

In the afternoon we could only view the great cascade, and the Villa d'Este, from which last is one of the noblest prospects in the world; but the house is nearly deserted, and the gardens in miserable ruins. This was formerly a princely palace, built by the Cardinal Hippolito d'Este, to whom Ariosto dedicates his *Orlando Furioso*. I know not

whether one ought to regret the destruction of such very absurd gardens as these seem to have been, with their squirting water-works making suns, stars, and coats of arms; bad models in stucco, about three or four feet high; of the Pantheon and other buildings of Rome, among formal terraces and grottos of a tasteless design; all which would be much better away, and then the majestic cypress and other trees, harmonizing with the natural features of the place, would make it truly beautiful.

The cathedral of this shabby town has unfortunately taken the place of a famous temple of Hercules, and contains nothing to compensate for its intrusion. The see is occupied by the renowned Cardinal Duke of York, who now condescends, from his ecclesiastical dignity, to assume the flimsy title of Henry IX. king of Great Britain, &c. &c. He seems not, however, very likely to accomplish the old prophecy:

"Henry VIII. pulled down monks and their cells,

"Henry IX. shall pull down bishops and their bells."

I was told of an apt, though somewhat

uncivil

uncivil *ban mot* of another Cardinal, who being troubled by this great personage about some business he did not like, said to those near him, "These people are always an incumbrance to every body."

Next morning, the weather being more favourable, our cicerone conducted us to the cascade, and shewed it in all its different points of view. It is vastly more copious than the fountain of Vaucluse, as well as more divided and varied, falling from a much greater height, and over greater variety of ground. We then proceeded about two miles along a road that winds round the hills to the east, from every step of which are most enchanting views of the various lesser cascades, with infinitely diversified landscapes, ornamented with groves of olive and other trees, bushes of the beautiful *Styrax*, here in full flower, as was the Scorpion Senna (*Coronilla Emerus*), and the Judas tree, the whole being interspersed with bold tufts of the great Aloe in the most picturesque manner. Nothing can be more charming than these scenes; no wonder they are so celebrated. Sometimes the landscape

with the buildings of Tivoli, the temple, and the vast plain of Rome beyond, resembles a picture of Pouffin's; in other points of view, with the noble cascades and rocks, and the towering mountains above, it recalls the more majestic scenes of Salvator Rosa. We regretted nothing but the bad weather, which still persecuted us, and prevented our enjoying this charming place in perfection.

We afterwards descended from our inn, to a most romantic spot at the bottom of the great cascade; from whence that vast body of water is seen to come tumbling and foaming over the rocks, and through the caverns, in which it appears to be lost when seen from above. This place is called Neptune's Grotto. The steep descent to it is through a natural shrubbery of *Coronilla Emerus*, interspersed with *Cyclamen*, *Hyacinthus comosus* (crested Hyacinth), and *Iris Florentina*, the large blue Florentine Iris, all in flower. —We returned to Rome in the evening.

Nothing remains for me to say of Rome, but some remarks concerning natural history, beginning

beginning with plants, in the order in which we found them in flower.

March 30. In the grass-plats of Villa Medicis, *Hyacinthus Romanus* grows in great abundance. Its flowers are small, inodorous, white with blue stamina, by no means ornamental. We brought bulbs to England as a rarity. I do not know a figure of this hyacinth.

Phalaris utriculata was now flowering every where. We little thought we had been all along treading under foot so rare a grass, while it lay latent, according to the Linnæan idea, under the mask of its herbage. Linnæus never saw a specimen of this species, but inserted it in his second edition of *Species Plantarum*, on the authority, as it should seem, of Bauhin, in whose *Theatrum*, p. 44. fig. 4, it is not ill figured. Afterwards, by an unaccountable error, he mentions it in his *Mantissa*, p. 322, as scarcely different from *Phalaris paradoxa*, though distinguished by Tournefort (*Gramen spicatum pratense, spica ex utriculo prodeunte*. Tourn. Inst. 519). They are, nevertheless,

abundantly distinct, as Linnæus would have perceived had he seen both. The following synonyms belong to the above: *Ph. utriculata*, *Scopoli Del. Insubr. fasc. 1. 28. t. 12. Dickson's Dried Plants, N. 3.*

Gramen alopecuroides, spicâ brevi purpureâ ex utriculo prodeunte, C. B. *Morif. Hist. v. 3. sect. 8. t. 4. f. 19.*

G. pratense Dalechampii. Hist. Lugd. v. 1. 425. f. 3.

April 2. Trifolium resupinatum on the steps of Trinità de' Monti. I know not on what authority Linnæus says this is a native of England.

Polycarpon tetraphyllum, and

Parietaria lusitanica, in the same place.

April. 3. At the Villa Borghese,

Orchis morio of various hues,

Orchis militaris in bud.

Orchis rubra, Jacq. Coll. v. 1. 60. Ic. rar. t. 183. This beautiful plant is a variety of *O. papilionacea* of Linnæus, with a smaller lip than it is found with in Africa. Jacquin described his *rubra* from a bad drawing sent him

him from Rome, with the petals too much expanded, which misled him to make it a new species.

We were not so fortunate as to meet with his *Opbrys crucigera*, which I suspect to be a variety of *O. apifera*, perhaps inaccurately drawn likewise.

Opbrys adrachnites of most authors was abundant in all the grass-plats, with a stem twelve or fourteen inches high. This seems different from our English *O. aranifera*, Sowerby's Engl. Bot. t. 65; the lip of the nectary is more expanded, membranous and undulated in the margin; but I scarcely know a permanent specific distinction. This Roman plant is the kind most commonly described by authors.

Scilla campanulata, Ait. Hort. Kew. v. 1. 444. Curt. Mag. t. 128. very plentiful.

Theligionum Cynocrambe, not far from the Etruscan altar.

April 14. *Orchis militaris* was now in perfection at the Villa Borghese, usually with a narrow lip; but we also found the broad lipped variety, called by Jacquin *O. moravica*,

Coll. v. i. 61. Ic. rar. t. 182, and which differs in no respect from that figured in Sowerby's English Botany, tab. 16, except in having a paler flower. Wherever this species occurs, intermediate varieties, both as to the colour of the petals and form of the lip, may generally be found. All its varieties have the property of smelling like melilot, or new hay, as they dry, which I never perceived in any other of this tribe.

Teucrium flavum, and

Trachelium caeruleum frequently occur on the walls of Rome, but they were not now in flower.

Sonchus tenerrimus grows in the same situations, flowering perpetually, and is eaten by the common people as a fallad.

April 20. We visited the Botanic Garden, near the Fontana Paolina, and never examined one more indigent. Not a new or interesting plant to console us. There was indeed plenty of the two species of *Melanthus* in flower, and *Potentilla anserina* was shewn us in a pot as a very curious and beautiful plant. The latter quality certainly

cannot be denied, but it grows as commonly on all the waste ground and ditch banks in Italy as in England, and every where else. The gardener appeared very ignorant, and seemed to know nothing of either Tournefort or Linnæus, but the names he used were chiefly those of the former; and when we enquired if botany was taught here on the Linnæan principles, he thought we were asking for some species of *Linum*.

We diligently searched many of the numerous booksellers' shops near the famous statue of Pasquin, by the Piazza Navona, but with little success. They told us Columna's works complete were worth twenty sequins, in which instance they were rather too knowing than ignorant. Monaldini, in the Corso, is an intelligent bookseller, well furnished with modern publications. Here I got Maratti's rare Tracts.

The weather at Rome was far from uniformly pleasant during our stay. We had much rain, many dull days, and some very cold ones, though no snow. The most disagreeable and unwholesome circumstance in the climate of Italy is the cold wind that
occasion-

occasionally blows from the mountains for a day or two, often with such piercing severity, that no exercise, even in the sunshine, can keep the body warm. This we experienced on the 22d of April. It was preceded and followed by very bright mild weather.

C H A P. XXXI.

FROM ROME, BY LORETTO, TO BOLOGNA.

April 25. **T**HE faithful Diego Baroncello engaged to convey us by Loretto to Bologna for eighteen sequins, all expences on the road included. We set out after an early dinner, and, passing through the Porta del Popolo, cast many a "longing lingering look behind." The last object of which we lost sight, was the dome of St. Peter's, from a hill a few miles distant. The arrival at Rome, and the departure from it, are two moments in a journey to Italy never to be forgotten.

The afternoon was fine, and the country wore the face of summer. Every thing looked verdant and luxuriant, not having as yet suffered from drought. *Asphodelus ra-*

mosus,

mosus, *Cercis siliquastrum*, and *Ferula communis*, I believe, were still in flower.

Slept at Castello Nuovo, nineteen miles from Rome, or rather in an inn near this little town, the view from which was very rich. Two Augustine monks joined us at supper. After I was gone to bed, their conversation with Dr. Younge turned on the great piety of the late king James III. of England, probably to sound our political sentiments.

April 26. Early in the morning, passed Mount Soracte, mentioned by Horace, which is now corrupted (as Addison well remarks) into St. Oreste, and then came to Civita Castellana, the ancient Veia, thirty-four miles from Rome. This town is singularly situated on a peaked rock, scarcely accessible but on one side, and commanding beautiful prospects; the surrounding country being extremely romantic, particularly a deep rocky valley on the north side. Here the *Fraxinus Ornus*, flowering ash, was in bloom. This is the tree which produces manna.

The principal church is rich in old mosaic,

saic, but its pictures are not good. After a poor dinner upon kid, dressed in various manners, the staple food of Italian travelling, and which is often so various in quality, that some have thought its place is occasionally supplied by a canine representative, we came to Borghetto, a little miserable hamlet near the Tiber, which river we crossed for the last time. Here is a good bridge, and the valley is rich and picturesque.

After passing through Otricoli, came to a very good solitary inn, called *la Vigna*, about fourteen miles from Civita Castellana. The waiter would have put us both into one bed, but on remonstrating, we obtained two very decent ones. We asked why he had not given us a very good room with two beds, in which he deposited the two Augustines who came after us? He replied, "because
 " *un ptifico* (a consumptive person) had lately
 " died there, and we being young, might
 " catch the disorder." I thought of Smollet's story of the *Eretico Inglese*. This is a beautiful and fertile country. The evening however was dull and cold, insomuch that we were glad of a fire. Candles are seldom
 used

used in this or any other parts of Italy, but in their stead oil, in tolerably neat brass lamps.

April 27. We pursued our journey through Narni, a pretty considerable town, which commands a noble and beautiful valley. The stately remains of Augustus's bridge may be seen at the distance of about a mile. A good level road brought us to Terni. Hired a calash to take us to the celebrated cascade, about four miles distant, the road to which is very bad and hilly. A cicerone fixed himself on the back of our chaise, and we were pestered with boys bringing trumpery petrefactions to sell; all which impertinences are very disagreeable when one comes to contemplate a grand natural object.

This noble cascade, by far the finest I ever saw, and esteemed the first in Europe, is formed by the river Velino, which suddenly precipitates itself from a perpendicular height, by some reckoned 1871 palms, or about 468 yards, but this is evidently an exaggeration. De la Lande calls it only 200 feet; but Addison and the Abbé Richard are

are perhaps nearest the truth in reckoning it 300. The last mentioned author gives an animated and characteristic description of this water-fall, which De la Lande passes over in cold brevity, and which Addison thinks "has something more astonishing in it than all the water-works of Versailles!" By this expression we may see how much those pompous nothings really imposed on persons of taste in the time of their novelty, since even an Addison could think of them when he was looking at the cascade of Terni.

The body of water is commonly not more perhaps than that of Vacluse, but the fall fifty times as great, and the surrounding country much more rich and beautiful. A vast mist rises perpetually from the cascade, and indeed the whole body of water seems turned into mist, and looks like wool or cotton as it falls. It is really tremendous to stand in a little ruined building which overhangs the gulf, and whose foundations are in a constant tremor from the concussion of the water. After its fall it joins the river Nera in the valley below. We ought to have

have descended to see the cascade from that point of view, but had not time.

From Terni we proceeded through a mountainous country, resembling Provence, accompanied with much rain, to Spolete; leaving the great old aqueduct on the left, as our inn was without the town walls. This aqueduct appeared to consist of a single row of arches; the height is said to be 300 feet, the length at the top 600. It extends from one hill to another, like the Pont du Gard.

April 28. We set out at four. The morning was dull, and mists hung about the hills; but the sun gradually dispersed them, and unveiled a most interesting landscape. Our road lay through a vast plain, richly cultivated with corn and vines, and bounded by hills clad with olive trees, and stuck with towns, convents, and cottages. Passed a fine copious spring, the source of the Clitumnus, and a beautiful little antique temple, now turned into a chapel, close to the road.

All the hedges were full of *Spiraea hypericifolia*, Italian May, in flower. This plant

is said, by authors, to come from Canada, yet it is to all appearance perfectly wild in this part of Italy. Its common English name seems to confirm this opinion; nor have I any specimen of it among the North American plants Kalm gave to Linnæus. *Cercis Siliquastrum* was prettily intermixed with it, and *Campanula Speculum*, Venus's looking-glass, grew by the road side, with a yellow rough-leaved *Alyssum*, probably the *montanum*. I collected a singular orange-coloured gummy exudation from the vines.

We left on the right hand the town of Trevi, which stands on a hill, apparently commanding a very extensive prospect, and came to Foligno, a capital town, 100 miles from Rome. Here, of course, we went to see Raphael's picture at the Convent of the Countesses, mentioned in every book. It is not in his very best manner. The Virgin is not pleasing; St. John and St. Jerome are good. In the cathedral is a large silver statue, made about fifty years ago, of St. Felix, the third bishop of this town, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Decius. It is partly gilt, and set with several precious

cious stones. Its chair is likewise of silver, with a good bas-relief of the death of the saint on its back. On the breast of this statue is a portion of the cranium of St. Felix, set in crystal, with rubies and emeralds about it; and they boast here the possession of one of his arms. The rest of his body is in France. The statue is carried in procession about the town once a year. The canopy over the altar of this church is made after that of St. Peter's at Rome, but of course much smaller. Some Latin verses inform us part of the Virgin's hair is preserved there, as well as of the crown of thorns, and they call upon us to adore the *thorns of the thunderer!*

“ ————spinalque tonantis adora!”

In the afternoon we began to ascend the Apennines. Passed a village very pleasantly situated in a deep valley, through which runs a rivulet, forming numbers of very beautiful cascades. Arrived at Serravalle, a poor little town, twenty miles from Foligno, standing very high in the Apennines, in a straight pass, which has been well fortified. The
afternoon

afternoon was excessively rainy, and the road very tedious. The trees and shrubs were as backward as those about Rome in the end of February, and *Anemone Apennina* was but now in bloom, with *Tussilago hybrida*. Luxurious travellers would have found our inn at Serravalle very wretched and gloomy; but the people here, and in most parts of this road, are modest and obliging. Civility covers a multitude of sins, for what is it but one form of Christian charity?

April 29. We crossed the river Chienti, just below its source. The road led winding along a valley by the side of this river, with high rocky hills around. The weather continued cold and rainy, and the plants wore the appearance of March. Beginning to descend into a milder climate, we came to Valcimara, 136 miles from Rome.

On a little hill, at the back of the inn, I gathered *Orchis variegata*, Jacq. Ic. rar. and Collect. vol. 2. 267. *Thymus alpinus*, *Thlaspi saxatile*, an *Opbrys* with a red flower, apparently a variety of *O. anthropophora*, *Opbrys apifera* a variety, *Globularia vulgaris*,

Rhus Cotinus, cultivated here for tanning leather, and called *Scotino*, *Onosma echinoides*, Column. Ecphr. 183, which seems to be a distinct species from the Linnæan variety (β) found about Montpellier, being less hairy, and the bristles on the leaves are curiously stellated at their base. Here also grew *Orobanche major*, which, when fresh, smelt strongly of cloves, a circumstance mentioned by the old botanists; but I never found it in our English Broom Rape. I suspect there are more species than one commonly confounded under this name. The hostler's boys seeing us gather plants, brought several, and seemed acquainted with most of the common things. *Cercis Siliquastrum* they called *Daguigno*, or some such name. It is put to no use.

After dinner we came to Tolentino, the country improving upon us very fast, but the rain continuing. By the road side, on a bank, just beyond this town, I for the first time saw *Clathrus cancellatus*, and, to the great astonishment of our voiturin, leaped into the mud to gather it. Unluckily it was rather too far advanced, and broke on the
the

the slightest touch. I was never so fortunate as to meet with it again. Bulliard has admirably figured this curious fungus in his *Champignons*, tab. 441, by the name of *Clathrus volvaceus*. It is said to be common in France, especially in the south, as well as in Italy. At Florence it is called *fuoco salvatico*, or wild fire. The colour is light red; the texture like that of very spongy bread soaked in water. The volva white, lined with mucus, and smelling like common fungi. The odour of the red part, though not strong, is nauseously cadaverous, and is compared by Battarra, *Fung. Arimin.* 24, to the smell of a sepulchre; a comparison which we cannot so readily verify in England, because although we, like the Italians, still continue the abominable and superstitious custom of burying in towns and churches, our vaults are less confined than those in Italy, by which means their vapours, though more ingeniously diffused for the propagation of infection and general sickness, are not so perceptible to the senses.

The road lay along a rich and beautiful country to Macerate, a handsome town on

a hill, with a gate built like a triumphal arch, 154 miles from Rome. We did not enter it, but slept at an inn by the gate, from whence is an extensive view every way.

April 30. We accomplished our pilgrimage to Loretto, seventeen miles farther. Loretto stands on a hill, three miles from the Adriatic coast, in a country I think the finest and most beautiful of the cultivated kind I ever saw. The town is said to contain ten thousand inhabitants, which seems incredible, unless this reckoning includes Rickenati, a pretty large and handsome town, the capital of the district, and five miles from Loretto in our road thither. On arriving at the inn, we were soon addressed by numbers of women who sell chaplets of beads of various materials, silver crosses, medals, &c. fillets with the exact measurements of the Virgin and Child, an infallible cure for the headach, and the pains of child-birth, with various other holy relicks; of which we laid in a large stock to present to our friends in England, taking care, afterwards, to have them

them touched with the holy porringer and house, to make them, as Lady Miller says, as efficacious as possible. We expended seventeen pauls for a silver Madonna and some artificial flowers, to adorn the hat of our voiturin, as we were told it could not be dispensed with. These poor fellows preserve such things as trophies, to shew how many times they have been at Loretto.

Nothing in Italy has been more talked of, or more fully described and animadverted upon by all travellers, than the wonders and treasures of the holy house. Whether its coming hither be a miracle or not, the credit it has obtained is surely miraculous. The history of its removal from Nazareth, by angels, needs not be repeated, as it may be seen at length, with the support of many testimonies and specious arguments to back them, in Father Gillibrand's letter, given by Lady Miller. Nevertheless, all Catholics do not think it incumbent on them to believe this as gospel; and wicked heretics still take the liberty of laughing at the Santa Casa's expence. It may not however be amiss for them to be wise, as well as merry, and to

be warned on all such occasions by the example of a very eminent traveller, who has indulged his lively genius upon the subject of another famous Madonna, that of the Tyrol. Unluckily for this pleasant writer, his French translator was inspired by the Holy Virgin to take up the matter seriously, and has thus but too much the advantage.

There are two ways of seeing every thing. These Madonnas, and their mummery, in one point of view are below contempt; and this many well know, besides those who laugh at them. Considered in another light, they are powerful instruments, not merely of spiritual tyranny, for that is their abuse, but of piety and virtue. Whatever such legends may be to enlightened minds, they have to the vulgar all the force of gospel; and it is but justice to the impositions (as we think them) of the Romish church, to say they are at present seldom set at variance with morality. The abuses and corruptions of this church concern the higher orders of the community, who deserve no pity if they be misled by them; the vulgar are much the best directed, and the most
virtuously

virtuously instructed. It is the interest of both church and state, that they should be industrious, sober, and honest. They have no money to buy off their offences; or at least they have not enough to compensate for the disadvantage which would accrue to the church, from their becoming idle and licentious. Confession is a powerful restraint upon their morals; and I am credibly informed it is a maxim with priests never to grant absolution for robbery, but upon condition of restitution being made to the injured party. Other instances of good sense, and some even of tolerant liberality in parish priests, who in all countries are the most valuable part of the clergy, have come under my knowledge. The stocks and stones, the people are taught to worship, are dressed out to their imagination with attributes of rectitude and benignity, borrowed from the pure idea of an intellectual deity; for so congenial are virtue and benevolence to the human mind, that no system of worship could support itself without their semblance; and even those most corrupt in principle, would have little success in practice, without a constant appeal to

to the eternal law written in our hearts. As to forms, the mind will associate its conceptions with sensible objects. The devotion of some persons is best excited in a choir, of others in a conventicle, and of others in the holy house of Loretto; but "*one is their father, even God.*"

Let me not, however, be misunderstood as the defender of priestcraft and superstition. Far be from me the odious principle of keeping any rank of mankind in the dark, nor will I apologize for all the abuses at Loretto. Some of them are so gross and idolatrous, it is wonderful the church itself has not forbidden them. Among other things in the sanctuary, is a tablet of silver, with a long string of invocations to the Virgin by different names, with *Ora pro nobis* after each. This the church authorizes; but it surely does not authorize the *relicks* being addressed too in the same manner, and yet we positively saw, with our own eyes, the following amongst others:

"*Santa scodella, ora pro nobis!*"

Holy porringer, pray for us!

If it be said the church only *tolerates* this abuse,

abuse, as it tolerates the corporeal representations of God the Father; I would ask why the church is so tolerant in matters that tend to keep its flocks in ignorance, and so very vigilant against every thing by which they may by chance be enlightened?

What we were shewn for this holy porringer, is evidently a piece of earthen ware of the country, painted blue and yellow like those pots attributed to Raphael, of which here is a fine collection in the apothecary's shop of the convent, done for the Duke of Urbin, and left by him to this church*. The town of Faenza, between Loretto and Bologna, has long been famous for the manufactory; whence this kind of ware is called, in French, *Fayence*. It resembles clumsy delft, and a coarse sort is used every where in this country.

I must beg leave to correct a few remarks of Lady-Miller. She says, after De la Lande, the marble casing of the holy house, which stands insulated under the dome of the great

* One of the most capital assemblages of this ware is at Narford, in Norfolk, the celebrated seat of Mr. Fountayne. There is one piece in the Leverian Museum.
church,

church, is "loaded with various ornaments of sculpture, all heavy, and ill done." Yet De la Lande confesses it is reckoned one of the fine things of Italy, so that he blundered with his eyes open. I will do Lady Miller the justice to suppose she shut her's, and only copied his book afterwards. This edifice, designed by Bramante, and executed by Sanfovino, early in the sixteenth century, the golden age of modern art, appeared to us so remarkably elegant as well as rich, and the statues and alto-relievos so finely executed, we could not sufficiently admire it. De la Lande has sometimes strange ideas of buildings being over-charged with ornaments, not distinguishing between simplicity and richness of design. The same style is not suitable to a shrine and a citadel; and if a profusion of decoration be proper any where, it is surely in this building. The architect has taken advantage of the singular felicity of its situation (under cover) to indulge a luxuriance and refined elegance of taste and execution, which can so rarely be used in the *external* part of any building, and to keep pace with which, the *inside* ought to be absolutely

absolutely a fairy palace. Accordingly we find within this beautiful covering a blaze of gold and diamonds, and the still more esteemed walls of the holy house, the great object to which all eyes and steps are directed.

The same intelligent authoress seems no less mistaken in her opinion of the jewels. What we saw upon the Virgin, consisted of a sort of bell-hoop, entirely covered with diamonds, many of them as large as a hazel nut, and their whole number is said to be 6064. This was given by Philip IV. of Spain. Its value is notorious, and there can be scarcely a suspicion of imperfection, much less of any counterfeit stones, in such a gift. I have no doubt that all the votive offerings which are public donations of princes, are what they appear to be. They are the offerings of devotion, and one can much more readily suspect the givers of superstition, than of so very heinous and sacrilegious a crime as any fraud in such matters would be thought. In the treasury I am very sure we saw and examined, among its dazzling and stupendous riches, many stones, of the genuineness

genuineness of which, as well as their beauty and magnificence, there can be no doubt. Whatever all the rest may be, I can, as a naturalist, speak to one curiosity, certainly no less genuine than invaluable, a natural mass of emeralds in their native crystals, each three or four inches long, sticking in a white quartz rock, presented by Philip IV. of Spain. The larger crystals are about forty-two, the smaller eighty-five. This is one of the greatest curiosities at Loretto. Small specimens of the same kind, and those very valuable, may be seen in the British Museum.

It is remarkable that, among the contributors to this treasury, we meet with scarcely any illustrious names, except Queen Christina, who, on her abdication, gave her regalia to the Virgin; an ostensible and not ill-judged act of piety. The other princes upon record are chiefly such contemptible and useless ones, to say the best of them, as Henry III. of France, and Philip IV. of Spain. The latter has given more than any body.

The room where most of these riches are preserved, in glass cases, contains a most
admirable

admirable Virgin and Child by Raphael, coloured in his best manner. I wonder the *Mannuel* does not mention this picture. An English nobleman is said to have offered 8000 sequins for it.

The bronze doors of the great church are the finest we have seen, and, if my memory did not deceive me, much superior to those of Pisa.

So much is the marble pavement round the holy house worn, by devout knees, that it is obliged to be replaced about every twenty-five years. At certain hours a priest attends in the sanctuary to touch, with the holy porringer, any thing the people bring for that purpose, whether child-bed linen, presents for distant friends, or other things wished to be particularly fortunate. This is done gratis, and the concourse of people on that errand is amazing.

May 1. We left this famous place early. The road was crowded with pilgrims, singing and bare-headed. The country is beautiful, with fine views of the Adriatic; but even at this season we had very cold weather.

Hyacinthus Romanus grows abundantly about Loretto.

Ancona lies a mile out of the great road. We left our carriage at an inn, and walked into the town. It is a free port, with a good harbour, of which the town commands a pleasant view. The arch, dedicated to Trajan, on the mole, is a very elegant antiquity, but small, built of blue and white Parian marble, like the pillars of St. Peter in Vincôlis at Rome. The veins of this marble resemble in colour those of the common Carara, but they are straighter and less branched; the crystalline grain of the stone is also larger, which is esteemed a beauty.

Here is a Lazaretto designed by Vanvitelli, and built in a pentagonal form, as well as a little chapel in the centre of its court. The latter is admired, I think, without much reason. The Exchange has a tolerably painted ceiling; but its front, mentioned in the *Manuel*, is a bad gothic paltry thing.

After dinner we proceeded to Sinigaglia, amid troops of pilgrims. This is a fortified town. Our baggage was slightly visited at the Dogana or custom-house, by the most civil

civil officers we have met with, and sealed by our desire, that it might pass without more trouble to Bologna. Walking on the pier, and by the sea-side, we picked up a few shells of little value, but no plants. A fisherman had just caught, among prawns, that singular insect *Cancer Mantis*, which we saw likewise at Ancona. About this town, and all along the hedges near the sea, grows the greatest plenty of Tamarisk, *Tamarix gallica*, which we observed the sheep preferred to all other food, never touching any other vegetable while that remained.

May 2. A most terribly cold day, with much rain, and a violent north-east wind, called here *Scirocco*; we rode along the coast to Marotto, a solitary post-house, in whose spacious chimney we were glad to shelter ourselves, crouching over a few half-glowing embers, till the weather became somewhat more tolerable. It seems that every unfavourable wind is denominated *Scirocco* in Italy. In the south-west that name is applied to the hot suffocating blasts from

VOL. II. Y Africa;

Africa; in the north-east it means the cold bleak winds from the Alps.

In the afternoon we passed close to the little walled town of Fano, and about five arrived at Pésaro, a very neat well-built little place, something like parts of Florence. The churches afforded nothing to fix our attention. Near the piazza is an indifferent statue of Pope Urban VIII.

May 3. Passed through a shabby place called la Cattolica, and over the bridge mentioned in the *Manuel*, at which there is now no toll. This country is flat, but tolerably cultivated, and the common people look decent and comfortable. We entered Rimini by the triumphal arch, erected by Tiberius to Augustus, which the *Manuel* places at the other end of the town. This arch is pretty entire, large, but not elegant. It is too wide for its height, with only a single column on each side the opening, and a very mean pediment. At the opposite entrance of Rimini, is the noble antique bridge of St. Julian, built of marble, and in very good repair. Its profile is remarkably handsome.

some. A paltry little pedestal in the market-place told us Cæsar harangued his soldiers there, after passing the Rubicon, which we did not think it incumbent upon us exactly to believe.

This town has suffered much of late by earthquakes, and a shock was felt the week before our arrival.

Our road lay through the small town of Savignano, in which great numbers of country people were collected to see a horse-race, and the road was crowded with people going thither. They were in holiday dresses, and had a pleasing air of cheerfulness and good-humour. The country is flat, apparently very fruitful.

Between Rimini and Savignano stands the town of Archangelo, with a very handsome triumphal arch, erected in honour of the late Pope Ganganelli. This structure is of brick, with white stone Doric pillars, in a very good taste.

We slept at Cesene, a large and very populous town of handsome appearance, the birth-place of the present Pope Pius VI, Braschi. Here is an old brick castle, and a

very noble bridge of the same materials, begun, I believe, by Clement XII. and finished by his present Holiness, who has done several things for the improvement of his native town.

The people here seemed very devout. The women, however, did not *always* carry their eyes on the ground; for they seemed not unskilful in the art of ogling from under their square black hoods.

The coffee used in this country is remarkable for being very little roasted, resembling ale in colour when made. It is the common beverage of the people, as well as in most other parts of Italy. Even the labourers will not go to work in a morning before they have been at the coffee-house. They eat very little, if any thing, along with it.

May 4. We left Cesene at half past four, and were obliged to have recourse to one of these vulgar coffee-houses, none of the genteeler sort being then open. The road lay through a pleasant cultivated country to Forli, which has suffered a little from the late earthquakes; and from thence to Faenza,
in

in Latin Faventia, celebrated for its earthen ware already mentioned. Most of these towns are built with covered ways for foot passengers, very commodious both in hot and rainy weather. In a grove of willows by the river side I found *Salix triandra*, and observed that kind of dripping from the leaves of these trees, described in Du Hamel as being their condensed perspiration. *Physique des Arbres*, vol. 1. 150.

Imola, a large town, is not far distant. We traversed it without stopping, and put up for the night at a most comfortable inn, at a small town within fifteen miles of Bologna, called Castello San Pietro. We were never more civilly treated, nor better served, although perhaps, in some great towns, more splendidly. I found nothing curious in the village, except a column in the square, with a statue of the Virgin upon it, erected the preceding year by the Lord of the town, in memory, as the inscription says, of the *Virgin of the Rosary* having preserved this place from damage during the late earthquakes. This is a public authentic monument, and we may therefore conclude that the church

allows the people to understand by these images something more than a mere assistance to the imagination in prayer, as the more enlightened Catholics declare ; we have here undeniable proof that they are, to all intents and purposes, idols, supposed to be endowed with different powers and dignity. I would not be uncandid or censorious, but I cannot see any difference between these images and those of Paganism. None of the heathens ever imagined that the golden Jupiter of the Capitol was Jupiter himself ; nor that the Diana in the Temple of Ephesus was the very identical goddess in person ; but they supposed it to be more efficacious to worship before those figures than any they could make themselves ; and just so do the Catholics. I am willing, however, to admit this is an abuse which has crept in ; for, alas ! it is too tempting and too profitable an abuse to be kept out, wherever the veneration of images is admitted at all. Similar observations might be made on the worship of relicks.

May 5. From hence it is a pleasant ride
to

to Bologna, along a highly cultivated plain. On approaching the town, we were struck with a scandalous piece of effeminacy I never before witnessed, gentlemen taking an airing on horseback, preceded by running footmen !

C H A P. XXXII.

BOLOGNA.

THE principal objects of a stranger's curiosity in this town are the numerous pictures, of which all the palaces and churches are full. Here the productions of the Bolognese school, the works of the Carraccis, of Guido Rheni, Domenichino, Albano, &c. may be seen in the greatest abundance and perfection. We spent four days in contemplating them.

The first object that strikes a traveller on entering the town, is the square tower of Asinelli, 307 French feet, or about 110 yards in height, built of brick, in the year 1109; very slender, and of an equal diameter all the way up. It has inclined a few inches from the perpendicular by time. The brick work must have been considerably different from

from the shameful mud walls so plentifully erecting daily about London. We ascended to its top by about 500 steps, with no small labour. The day was unfavourable for a view, but we could well distinguish Imola, Ferrara, and Modena; as well as the hills about Verona, Mount Baldus, &c. seeming to rise abruptly from the dead flat which extends on three sides of Bologna. On the south are some very pleasant hills stuck with villas.

The tower of Garisfendi, close to the above mentioned, is not half so high; but said to have been purposely built leaning eight feet out of the perpendicular. This point however is doubtful, and the guide-book of the place says the foundations have given way; which is most probable, as the wood work and masonry incline from the horizon in the same proportion as the walls do from the perpendicular, just as in the tower of Pisa.

Bologna possesses a very famous public academy, called the Palazzo dell' Instituto, where all the sciences are taught gratis. Here
is

is an ample Museum, Library, and Apparatus for Natural Philosophy.

The plaster models of gravid uteri, with almost all possible situations and cases done from nature, are very good, though less beautiful than the anatomical models at Florence. Here is one in which the umbilical cord presents. The Myology I think inferior to the Florentine collection, except two entire figures of a man and woman. The Materia Medica is very good; especially the varieties of Peruvian bark, the chocolate nut, and several rare East Indian drugs. They have nothing for *Calamus aromaticus* but our common *Acorus*. The shells are poor, the insects poorer; but the Academy had lately received a legacy of two cabinets of shells, which were not yet placed. The collection of corals is generally good, especially *Isis nobilis*, red coral, of a variety of shades, from deep scarlet to a blush colour and pure white. One specimen has even red and white in the same piece, as mentioned by Tournefort. There are some fine *Spongia*, and some tolerable *Amphibia*. A
very

very large *Tesludo coriacea*, taken by accident near Civita Vecchia. The skin of an Elk, which was brought hither alive about 120 years ago. The minerals are not capital; but there are some fine real Sicilian jaspers, and a collection, presented by the reigning Empress of Russia, of the stones of Siberia. The Philosophical Apparatus is moderate. The Library was not then accessible.

In one of the great halls is an admirable whole-length portrait, in mosaic, of Benedict XIV. executed at Rome. In another room are some curious old pictures, done by the earliest painters of the Bolognese school, some of them of considerable merit.

This establishment is entirely owing to Count Marigli, who, throughout an active warlike life, pursued Natural History with ardour and success; and who seems to have reposed on this soothing study as his best source of consolation, both when by the fortune of war he was a prisoner among Barbarians, and when he afterwards experienced the more poignant affliction of unjustly blasted military fame. His collections of Natural History, Astronomical and Chemical Apparatus,

Apparatus, Plans of Fortifications, &c. were given by himself to the Senate of Bologna, his native place, in 1712, and now make a great part of this collection. His modesty would not permit that his name should appear in any public manner upon the occasion; yet surely his country might have afforded him the posthumous honour of a mausoleum in something more permanent than plaster; for of such materials only is that they have erected.

Our pilgrimages to the churches were performed in the following order:

S. Salvatore, whose Corinthian architecture is very majestic, has many tombstones and holy-water basins of an orange-coloured speckled marble, called *rosso di Verona*, which I first saw at Loretto. It is not unfrequent in the northern parts of Italy, though rare elsewhere. All the pillars and cornices of the altar-pieces in this church are tawdrily gilt. The pictures best worth noticing are, an Assumption of the Virgin, by Agostino Carracci. Sick people before a crucifix, by Giacomo, or Giuseppe Cupi; rather confused, but not without considerable merit

merit in the drawing. The altar-piece is the Saviour, by Guido Rheni; not very pleasing. St. John before Zaccharias, with other saints, by Bevenuto Garofalo, is excellent; but St. John kneels very badly; he could not possibly support himself as he is represented. There are some small pictures of saints, by Giotto, curious for their antiquity; and in the Sacristy a pretty good St. Sebastian of Guido Rheni; and David, with Goliath's head at his feet, by Giovanni Antonio Burrini, in which there is great force of light and shade, like Spagnuolo's works.

At St. Paulo, on the high-altar, under a half dome supported by columns, are the admirable statues of St. Paul and his executioner, by Algardi. Nothing can be finer than the meek resignation of the saint, who is kneeling in expectation of the fatal stroke, with his face turned from the executioner. His countenance expresses the most perfect resignation, and the confidence of an innocent mind; while a certain degree of constraint in the attitude of the head, very finely represents his natural apprehension, or rather expectation,

expectation, of the impending blow. We could not perceive these figures to be, as commonly remarked, too short. This excellent sculptor was a Bolognese. The roof of this church is too rich. A small tabernacle on the altar, representing a church in perspective, is very pretty.

St. Agnes is chiefly remarkable for Domenichino's celebrated picture of the martyrdom of that saint, of which Cochin, De la Lande, and Lady Miller have given so full an account, independent of each other, that I shall only add my hearty assent to all they have said in its praise; allowing at the same time that the party of angels in the clouds could well be dispensed with. The head of St. Agnes, and some others, are full of beauties. In the Sacristy are some good old productions of the Bologna school, before the time of the Carraccis.

St. Dominic's is a long, but not inelegant church, in which the most remarkable thing is the shrine of that famous saint, whose apt emblem, as I have already remarked, was a dog with a firebrand in his mouth. There is a chink in the back of the sarcophagus, where

where devout persons have fancied they smelt celestial fragrance. We unfortunately had not faith enough to perceive it ; but I could not help thinking how feelingly we should have been converted, if " Dominic the blacksmith " had thrust out " his tongs red hot " and taken us by the nose. Such a miracle a man must have had a front of brass to have resisted. The saint however lay very quiet, and did not even growl at us. If he had always been so tolerant, I should have been more inclined to worship him than I now am. The shrine is gothic, of white marble, extremely rich in sculpture, and terminating upwards in a pyramidal form. On the sarcophagus are an immense number of figures in alto-relievo, of good execution, by an unknown artist. At each extremity of the adjoining altar is a small kneeling angel of white marble. That towards the east is said to have come from the hand of Michael Angelo Buonarotta in his youth. It is not remarkable, except for stiffness.

Here is the plaster monument of Count Marfigli.

S. Giovanni in Monte is adorned with many pictures, the three principal of which are,

1st, St. Francis adoring the crucifix, by Guercino; the author of which I should never have guessed. The crucifix is placed on the ground in the forepart, so that the saint's eyes are directed at once to it, and to the crucifix on the altar below. The colouring of this picture is remarkably still; its expression good.

2d, The Virgin of the Rosary, by Domenichino; a confused composition with a great number of figures, of which I cannot understand the design; but its parts are admirable.

3d, The celebrated St. Cecilia, with St. Paul, Mary Magdalen, and other company, by Raphael; which has been engraved and often copied. I was a little disappointed in the principal figure, as to its personal beauty and grace; the Magdalen pleased me much better.

St. Stefano is an irregular clumsy old edifice, once a temple of Isis, and now divided into

into about seven different churches, of various forms, sizes, and levels.

In the Madonna di Galiera, occurs nothing worth notice, except St. Philip Neri in extasy, by Guercino.

The Cathedral, or Duomo, is a large majestic building internally, of the Corinthian order, but with several faults. The arch over the entrance of the tribune is too narrow, and the semicircular niche at the extremity too low. The most remarkable picture here, St. Peter consecrating St. Apollinarius a bishop, by Gratiani, has great merit in the design.

St. Petronio is a vast old gothic structure, much more resembling a cathedral, though the front is of brick, and unfinished. Most of the buildings in this city are of brick, a great disadvantage to their beauty. In this church is a famous meridian line, made in 1656, and repaired in 1776. Here we meet with an old much-honoured statue of St. Petronius; not Petronius Arbiter, but a holy bishop of Bologna in the fifth century, and now its patron in heaven. No capital pictures, except St. Rocco, by Parmiggianino.

One Sunday evening, May 6, we witnessed a procession of a statue of St. Francis, which was carried with a great parade of crucifixes, music, &c. to give its benediction in the great piazza before the last mentioned church. All the different religious orders attended; and some people dressed very richly in the style of 300 years ago, with crowns, sceptres, and other ornaments. What they expressed I could not learn.

We went to the church of Giesu and Maria to see the excellent picture of the Circumcision, by Guercino, which is coloured in his best manner, without that blackness of shade remarkable in most of his works. The air of the Virgin expresses her awkwardness in being a spectator of so indecent and cruel a ceremony. This picture hangs in an excellent light.

The Mendicanti di dentro contains several celebrated pictures. St. Alo and St. Petronio before the Virgin, by Cavedone, is, in my opinion, too much praised by Cochin, and still more after him in the *Manuel*. Job on a throne, with people bringing him presents, by Guido Rheni, in his soft manner, is much

much more worthy of admiration. The great altar-piece by the same artist, in his strong style, is surely unworthy of him, being as faulty in composition as any old picture of the earliest masters, whose works, indeed, it a good deal resembles. The dead body of Christ is represented lying at full length on a long table in the clouds, in the front of the upper part of the picture, with the Virgin and some other figures about it. Below are St. Petronio, St. Charles, and three other saints, looking up; but it is impossible they should see any thing except the feet and under side of the table. The canvas ought to be cut in two. Christ calling St. Matthew, by Ludovico Carracci, is an expressive and harmonious picture. Joseph kneeling to ask pardon of the Virgin for having unjustly suspected her of unchastity, is chiefly remarkable for the subject, which is justly ridiculed in Wright's Travels, where is a sort of caricature print, for it cannot be called a copy, of this performance. The painter was Alessandro Tiarini. Cochin praises this picture, and finds great fault with the last mentioned.

The convent of noble ladies, called St. Pietro Martire, has in its church an excellent painting of the Transfiguration, by Ludovico Carracci, one of the best of his works that I have seen. There is great nobleness in the design, and the drawing and colouring are good, though the latter is a little grey.

At the Servi di Maria, St. Andrew adoring his cross is an excellent performance of Albano's, and a *Noli me tangere* of the same artist deserves attention. There seemed to be many other good pictures in this church, but "the dinner waited, and we were tired."

At St. Gregorio, the altar was dressing up with great magnificence for a festival, which deprived us of the sight of St. Gregory shewing the bleeding wafer, by Calvart, the first master of Guido, said to be a very good picture. St. George and the Dragon, by Ludovico Carracci, did not please me much; neither did the picture by Guercino, of St. Felix putting the monastic habit on St. William. It is confused, and the colouring seems to have suffered.

The little conventual church of St. Ludovico, the bishop, possesses a good picture, by
Annibal

Annibal Carracci, of the Virgin and Child in the clouds, with some saints below adoring her.

The church of St. Francis, not far distant, is a venerable pile; in which nothing struck me so much as the fine gothic altar-piece of white marble, consisting of a kind of screen, on which are ranged several statues of saints in two rows. An Assumption of the Virgin, by Annibal Carracci, is a confused picture; the light too much divided, and the whole wants repose.

At St. Margaret's is an admirable work of Parmigianino, representing the Virgin and Child, with adoring saints, according to custom. Some of the heads are very beautiful. Christ in the garden, with an Angel behind him, is not one of Guercino's best performances.

St. Catherine, or Corpus Domini, is a tawdry church; but the front of an altar, in the first chapel on the right hand, consists of perhaps the finest piece of verde antico, for the clearness and great size of its spots, that Italy can boast. Annibal Carracci's picture of the Resurrection of Christ, is esteemed

one of his best works, though there is a dulness in its colouring, even more than usual with this master. Through a silver grate, over an altar, we had a view of the body of St. Catherine Vigri, the foundress; which is preserved entire by a miracle, as they do the Almighty the honour of supposing. She is sitting, richly dressed, in a chair, with candles burning about her. The face, hands, and feet are visible, and of a chocolate colour. On her cheek is a whitish mark, said to have been occasioned by Jesus Christ appearing to her in a dream and giving her a kiss; by which it appears the letter in the Bath Guide, beginning, "Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken!" is a more orthodox composition than I had ever supposed. Mass happened to be saying at this altar when we wanted to see the saint, so that, being not very anxious about the matter, we declined intruding, and were retiring; but the sacristan, unwilling to lose his fee, elbowed his way through the crowd, and removed the curtain against our will, for it seems we heretics have more feeling on those subjects than the elect themselves.

So

So much for the churches of Bologna—
If the reader is tired of pictures, he must
pass over what I have to say about the
palaces.

In the Palazzo Publico, or Town-hall, are
a few very capital productions of the pencil.
The first room contains a good architectural
piece by Bibieno. In the next is a portrait
of the body of St. Catherine Vigri, just men-
tioned, with all her finery, by Vandyke.
This is the greatest degradation I ever knew
the pencil suffer. I hope Vandyke was well
paid for doing so stupid a work. Another
room is adorned with the St. John, by Ra-
phael, which contends with that at Florence
for originality, and I think comes the nearest
to it of any. Cochin esteems this much
inferior to that in the Orleans collection,
which is natural enough for a Frenchman.
I know but one nation that is more partial
to every thing belonging to their country
than the French, and the French are much
the most disagreeably and arrogantly partial
of the two. Sampson drinking water from
the jaw-bone of the ass, an admirable paint-
ing of Guido's, deservedly praised in the

Manuel; and the Saints, protectors of Bologna, by the same hand, are no less worthy of him. The latter are on a silk banner, painted in a hurry for a public procession in the time of the plague: the painting of course is slight; but the manner and drawing easy and free. St. Jerome, by Simone da Pesaro, good. Two admirable *chiar'oscuros* of female figures by Guercino; the attitudes and drapery very graceful. In a small apartment, not always shewn, a very curious portrait of an infant son of Francis I. of France, in a kind of wooden cradle, by Leonardo da Vinci. The child's face is very interesting, and has great expression; the finishing of the whole inimitable.

Palazzo Sampieri contains one of the choicest collections in Bologna. We could not examine all as they deserve; but principally noted the following.

The marriage at Cana, by Crespi, called *Lo Spagnuolo*; a large piece in the manner of Paul Veronese. A fine expressive Judith of Julio Romano. A woman with two children in her lap, by Vandyke; of natural and pleasing expression. Dead Christ
with

with the Virgin and St. John, by Bellino; an old stiff dry picture; but the countenances have great merit. The beautiful angel Gabriel of Guido, of which there are so many duplicates, copies, and prints. An excellent Magdalen, by Annibal Carracci. A very much and justly-admired picture, by Albano, of a number of boys dancing hand in hand round a tree, with Venus and Cupid in the clouds. I like it infinitely better than any of this painter's works I ever saw before. It is worthy to be engraved by Bartolozzi; no other person would do it justice. Christ saying, "Render unto Cæsar, &c." two heads only, copied by Ludovico Carracci, after an original of Titian, now at Dresden. The calm and dignified shrewdness of our Saviour, is well opposed to the eager malicious expectation of the person endeavouring to entrap him: there is too artificial a contrast in the colouring of the two faces; that of Christ is too much illuminated. The fine Abraham, Hagar, and Ishmael of Guercino, which has been engraved, I think, by Strange, is much more pleasantly coloured than most of this great painter's works, the

shades being less black ; of its character and composition no praise can be too high. But the most precious picture in this collection, and almost in the world, is the celebrated St. Peter lamenting his fault, with another apostle, some say St. Paul, attempting to console him. This is the master-piece of Guido Rheni. Ten thousand sequins have been offered for it, and it is always kept covered, and shewn last. Cochin says, I believe very justly, that this piece unites all the perfections of painting in the highest degree. The drawing, expression and colouring are all equally excellent, and it is therefore the most complete picture in Italy. With respect to the expression, about which alone I presume to judge in such a case, I most heartily assent to his opinion. The sincere and humble, yet dignified contrition of St. Peter, is so justly, yet not at all violently, expressed, that nothing can exceed it ; but its whole meaning is not to be caught at a transient glance. The countenance may be studied for ever, like those of Raphael, which very few paintings will bear ; for the expression in most is either exaggerated at first sight, and, when

closely

closely examined, defective ; or it is false, and often contrary in different parts of the same face ; which last is the most general of all defects in this noble art, and is the touchstone which distinguishes art from nature. In Guido's St. Peter may be read all the character of this most amiable apostle : that warmth or susceptibility of impression, which made him the first to resent an insult offered to his beloved Lord ; that generous sensibility, which prompted him, before all the rest, to scorn the idea of a possibility of failure in his affection or duty ; and that tenderness of soul, which was at the same time, perhaps, most in danger of the fault into which he fell, and certainly most capable of the deepest heart-rending contrition afterwards.

Palazzo Tanaro contains many good paintings. In the first room two great pictures of the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, in one of which is a good head of a female spectator on the right ; otherwise they are not capital : the artist's name we could not learn. In other apartments—Adam and Eve mourning over Abel, by Ludovico Carracci ; a good picture, the colouring very light, the character of Adam just and affect-

ing. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Guercino, is beyond comparison the best piece in the house. It is extremely in the style of his famous St. Petronilla, both in expression and colouring; and the upper part superior to that of the last-mentioned picture. Almost all the heads are exquisitely fine; but the expression not so much varied as it perhaps might be: the shades are black. St. Peter delivered out of prison, a work of Agostino Carracci, is singular for the Angel being represented like a handsome young *mortal* woman without wings; the guards are awake, and opening the door willingly: this makes the event not sufficiently *miraculous*. St. Rocco, by Parmigianino; a duplicate of that at St. Petronio's church: I did not like it. A Virgin and Child, by Lavinia Fontana, is extremely like the works of Parmiggianino; especially the beautiful head of the young Jesus, than which nothing can be more charming; but his hair is rather too white—it is even grey. Another Virgin and Child with St. John Baptist; a large picture of Guido's, in his strong manner, with dark shades, not unlike the style of a picture by Mich. Ang. da Car-

ravaggio,

avaggio, in the Palazzo Borghese, I think, at Rome, of the young Christ learning of his mother to walk; and having met with a serpent, he, to her apparent wonder, insists upon setting her foot, along with his, upon its head.

Here are two bad pictures by Alessandro Cerini, as we were told, of Peter denying our Saviour, and Judas betraying him. It is seldom one sees such false expression in any picture at all tolerable. Raphael's mistress, by himself, with an agreeable countenance. The Last Supper, by Agostino Carracci, is a very indifferent performance, though praised by Cochin. Christ is a gigantic figure; St. John lying asleep on his bosom, looks like a fat woman intoxicated with love and wine. The altar-piece of the chapel is by Annibal Carracci. The ornaments of the fire-place, in the hall, are by Giovanni di Bologna; much too good for the use to which they are put. About this house is a good deal of the rosso di Verona marble.

Palazzo Zambeccari, the last we visited, is rich in pictures, some of which are very capital. St. Peter kneeling before the Virgin,

gin, and lamenting the death of our Saviour, is a great disagreeable performance of Ludovico Carracci; its composition very bad; the Saint like a person begging a favour, and the Virgin haughty, vulgar, and ungraceful, A Crucifixion, by the younger Palma; a very multifarious design, but several of the parts have merit. The Last Supper, and two other pieces, by Scarsellino di Ferrara, very good; but I never heard of this artist before. Holy Family, by Innocenzo Francucci da Imola. Dead Christ, with the Virgin, &c. about him; an indifferent performance of Paul Veronese. One room is entirely filled with portraits, some of which are very excellent; but, like all such collections, many are bad, and many of unknown personages. A Duke of Mantua and his Duchess, in the characters of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, with many attendants, all portraits; a very capital piece of Lavinia Fontana's. It is amazingly rich, like the works of Paul Veronese. The heads of the attendants are too much in a line. Charles V. an excellent head by Titian; we discern a family likeness between this picture and the portraits of Philip

Philip II. In another room is a good head of St. Francis, by Guercino; and a fine whole-length Virgin and Child in the clouds, by Franceschini, very much in Guido's soft manner. A Virgin and Child with St. John; very much in the style of Raphael's earliest works, by Julio Fiorentino, a painter who has done but very few pictures. The best picture in the house is Judith in the act of decapitating Holophernes, by M. A. da Caravaggio; justly celebrated in the Manuel, preface, p. 41. for the propriety of its expression. In spite of all Judith's boldness, we see in her countenance a natural horror of the bloody action in which she is engaged. "Many painters," says the author, "who have treated the same subject, have given Judith the expression proper to a grenadier in the midst of a battle, and that expression is false." A singular high-finished picture, or rather three pictures, by Luca d'Olanda, of the history of Esther and Ahasuerus. The marriage of St. Catherine, by Parmigianino, very pretty. Lucrece stabbing herself, by Pelegrino Tibaldi, has great merit; but her legs are beyond all proportion large
and

and clumsy. St. John in the Wilderness, by Guido, very good. A picture of Judas betraying Christ; exactly like that which displeased us so much in the Palazzo Tanaro, and which the servant there attributed to one Alessandro Cerini, a name I do not know, unless it be the Bolognese pronunciation of Ghiarini. This at the Zembeccari palace, we were told, was a copy by Flaminio Torre after the other, which is an original of Ludovico Carracci; and I pay more regard to this account, as the guide at Palazzo Tanaro was only a footman, the person who generally shews the house being ill. Two Cupids, by Simone da Pesaro, very good. An admirable Ecce Homo, by Albert Durer; a head only, extremely highly finished, and very affecting; but the lips are too blue. These old masters had great powers of pathos occasionally, even beyond the general productions of more polished times.

“ With rough majestic force they touch’d the heart,
 “ And truth and nature made amends for art.”

Here is a striking head of St. Francis, by Dominichino. A head of St. Peter, by Guido,

Guido, in his rough manner, not capital. Two pictures of a boy and girl; the latter peculiarly admirable, by Guido Cagnacci, a scholar of the great Guido. Virgin, Child, and St. John; a good picture, by Calvart, Guido's master. Marriage of St. Catherine, with St. John Baptist and St. Charles Borromeo in the fore-ground; a large and very excellent picture of Albano, perhaps one of his best.

Such are a part of the treasures of Bologna in the picture way. Our hurry to get to Venice made us scarcely see any thing else of the town; nor were we provided with letters, meaning to make no stay here. A visit to the Botanic Garden however could not be dispensed with. It hardly repaid the trouble, being small and far from rich. The famous Egyptian papyrus, *Cyperus Papyrus*, was growing there, and *Agave vivipara*, I believe, going to flower. *Callicarpa Americana* was most beautifully in fruit. Some of the succulent plants are fine, as usual in this part of the world. Our conductor told me Linnæus's nomenclature was used here,

but I could not find that he knew the plants by those names.

We laid in a stock of the famous Phosphorus of the place, native and prepared; and walking about the ramparts observed abundance of common plants in flower; but no great rarities. These were all the observations relating to natural history we made at Bologna, where the riches of art were more than sufficient to occupy all our attention,

C H A P. XXXIII.

FROM BOLOGNA TO VENICE BY WATER—
 ST. MARK'S PLACE AND CHURCH—
 ARSENAL—CHURCHES—PRO-
 FESSIO OF A NUN.

May 8. **T**HIS evening, about ten o'clock, we went on board the boat of the courier for Venice, paying thirty pauls each, not quite fifteen shillings, to be landed there free of all other expence, and fed by the way. The price was so low we feared the accommodation could not be good; but there was no alternative, except taking a boat to ourselves at a great expence, and incurring various difficulties and impositions, always best avoided by conforming to the manners of the country. A man saves himself a great deal of trouble, in the great journey of life, by yielding judiciously to

the tide. We were much better pleased with this voyage than Mr. Arthur Young was; for the extreme civility, and even polite attention of our conductor, made us disposed to put up with every inconvenience, and to enjoy every thing pleasant. I can by no means recognize him in Mr. Young's description of the filthy brutality of the person under whose care he performed his voyage, and conclude he must have met with a different captain.

It was a dismal rainy night, and on coming to the wharf we found two boats, one of which was so full of trunks, packs, baskets, and women, that, finding no place, we were stowed in the other, with two capuchins as jolly as Father Paul in the Duenna, five or six men besides, and a woman and young child. The last-mentioned article is not generally esteemed the greatest sweetener of life in a packet-boat or stage-coach; but no bachelor has a right to complain of it, and, for my own part, I prefer it much to company one often meets with. The capuchins claimed acquaintance with us, having seen us at their convent at Genoa; and we had the

the pleasure of hearing news of our friends there.

As two nights were to be employed in this voyage, I and several others had hired mattresses at Bologna, on which we deposited ourselves, upon chests, benches, or shelves, for we had room enough, and slept, to be sure not luxuriously, till day-break about three o'clock. We then rolled up our beds, and began to look about us. The rain ceased, but the sky was dull, and we found ourselves in a flat marshy country, exactly like the worst parts of Holland and Lincolnshire; the vegetables much the same, and the land generally lower than the canal, which was narrow, brim-full from the great rains, and on the side of which went the horse, drawing us along as in Holland.

May 9. About nine in the morning arrived at a place, twenty miles only from Bologna, where we were to quit our boat, and where the contents of the other vessel waited for us. I never saw a more grotesque appearance of what it might seem, in this case, too cruel irony to call the *fair sex*, and

their style of dress was suited to their personal charms. Some of the party however were of a more tolerable aspect, and we afterwards liked their company very well.

Here a prodigious variety of coaches, calashes, waggons, carts, &c. presented themselves to carry us, ten miles as it was said, to Ferrara. All the multifarious inanimate luggage was disposed in the waggons and carts, and the company, scarcely less heterogeneous, in the other vehicles. It fell to my lot to go in a kind of double calash, half open, with a man and woman, and the above-mentioned woman and child. Happily it did not then rain. We had scarcely gone 100 yards, in one of the worst roads I ever saw, half up to the axle-tree in clay and mud, and along a high bank the breadth of only one carriage, before one of the waggons stuck fast, and it was utterly impossible to pass it. Many people came with levers and ropes, and in about half an hour it was so far removed that our calash passed it, and went a little faster; but in perpetual danger of being overturned or set fast. We crossed a river, the Reno I believe, in a boat, and
at

at length reached Ferrara; but surely no ten miles were ever so long.

This is a very large walled town, thinly inhabited, yet more populous than I expected from Ganganelli's pretty description. I regretted extremely not having time to visit the tomb of Ariosto. About the middle of the town stands a great old moated palace, the residence of the cardinal governor; and near it a large gothic church, which was not open. The better part of our company dined together at a long table, and we had a most excellent, neat, and comfortable dinner. We were told at Bologna, that we should dine at Ferrara *stupendamente*; at which we laughed, thinking that expression was like the French term *superbe*, always an omen of meanness and disappointment. We have, however, repeatedly found quite the contrary, for the term *stupendo* is very rarely used by the Italians; but when it is, it may be depended on. Our conductor superintended our dinner, and would not partake of it till he had first seen that every thing was as it ought.

Here we left the capuchins. The rest of

our party walked all together, making no small appearance, to another boat, a kind of barge, very clean, and exactly like those of Holland, except that it had no spitting-box, or other filthy accommodations for smoaking; the want of which I by no means lamented. This boat held all the company, who were now become very sociable, the baggage being put on board another. The canal was very pleasantly planted with trees on both sides. This halcyon voyage however was doomed not to last long. In about three hours we quitted this boat, and after waiting a long time in a little town, taking coffee, and fauntering about till dusk, we went on board a large sailing vessel on the Po, which is here nearly as wide as the Maese at Rotterdam, and put me much in mind of that river. Men, women, trunks and all, were now stowed in one cabin, or rather hold. After a confused kind of supper, which our good captain endeavoured to make as comfortable as possible, an arrangement of mattresses took place, accompanied with various odd difficulties and much merriment; and the company were laid, or rather piled,

piled, upon them, over chests, bales, and every thing that could be thought of. A young gentleman of Venice, who had run away from college at Padua, on a frolic to Bologna, and was now returning under the safeguard of our captain, was glad to share my mattress with me. We seemed to be in danger of being overwhelmed and crushed every moment with tubs and chests; but happily escaped,

“ ————— a wondrous token

“ Of Heaven’s kind care, with limbs unbroken.”

My fatigue nevertheless was such that I fell asleep, and the most disagreeable part of the whole expedition was being awakened about three in the morning, in order to go, chill and cold, aboard another vessel; that we were in being too large for the canals we had to navigate.

May 10. These canals, through several locks, brought our bark safe into the Adige, a fine large river, which we descended for a few miles; and then through other canals came to Chiufa, and entered the *laguni*, which

which are roads kept open in the sea at an immense expence, and defended from it by a noble stone rampart on the south-east, a mile in length, at the end of which stands the town of Palestrina. Here our captain landed, with Dr. Younge and a lady, whose curiosity prompted them to accompany him, and provided a dinner, which was brought on board; and we partook of it, in good order, as we sailed along the laguni with a fair wind. Venice now lay stretched out before us, making a much less appearance than I expected; for, its situation being so very flat, there is no elevation of one object above another, as in most towns. We arrived at the post-office, a little way up the grand canal, about six o'clock. Here our party separated, and were not troubled with any examination or enquiry whatever. We now experienced the finishing stroke of the worthy captain's goodness; for, being disappointed of lodgings at the Scudo di Francia, a celebrated hôtel, where we could have only two miserable little rooms for twenty sequins a month, nor could we obtain them for any shorter period, and were asked twelve livres each

each by the day for dinner, our conductor said we should not be so imposed on, and he would get us lodgings himself. He readily procured us, at the Nuova Speranza, a very elegant and convenient set of apartments for fifteen sequins, and dinner at six livres each, with an excellent valet de place, who served us during our stay at six livres a day, which was cheap for this season. A Venetian livre is somewhat less than a Roman paul. Our landlord's christian name was *Santo*, Saint, but he proved not the less honest for that. When we came to pay the captain, and of course offered him a compliment for this extraordinary trouble, he could by no means be prevailed on to accept of it, saying it was against all rule, as he never took any thing above his pay. We lamented that his short stay and many engagements prevented our having any other means of returning his civility. So uncommon an instance of disinterestedness deserves to be recorded; for such are rare, not only in Italy, but in most countries. I have reason to think foreigners are as much imposed on in London, and on our great roads, as any where.

where. Every thing is extravagant at Venice during the Ascension time, as the people then make their market of the strangers whom curiosity brings to that celebrated show. Venice must be very dull at other times, for we thought it not extremely lively then. The people are not prone to converse with strangers, and it is common to hear them whisper to each other "*forastiere*," a foreigner, as they pass, just as in any little country town in England. There are indeed certain people, who if they see a stranger sauntering, or sitting alone in a coffee-house, will often endeavour to converse with him. These are generally pimps, or something worse, or the odious spies of government, who perhaps unite all the three vocations.

The centre of life and motion in this great town is St. Mark's Place, to which our first steps were directed, after the very necessary refreshment of a night's repose. Views of this famous place are so common no description is necessary; but what is generally exhibited in prints is only the lesser square, open to the sea, with the two magnificent

ficient granite columns, which easily distinguish it at a distance, as we approach the town. On the right of this is the Doge's palace, on the left the public library. At its extremity appears a corner of St. Mark's church. The larger square is placed at a right angle with the above-described, and fronts St. Mark's church. This larger square is surrounded with an arcade, under which are most of the coffee-houses, all of them quite open to the street, without any partition; and in the centre of this square is held the fair of St. Mark, in a temporary oval building, consisting of shops and coffee-houses. All these places, though of the most elegant architecture, and exhibiting every sign of opulence and splendour, are most disgustingly dirty. Under the colonade of the public library a variety of mean and offensive articles are sold, and the stale fish of the adjoining market is trodden under foot all over this part of the square, though it might so easily be swept off the quay into the sea. If the cleanliness of the Dutch be owing to necessity, as the malicious suggest, it is wonderful how these filthy Venetians exist.

exist. Their canals were at this time often abominably offensive, scarcely less so than those of Amsterdam, and they are said to be much worse in July and August. We remarked that the water varied in its depth about a foot at different times of the day, and there is often a considerable current in the canals. But whether this variation be regular or constant, like a tide, we could not determine. At low water abundance of common crabs, *Cancer Maenas*, may be seen sticking to the walls of the houses and quays.

St. Mark's church is perhaps the most dirty place of public worship in Europe, except the Jew's synagogue at Rome; it is at the same time the richest in materials, and the worst in style. All its uncouth front, rather saracenic than gothic, is as it were a forest of columns of porphyry, of different sizes and proportions, with a few of verde antico; the latter spoiled by the action of the air. An idea of the style of this edifice may be conceived from the four little columns at each corner, placed in a group on the capital of a larger one. Its roof is a vast assemblage of domes, which seem in danger

danger of crushing the whole building into the earth. Over the great door, however, are the four famous antique horses, of gilt bronze, brought from Constantinople, which atone for all the tawdry mosaics about them; some of which indeed are more tolerable than others, but none very good. The font is a broad shallow basin, of the hard green breccia already described at the Villa Borghese, and like some at the Villa Albani: the floor composed of very small and curious inlaid work, of an infinite variety of patterns, of porphyry, marbles, and other stones. I observed a few small bits like turquoises; but presume they must be glass. In some parts animals and other figures are represented. This floor is extremely uneven, being swelled in some places, and depressed in others, perhaps to the height of ten or twelve inches, apparently from a variation in the marshy soil. Mrs. Piozzi seems to think it was laid so purposely, to imitate the waves of the sea. The walls are either cased with mosaic work, devoid of taste, or with slices of marble. In one piece of Carara marble, on the left hand,
the

the veins obscurely represent the figure of a man, worthy of notice only because Albertus Magnus has taken the pains to mention it, among other nonsense which he delighted to accumulate. Behind the altar are some most precious columns of transparent alabaster; and the church abounds with very fine stones, ill disposed and very ill kept. The domes are lined with mosaics on a gold ground, very magnificent, but hard and stiff. Nevertheless this church is one of the most remarkable in Italy for its antiquity and riches, though so barbarous and inelegant in style.

The arsenal is an object of great curiosity with most strangers, and we went thither with a large party of Swedes, Danes, and French, as well as of our own countrymen, twenty-eight in all. The Venetians make no scruple of shewing it to foreigners; nor is any particular permission necessary. This being the only thing of the kind belonging to the Venetian state, no wonder if it be, on the whole, superior to any single arsenal in England, France, or Holland; yet even that is doubtful. The rope-room is said to be inferior

ferior to that of Toulon, and even to one at Liverpool; but this I give on the authority of Frenchmen and Liverpool people. The small arms seemed to me not equal in appearance to those at the Tower of London, where there are arms for 100,000 men; but here for 80,000 only. Other parts are curious, but not particularly interesting to an uninformed observer. The Bucentaur is a tawdry, heavy, gilt barge, in the style of our Lord Mayor's, and not much finer.

Sunday, May 13, was the first thoroughly fine day since we left Rome; doubtless to be attributed to the exposition of a miraculous picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke, which had been exhibited for some days in St. Mark's church, on purpose to procure good weather for the Ascension time. I do not exactly see the connexion between the supposed cause and the effect; but that is for want of faith. We were too much pleased with the good weather, to cavil about the manner in which it was procured, and piously took advantage of it to begin a pilgrimage among the churches.

I shall now collect together all our remarks on that subject.

Beginning in the north-east quarter of the town, we came to the large church of St. John and St. Paul, belonging to the Dominicans. In the area before it, said to be the highest ground in Venice, though scarcely six feet above the level of the sea, stands an equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Coglione, or Colleoni, a famous general, employed by the Venetians in the 15th century. Its pedestal is handsomely ornamented with columns and other decorations; among others his coat of arms, composed of certain parts of the human body, not usually blazoned in heraldry, and said to allude to a supernumerary beneficence of nature to him in those parts; at least, so Coryat tells us in his Crudities.

This church is furnished with a number of large and superb mausoleums. Over the door that of the founder, without any inscription, occupies all that end of the nave: its architecture is good. On the south side is another very superb monument for two Doges of the Valieri family. The best picture in this church, and one of the finest in Venice,

Venice, is the martyrdom of St. Peter and another Dominican, the master-piece of Titian. The saints are in a wood flying from a soldier, who has just caught one of them. Nothing can be finer than the landscape, and the effect of light and shade. The expression is strong, the action animated and just; the colouring fine and rich, though dark, and much impaired by time. The chapel of St. Dominic, rich in fine pavonazetto marble, has a good picture of Mary Magdalen and St. Louis at the foot of the cross, by Liberi. Another contains a celebrated painting, by Leandro Bassan, representing a miracle of two Dominicans walking upon the water. Some heretics have thought it a greater miracle that Divine Providence should ever have permitted any of them to walk upon land; but there are good and amiable men even among Dominicans. The figures are as large as life; the spectators seem not sufficiently affected. The chapel of the Rosary is very rich; its altar in the form of a small temple, containing a statue of the Virgin, is of a most elegant design, and the sanctuary lined with

some very exquisite alto-relievos, by Bonazza and others, representing the Annunciation, Adoration of the Shepherds and Magi, with other parts of our Saviour's early history. Here is a good picture of the Crucifixion, by Tintoret; and several others worthy of notice.

The refectory of this convent is a very fine room, paved with fragments of marble, and even lapis lazuli, scattered in stucco, and the whole polished into a smooth even surface. Such pavements are usual in Italy; but this is one of the best of its kind. The walls are covered, as usual in Venice, with good pictures, and one end entirely occupied by a very capital piece of Paul Veronese, Christ supping with the Pharisee. The figures are all alive; the attitudes finely varied; the drawing excellent: many parts have suffered much. In an apartment occupied by the present Pope, in his way to Vienna, we were shewn a fine group in ivory, mixed with brown wood, of Abraham and Isaac, with the Angel and Ram; the whole about six feet high: the body and head of Abraham of one entire piece of ivory, the largest I
ever

ever saw. The same design, and in the same materials, may be seen in many places; but not half so large. Here are several pictures, but none very fine. Some of them seem too luxurious for a convent; as Leda and the swan.

In the adjoining school of St. Ursula are some curious old paintings of her history; and in the school of St. Mark, many good pictures of the history of that saint's relicks and miracles, by Tintoret; also a very highly finished and well coloured picture, by Paris Bordone, of the Fisherman giving St. Mark's ring, which he had found, to the Doge in council. It pleased me as much as any thing in the place, though deficient in grouping and the arrangement of light and shade.

We likewise visited the schools of La Misericordia and St. Theodoro, in which are some good works of Tintoret, a very prolific artist, and others; but nothing very remarkable. At the last-mentioned place some of the directors or trustees were sitting at a table, and very civilly pointed out the pictures to us. One of them, an elderly man, began to tell me, with great glee,

what a number of precious relicks they possessed; but the rest of the company laughed him to scorn, and immediately stopped his mouth, crying out that we were travellers, and did not care for relicks; at which I was hurt, as it seemed very much to disparage us in the good man's opinion. He never opened his mouth afterwards while we stayed.

Proceeding from hence to the north-east side of the town, we enjoyed a noble view of the sea, with the towns of Burano and Murano, and the main land beyond, crowned with the lofty Alps of Carinthia and Carniola. Not far distant stands the Jesuit's church, a specimen of the fine taste and magnificence of that celebrated order of men, and in a style peculiar to itself. The panels and intercolumniations of this beautiful edifice are inlaid with flowers of verde antico, upon a ground of white or Carara marble, so as to represent damask; for the diversity of greens in the former, produces the effect of shades in silk or velvet. De la Lande mistook it for stucco. About the altar are some large twisted columns of verde
antico,

antico, and the steps are so formed of that precious marble, inlaid with yellow, as to seem spread with a green and gold damask carpet. All this is executed with the most consummate elegance and judgment.

On the left hand of the entrance may be seen an admirable picture of the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, by Titian; chiefly remarkable for the light, which is that of torches and fire. The last has not sufficient effect. The *Manuel* mentions pictures in the sacristy, which we could not find.

At St. Catherine's are many paintings; but none of merit, except the marriage of that saint, by Paul Veronese, on the high altar; and this did not please us so much as some others of his works, though its lights are fine.

This afternoon we heard some exquisite music at the Conservatory of the Mendicanti; one of those convents where young girls are educated; often, it is said, at the expence of men of fortune for the basest purposes. The voices were all female, as we were told, for the performers were concealed from our profane sight. The subject was a

sacred oratorio of Susanna, in jingling Latin rhyme.

The following Sunday we went to the other most famous conservatory, La Pietà, and heard a similar piece most divinely performed indeed. We could just distinguish the girls through the lattice, fiddling, playing on the French horn, &c. One song, with the flute accompaniment, was the sweetest thing I ever heard. The voice went as high as the flute.

At St. Luke's church is an altar-piece of that saint, contemplating the Virgin in a glory above, by Paul Veronese. The figure and attitude of St. Luke very much resemble Vandyke's Belisarius at Chiswick; so that one would appear to have been copied from the other. The colouring is harmonious, but dark. Here lies the infamous profligate Aretin, called the scourge of princes; but his proper title would be the scourge of decency and virtue, and the sycophant of vice.

At St. Salvatore the architecture of the nave is singular, but on the whole very good. It was begun (says our book) by Georgio Spaventi,

Spaventi, and finished by Tullio Lombardo in 1534. The cupolas, though small and unadorned, are of elegant proportions. In this church are several noble monuments in a fine style of architecture, like the designs of Palladio and Michael Angelo. The chief pictures are, the Annunciation, by Titian, not very interesting; and our Saviour at table with a Turk, a Friar, and some other personages, by Giovanni Bellino. This is called the Disciples at Emmaus; but with such vile anachronisms it cannot be justly said to represent any history whatever. The painting is good, in Titian's manner, and seems too modern for Bellino.

The church of St. Stephen is remarkable only for the great profusion of red Verona marble.

St. Cassiano's has several pictures, some of which may be good, but they are so dirty they can scarcely be seen. The pulpit stands on two pillars of verde antico, not, as our book says, on five of serpentine, which would be what the world never yet saw. The little sacristy, wonderfully rich indeed in marbles and hard stones, contains a good painting,

painting, by Balestra, of the Martyrdom of some Saint, if my memory does not deceive me.

At S. Maria mater Domini is a good Last Supper, by old Palma; and the finding of the cross, by Tintoretto; a very celebrated performance, but so dirty and dark, and in so bad a light, we were absolutely unable to form any judgment about it. The church is not worth seeing.

St. Paul's is furnished with several good pictures, but no capital ones. Many of these churches are entirely covered, and great part of their architecture concealed, with paintings on canvas or board, placed close together without frames, and without order. They are mostly dirty, darkened by time and the injuries of the sea air, so that one is obliged to undergo much drudgery in finding out what is worth looking at, and what is not. A professed artist might perhaps, with advantage, study many, that, on account of their bad condition, make no impression on a common observer. Over the door of St. Paul's steeple are two famous old lions.

tions in stone, very ill formed, but of singularly excellent expression.

St. Zaccharias's church is rich in marbles, porphyry, and serpentine; its pavement resembles antique breccia corallina, and, if so, is precious beyond computation. The walls are covered with good pictures, among which are two much better worthy of notice than the rest, viz. Several Saints, male and female, standing by the Virgin and Child, the work of Giovanni Bellino in 1505. The composition and drawing are stiff and inanimate, but the heads good, and the colouring and chiar' oscuro admirable. This piece is in excellent preservation. The other is a picture by Paul Veronese, in a good light, over the little altar of the sacristy, of the Virgin and Child with St. Joseph, and before them St. Jerome, St. Francis, and St. Catherine; very justly praised in the *Manuel*, after Cochin, as one of the most admirable pictures in Italy. It is certainly one of the most agreeable of Paul Veronese's works; the grouping and attitudes are natural and easy, the Virgin's countenance handsome and graceful. St. Catherine is less pleasing. The colouring

ing is very good, especially the flesh, and the preservation perfect.

The monument of Alexander Vittoria is well designed, except the architectural part being rather heavy; the figures are graceful.

St. Francesco della vigna, famous for its architecture, which, like that of many other Venetian churches, was designed by Palladio, has little worthy of observation besides. The front is in the favourite style of this great artist, with four composite columns supporting a pediment, and lateral abutments with lesser columns. The whole mass is good and majestic; the parts well proportioned, and finely formed.

It is a practice at Venice to place some distinguished mausoleum over the doors of their churches on the outside; nor has this a bad effect when the proportions and style of the monument agree with that of the building. Santa Giustina has three such memorials of the family who built the church. The tabernacle of its altar is very magnificent in precious stones of the second order, or *pietre dure*, especially its columns
of

of red jasper. The walls are furnished with many tolerable paintings.

St. Giorgio maggiore, a magnificent convent and church, rising like a fairy palace out of the sea, opposite to St. Mark's Place, on an island by itself, belongs to the Benedictines, and is one of the noblest religious houses about Venice. The fine taste of Palladio is displayed in the church, as well as in all those parts of the convent which he designed, particularly the Ionic cloister, and a door-way leading to the refectory. The other cloister, by Sansovino, appeared to me far inferior in merit. The stalls of the choir are very elaborately carved, like those at Monte Cassino, by Alberto de Brule. The corridors of the monastery too resemble Monte Cassino and St. Severino at Naples. We saw, in the chapter-room, a picture of the Woman taken in adultery, painted by Rocco Marchona in 1525, or thereabouts; an admirable performance for the time, as the Venetian school was not then arrived at its perfection. The style is like that of Bellino and Mantegna; but rather less stiff. The fair culprit is a charming

ing figure, with a very original air. Behind the numerous male accusers appears a woman who might serve for the portrait of Prior's Madam Purganti—

"She thought the nation ne'er would thrive

"Till all the whores were burnt alive."

The church has some pictures of Tintoret's, but they are not among his best; and we were beginning to grow out of conceit with this painter. In the refectory is that so much celebrated performance of Paul Veronese, the Marriage at Cana, occupying one end of the room, and containing above 120 figures as large as life, mostly portraits. Among others Francis I. and his Queen; Charles V. and Mary of England, sister to our Henry VIII. and Queen of Louis XII. of France; although the guide-book, by mistake, says *wife* of Henry VIII. and the man who shewed us the convent, by a still greater mistake, called her Christina, Queen of Sweden. Among the musicians are portraits of Paul Veronese, his brother, Titian, Tintoret, and Bassan. I could not help thinking this picture, as to colouring, inferior

rior to many of the same great master. There is an unpleasant want of harmony, and a hardness in some parts. The architectural ornaments are in a fine Grecian taste, with a steeple in view crowned with a statue of St. John Baptist; but such little improprieties are not worth noticing; nor even the error, though a great one, of dressing the company in the style of the painter's own time. Paul Veronese often transgressed in this way. On the whole this is an admirable picture, and well preserved.

The garden of this convent is large, and, for Venice, tolerably pleasant; but the wind was so extremely cold the day we were there, May 20, that it was impossible to enjoy any thing in the open air. From hence is the best view of St. Mark's Place.

The fine church of St. Maria della Salute, near the custom-house, designed by Baldissera Lunghera, is in a style of great magnificence; but overcharged with ornaments. The altars, all of Carara marble and of elegant forms, have a pleasing uniformity of effect. Two altar-pieces, by Luca Giordano, representing the Birth of the Virgin, and her

her Presentation in the Temple, are very good. Over the intermediate altar a statue of a bishop, the founder, of very recent date, possesses considerable merit. The Marriage at Cana, in the Sacristy, by Tintoret (a good picture on the whole, and a much better composition than that of Paul Veronese), is justly criticised in the *Manuel* for its bad draperies, dirty shadows, and want of variety in the effect. The same book no less justly praises the ceiling painted with several subjects from the Old Testament, by Titian; they are among the most masterly of his works. We experienced great civility from the sacristan, and made an acquaintance here with two well-informed monks of the convent of St. John and St. Paul, whose politeness was so refined, they pretended to take me for a Roman from my speech.

Not far from hence the little church of L'Umiltà possesses a celebrated picture of St. Peter and St. Paul, by Jacopo Bassan, somewhat different from his usual *brass-pan* style, and the figures larger than he generally drew. Nothing can be more excellent than the heads and hands; but the feet are very large

large and ugly. He is said to have drawn them naked, contrary to his uniform practice; because some of his contemporary painters reproached him with not being able to draw feet; and the result of his experiment abundantly justifies their reproach. The roof is well painted by Paul Veronese. In a compartment next the door, the subject I forget, are two pillars foreshortened, like those in Rubens's Whitehall ceiling; but not the better for that resemblance.

After crossing the canal of Giudecca, which appears broader than the Thames at Blackfriars, we came to a church, called *il Redentore*, built by Palladio in a very majestic taste, especially the inside. The semicircular sweep of columns behind the high altar, has a very fine effect; and the eupola within is of a good form, though too high without. A peculiarity is observable in the vault of the nave, being but little elevated above the cornice, and very much flatter than usual, void of all breaks, and quite unadorned. The architect seems to have intended that the eye should not take the roof into consideration at all; but that the cornice should have the

same effect as if open to the sky; and it is rather pleasing than not. This church was singularly decked out with great numbers of small orange trees and other shrubs in pots, arranged on the projecting parts of the building, all around the nave and chapels.

St. Cosmo and St. Damiano, a pretty little church just by, attracted us not so much by its numerous paintings, which are of considerable merit, in the style of Solimene, as by a ceremony performed there May 21st. A young lady of noble birth, named Cecilia Barbaro, was to take the veil, or rather on that day to make a profession, as it is called. After high mass was said, with a very fine band of music hired for the occasion, the principal priest went to the grate, which was decked with flowers, and on the other side of which were assembled the nuns of the convent, with the young victim, apparently about twenty years of age, with an agreeable countenance, rendered more interesting perhaps by her circumstances; but her person was a little deformed. She was superbly dressed, with a profusion of diamonds in her hair. After some singing, burning
of

of incense, and other ceremonies, she was stripped of all her finery, clothed in a nun's dress with a white veil, and crowned with a wreath of flowers. She then, with a peculiar expression of alacrity and ingenuous satisfaction, received

“ The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng.”

And after some more ceremonies at the grate, and a chorus from the band in the church, the business was concluded, and the new-made nun received the compliments of her acquaintances through the grate. She appeared very cheerful and talkative; but what sensible heart could fail to anticipate for her a long and melancholy reverse of spirits after all this tumult and pomp! How animated and genuine must that devotion be, if such exists, which can support itself through life without ever experiencing a flatness! While such thoughts were passing in my mind, a spectator, near us, whispered in French, “ Behold one more victim to prejudice!” I was glad to catch hold of the very slender consolation, that the doom of the fair victim was not yet final. Her novitiate was to last

a twelve-month, at the end of which she must necessarily leave the convent for three days, and then, if her resolution continued, she was to put on the irrevocable black veil for life. The company on this occasion was very numerous, with many ladies of high rank, who exhibited more diamonds than I ever saw together, except at Loretto. The temporary gallery for the music was constructed lightly, with white pasteboard decorations, and figures in papier maché, singular for having their drapery made of linen, well managed, and which I admired for its good execution and disposition, thinking it a work of sculpture.

A church called I Miracoli, near that of the Jesuits, possesses two fragments of sculpture brought from Ravenna, and celebrated as the work of Praxiteles. They are bas-reliefs in white marble, placed under the organ, each of two little boys playing or wrestling together. Though miserably battered, they are evidently of Grecian sculpture, and worthy of any artist whatever. Not even the Apollo, nor the Venus, excels them in the management of the marble.

St.

St. Silvester, in the same neighbourhood, has its walls covered with paintings; the best of which is the Adoration of the Magi, by Paul Veronese; the composition and colouring of which are equally good. One of the Magi, in red, should seem to be a portrait.

The Frari, a fine old church, has several magnificent monuments, particularly that of Jacopo da Pesaro bishop of Baffo, a great general, who died in 1659, at the age of 70. The famous Titian lies here, without any memorial except a little cross cut in one of the stones of the pavement. Of him indeed it may be said at Venice, as of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's, "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!*" His Assumption of the Virgin here is not striking; it has been ill kept, and is dark and dirty. A Holy Family, with some other figures, apparently portraits by the same great artist, is much more brilliant, and appears to more advantage; the Head of Joseph is very good. The sacristy contains many relicks, and four singular little pictures, one of which is a Mosaic of bugles, the others different kinds

of silk work. Two celebrated Doges of the fifteenth century are buried here with very noble old mausoleums.

We next came to the church of St. Rocco, where are several tolerable paintings, among others Christ clearing the Temple, by Fumiani; a picture in a great style, though somewhat heavy. Adjoining is the School dedicated to the same Saint, one of the finest things in Venice. These schools are not places of education, but, like the halls of our London companies, built by persons associated for works of piety or charity, to enjoy themselves in eating and drinking, and shew their magnificence in building such halls. This of St. Rocco is almost entirely furnished with the works of Tintoret, whose performances may therefore be better studied here than any where else; and this collection convinced me I had hitherto been no judge of his merit. The lower room he has adorned with several excellent and very large pictures of the early part of our Saviour's history; the Flight into Egypt one of the best. A very noble staircase, painted with the history of the plague of Venice in 1630, and

and the supposed intercession of St. Rocco, by Zanchi, Negri, and Tintoret, brought us to the great room above, decorated in a very superb style with marbles, carving in wood, and paintings of Tintoret, which last surround the upper part of the walls, and cover the ceiling. At the upper end stands an altar, with a good statue of St. John Baptist on one side, and St. Sebastian on the other, both by Campagna; and in front are two more figures by the same sculptor, left unfinished at his death. In a smaller room adjoining, the floor of which is rich in porphyry, jasper, and precious marbles, elegantly disposed, we admired a most capital picture of the Crucifixion, by Tintoret, justly reckoned one of his best works. It is composed of innumerable figures, but for the most part well grouped, and the general disposition of the whole is good: the ground singularly white, as if covered with snow. At the foot of the cross, on which Christ is extended, the Virgin appears fainting, attended by the two Marys and St. John. The women are entirely occupied in assisting her; but St. John seems divided between

her and his friend. At the same time that his arms support the Virgin, he looks up in the utmost anguish, as if, from long habit, hoping for aid from him to whom he had ever been used to look for all comfort and assistance, but whose own sad situation now seems the principal cause of his beloved disciple's anxiety, which had only been half diverted to the other object. This is one of those happy conceptions in which a painter goes beyond himself, as well as beyond all others who have treated the same subject. The two thieves are tied to their crosses, which the executioners are going to raise up; but as they are not yet exalted, the principal figure predominates admirably.

St. Pantaleone, not far from hence, has nothing in it very remarkable, except a curious old painting of saints, bishops, and other good company, done by Cristoforo di Ferrara in 1444, remarkable for its antiquity, and particularly for the odd expression of some of the faces, in which the artist, in attempting character, has fallen into the most ludicrous burlesque.

St. Maria maggiore is an old church at
the

the extremity of the town to the north-east, Beyond this part nothing appears but the most dreary swamps, seeming to connect Venice with the main land. The altar-piece of this church, an Assumption of the Virgin by Paul Veronese, did not strike us: nor can I think the St. John Baptist, of Titian, so very capital as to be ranked among his chief performances; as a painter, who was then copying it, told us. It is a good single figure, but of no particular character, and too old. The back ground is masterly.

Returning homeward we visited St. Sebastian; a church very richly furnished with the works of Paul Veronese, who was obliged to hide himself in the convent to which it belongs, on account of his having offended some great man. During his abode here, he painted almost the whole of the sacristy, a number of pictures about the organ and other parts of the church, and a large piece in the refectory, of Christ at the Pharisee's table, with Mary Magdalen washing his feet, in which the figure of Christ is very like that in his famous picture of the same subject at Genoa. These pieces are, on the whole,

whole, well worthy of notice, though not the best of his works. The finest in my opinion are two large paintings in the choir or capella maggiore, of the history of St. Marcellin and St. Sebastian; the composition and design of one in particular is very spirited, and its colouring good and well preserved. In the church we saw the monument of this famous painter, with his bust.

Left the reader should be tired of pictures, we will suspend that subject for the present, and in the next chapter speak upon a different, if not a new one—the Doge's marriage with the sea.

C H A P. XXXIV.

VENICE—THE DOGE'S MARRIAGE WITH
 THE SEA—ST. MARK'S FAIR—DOGE'S
 PALACE—PALAZZO BARBERIGO, PI-
 SANI, FARSETTI—SCULPTURE—LI-
 BRARIES—DRUGS—GLASS MANUFAC-
 TORY.

MAY 17th being Ascension-Day, and the painted Madonna having with much ado procured very fine weather (for it seems to be esteemed a miracle to have a fine day at Venice in the middle of May), every body was in motion to see this august ceremony, so much talked of, and so often described; nor did the Venetians themselves appear less eager for the spectacle than strangers. We first repaired to the ducal palace, and saw the tables set out with sweetmeats and other decorations for the dinner. They were very paltry,

paltry, and much inferior to the generality of mayor's feasts in England. The Doge presently appeared, not exactly with all that alacrity one would expect in a bridegroom whose intended spouse was so very favourable and complacent as on the present occasion; but he had passed many such bridal days already, and knew the fickleness of his mistress's disposition, so that though in the ceremony he might assume the title of her lord and master, she could, at pleasure, very soon make him sensible of the contrary, and however complacent now, might perhaps be in a very ill humour before morning. The Doge was accompanied by the Pope's Nuncio, with the officers of state and a large train of nobles, and so went on board the Bucentaur, which was then rowed and towed towards Lido, an island about two miles distant, where stands a church, with a fort guarding the approach to Venice from the Adriatic. The flat roof of the vessel was spread with crimson velvet, looking magnificent among the gilding; but nothing can be more ugly than its shape, nor more awkward than its motion. We accompanied it

in our gondola, amid thousands, perhaps, of other gondolas, peotas, and boats of all kinds, which covered the sea, and formed the most striking and curious part of the spectacle. The ships all saluted the Bucen-taur as it passed; and a little before its arrival at Lido, the Doge threw a plain gold ring, worth about three sequins, into the sea, with the usual speech, "*Desponsamus te Mare in signum veri perpetuique dominii.*" "We espouse thee, oh Sea, in witness of true and perpetual dominion." This part of the ceremony could be seen by those only who were very near. The Doge and his suite then attended mass at the church of Lido, with no particular functions, during which every body who chose it might go on board the Bucentaur to see its inside; foreigners were even permitted to stay there, and return with the Doge. We took advantage of this indulgence. The Doge sat on his throne towards the stern, with the Nuncio, a very keen sensible looking man, at his right hand; and the senators in their robes of crimson silk, with great wigs put over their hair, like our lawyers, were ranged on benches, and

and intermixed with the strangers ; some of whom I was sorry and ashamed to see wear their hats, and in very shabby clothes, particularly two or three Frenchmen. The Doge's dress was white and gold ; his cap of the same, formed like a Phrygian bonnet. He was then about seventy-six years of age, and is since dead ; his countenance rather pleasant than striking. It was a truly fine sight to look down from the windows of the Bucentaur upon the sea, almost covered with gondolas and other vessels all around ; the shores of the islands crowded with spectators, and especially all the windows and roofs, as well as the shore about St. Mark's Place, where the Doge and his company landed.

A no less entertaining and singular part of this day's amusements, consisted in a promenade in the afternoon by water, on the canal of Giudecca ; where we found a great concourse of gondolas, occupied by much good company, rowing backwards and forwards to shew themselves, as on a *corso* ; and the shore was crowded with walking spectators. The gondolas, being entirely black, have a very hearse-like appearance ; but the

gay liveries of the rowers, and the elegant company within, soon chase away all funereal ideas. Nothing can be more graceful than the attitudes of these gondoliers, as they urge their light barks over the waves, skimming the surface of the water with the rapidity of a swallow, and scarcely seeming to touch it more; while their bright prows of polished iron gleam in the sunshine, and glitter in the rippling waves. This elegance of attitude is certainly owing to the just and full exertion of the muscular frame, which always gives elegance. They stand on a very narrow part of the boat, slightly elevated, like the ridge of a house, and varying in its horizontal inclination every moment, on which they are supported only by the close application of their feet through thin shoes; a firm position of their legs, and accurate poizing of the body, the upper part of which, with the arms, alone are in motion.

The evening concluded with a walk in St. Mark's fair, held in a temporary building, which had been some time preparing in the larger square before the church. This

is a kind of Ranelagh, but much more varied and entertaining. The shops around were stored with all kinds of elegant merchandise, toys, trinkets, refreshments; and the whole set off to the greatest advantage by illuminations. Among the most elegant of all was a glass-shop, displaying a number of ornaments for tables, by far superior to any thing I ever saw. Fashion, which is so rarely in unison with taste, has, I think, almost discarded glass from our tables; but surely it is time for paltry pastry, and sugar work, now to give place to what is so infinitely superior in effect, as well as in execution.

This fair was prodigiously crowded with genteel company, many of them in dominos, but few masked. I cannot reconcile myself to women in long camlet cloaks and cocked hats; and I wonder Venetian gallantry has not found out that a veil might be managed to much greater advantage; perhaps not the less successfully for partly concealing what is not always the most beautiful in a Venetian female, while its graceful folds might improve the effect of the figure, leaving the imagination to complete a face. The eyes
might

might sometimes be found intelligible enough through a pretty thick veil.

During this fair all the world resorts to St. Mark's Place in the afternoon and evening; the piazzas and coffee-houses are no less crowded than the rotunda, without any music or particular diversions to attract company. In the day time improvvisatori are spouting their verses to the people, and punch lends his aid to the general amusement; while before the great clock of the square, even the Holy Virgin has her levee, being devoutly adored by figures of the Magi, who, during this season, come forth every hour and bow to her image. It is amazing what crowds of people are always waiting to see this puppet-shew, not half so diverting as that of punch.

One evening I witnessed a very different scene. Wandering alone beyond the limits of the crowd, towards the sea, I stood near the two large columns observing the trembling moon-beams on the waves, and contrasting them with the dim light from a vessel off at sea just before me, when all on a sudden a man accidentally fell from the

deck of this vessel into the water. He sunk immediately, and I heard his last exclamation, *O Dio!* which no part of the creation seemed to hear besides. No boat was by, nor any living creature in sight nearer than the fair, except a group of men coming along the quay, to whom I was hastening to tell my story, when a movement on board the ship satisfied me the poor man had help nearer at hand. It was however in vain, for he could not be found. Numerous spectators soon collected on the shore, and I was then not sorry I had not been the first propagator of the intelligence, lest, under so dark and whimsical a government, I might have got into some scrape, or at least have been detained, to my great inconvenience, as an evidence.

The Doge's palace stands pleasantly at the corner of the lesser place of St. Mark. Its architecture is rather saracenic than any thing else. The surrounding ground has been raised considerably, so that the bases of the lower range of columns are quite buried. The windows are the most ugly and disproportioned I ever saw in any building.

Strangers

Strangers are first shewn the apartments inhabited by the Doge, which contain no capital paintings, nor any thing remarkable. The rooms destined for state affairs, although not in a modern or very accurate taste, have an air of much magnificence, and are furnished with some of the choicest productions of the Venetian school. I chiefly remarked a ceiling by Tintoret, in which Justice is presenting a sword to the Doge Priuli; one of the best works of that artist; the colouring natural and agreeable. It may indeed be objected, that the figure of the Doge appears too infirm to wield any sword whatever. Christ in the Garden, a small picture, by Paul Veronese, is much praised by Cochin for its colouring; we were not struck with it on the whole. In the hall of the Anticollegio, commonly called Sala delle Quattro Porte, are some excellent pictures, particularly one, overlooked by Cochin, of a Doge and other persons adoring a figure with a cross in a glory, representing Faith, by Titian. The group on the right hand is the best part. The architraves of the four doors in this room are in a very good taste, by Palladio.

A small room, called the Anti-collegio, contains four tolerable pictures of Tintoret's, more remarkable for the anatomy and drawing of the figures than their expression, and two admirable pieces besides, viz. the Removal of a Villager with his Family and Stock, one of the best works of Bassan; and the Rape of Europa, by Paul Veronese. The latter is faulty in having a triple action in the same piece, an absurdity which occurs in the plates of Harrington's translation of Ariosto, and many other works of that time; but which Paul Veronese ought to have avoided. In the fore-ground Europa is seated on the bull as he lies on the ground licking her foot. Her figure is charming, although perhaps not dignified; the colouring brilliant, and pleasing. In the background the bull is carrying her into the sea, and farther back she appears on the opposite shore. One of the secretary's rooms, preceding that in which the Council of Three deliberates, contains an excellent picture of Titian's, our Saviour and his Disciples at Emans, in which the heads are particularly fine; the composition excellent and simple.

The hall of the Council of Ten has a truly fine ceiling by Paul Veronese; its middle compartment, in which Jupiter is thundering on the Vices, appeared to me one of the best of this master's performances. The foreshortening and keeping are excellent; the colouring less *mannered*, or at least in a better manner, than usual. In the next room is another of his ceilings, in the same style, and nearly of equal merit, representing St. Mark in the Clouds, with four Virtues, and some other company, few of whom perhaps ever met on earth. It is really too laborious to be obliged to understand all the allegorical pictures one meets with. The walls of these rooms are also adorned with many good productions of the pencil, among others not so good. The hall of the Pregadi is a superb room, furnished with benches, and ornamented with excellent paintings. At the upper end is a vast picture, I think by Tintoret, of a strange design, consisting of our Saviour in Heaven, with innumerable Doges, Saints, Monks, &c. adoring him. Neither is the League of Cambray a very intelligible composition. The

vast hall of the Great Council, likewise filled with benches, occupies the corner of the building next St. Mark's Place. The large historical pictures, by various masters, which cover its walls, chiefly relate to the history of Pope Alexander III. his coming to Venice, and the humiliation of the Emperor Barbarossa; a glorious period of the Venetian history. The hall called dello Squitino, contains an immense painting of the Last Judgment by Palma, which I confess did not please me.

We visited a few other palaces, chiefly for the sake of pictures.

Palazzo Barbarigo is a dirty shabby house, rich in the works of Titian, who once resided there; but they do not seem to be his best performances. His Magdalen, though expressive, is deficient in grace, and so is his Virgin. We noted an Apollo by Contarini, pretty, but not majestic; and a singular design of an infant Jesus on the Cross, with other children about him, by Padouanino.

Palazzo Pisani contains but two paintings; the Death of Darius, by Piazzetta, a strong bold performance; and the Family of Darius before

before Alexander, by Paul Veronese. For the last-mentioned picture alone strangers visit this palace, and few perhaps ever regret that it is the only reward of their trouble. All the charms of composition, colouring, and expression, are here in great perfection. The head of Alexander, a portrait, is very interesting; the young wife of Darius charming. The mother's figure is admirably coloured, and so managed as to have great effect. Ephestion's leg, as every body remarks, is very badly drawn, and a great blemish, for it is impossible to look at the picture without wondering to whom that leg belongs.

The collection of pictures at the Palazzo Grassi, mentioned in the *Manuel*, are sold; so we declined visiting the walls where they had been.

The Farsetti palace, near St. Silvester's church, pleased us better than most things in Venice. Here is a collection of casts and models, very well done, of most of the finest statues in Rome and Florence, and of some in Spain and England. Among others a cast of one of those wrestlers or boxers with

a guard tied round the hand, the original of which was cast away going to England. They have not the antique Flora, nor Michael Angelo's Moses. Here too may be seen chalk drawings of Raphael's pictures at the Farnesina, and his Transfiguration, the size of the originals. Very pretty models in pumice-stone of the Temple at Tivoli, Arches of Constantine, Severus, and Titus, and of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called *Capo di Bove*, in which every stone is represented; and pumice is even better than cork for models of ruins. In another part of this house is a small, but very choice, assemblage of pictures, of which the servant gave us a printed catalogue. Among other things two inimitable pieces by Rembrandt, for which Lord Cowper is said to have offered a large sum; one of them Lucrece and Tarquin, singular for the dresses of the figures, which are more like those of modern Greece, than of ancient Rome: the other is a portrait of an elderly man in a ruff and black gown, as good as I ever saw. Adam and Eve, by Albert Durer, a small picture, accompanied by a print of it the same size, and by the same

same hand. A duplicate of Paduanino's child on the cross, already mentioned at Palazzo Barberigo, called here St. Simoncino, or St. Simon the less, a child said to have been crucified by the Jews. Nothing was more common in pretended christian countries, about five or six hundred years ago, when a plea was wanted for robbing or murdering the Jews, than to accuse them of some action of this kind. Our king John, a more honest villain than some of his compeers, imprisoned and tormented them professedly that they might ransom themselves with money. Stowe says every one of them lost an eye at least, and he tells of one who, "being tormented many waies, would not "ransome himselfe, till the king had caused "everie daie one of his great teeth to be "pulled out by the space of seven daies, "and then he gave the king 10000 markes "of silver, to the end they should pull out "no more." One cannot help wishing that some modern reformers had had times like those to work on, and then their taste for plucking up things by the roots, as king John did this Jew's teeth, might have been justified

justified on the principle of retaliation. Happily such remedies are now somewhat out of season. But to return to the Palazzo Farsetti—here are many good little Flemish pictures. Also the daughter of Herod, by Titian, admirable. God and Christ crowning the Virgin, a most singular and wonderfully high-finished picture by John of Bruges; nothing can be more exquisite than the silk and gold damask and other ornaments. A Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, good, but not one of his best works. In the hall, Seneca in the Bath, and two other large pictures by Luca Giordano. I suspect there is a room we did not see, it being then occupied by company. In the first apartment are two most superb tables of amethyst in jasper, of immense value; and in the next two of red porphyry, as large as any at the Villa Borghese.

One day we met a picture-dealer in the street, who, knowing our valet, invited us to see his collection. Here were some pieces of Luca Giordano, as he said, and possibly they might, and four pretty views by Canaletti; but such a heap of spurious Canalettis, and

and other trumpery which he shewed us for works of great masters, and which we were obliged in some sort to commend, that I never was more fatigued. To crown all, he produced some of his own vile works, for "he too is a painter," and never were more execrable daubings. Anger alone prevented our laughing. I would advise every body who goes abroad for the first time, to avoid picture-dealers and inferior collectors, if he wishes to escape having his pocket picked, his judgment bewildered, or his taste corrupted. He will find sufficient employment in seeing, with proper attention, undoubted master-pieces, about which all the world are agreed. Upon these let him form his taste, distinguish the excellencies and the faults of each master, and thus learn at once the style of each, and in what good painting consists. If he enters into controversies about doubtful pieces, or takes upon him to settle the endless disputes of dealers, or others who possess spurious pictures, of which they wish to establish the reputation, he will never learn any thing himself, nor give information to others.

Venice

Venice is not rich in antique sculpture. The chief curiosities of this kind are at the public library of St. Mark; a very elegant structure opposite the Doge's palace, designed by Sansovino. I wonder the *Manuel* mentions it so slightly. The vestibule contains the antique statues, which are not many. The most remarkable are, Bacchus and a young man, very like the group opposite the entrance of the Museum Clementinum at Rome. A fine bust of Adrian, of a singularly beautiful white marble, like alabaster. Leda and the Swan, a small group of great meaning; and a similar one of Ganymede and the Eagle. The bird's head is particularly fine, and its expression such as cannot be mistaken.

One room contains printed books in general; another, manuscripts and very rare editions only. The collection is small, compared to more modern libraries. We were shewn two manuscripts of the Greek version of the Septuagint, of the eighth or ninth century. A commentary on Homer, a very fine manuscript of the ninth or tenth. Father Paul's original Italian manuscript of his

his history of the Council of Trent, said to differ in many places from the printed editions. Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, the original manuscript, with many corrections and alterations; see Mrs. Piozzi's *Travels*, vol. 1. 194. A manuscript history of the Moguls in French; or rather portraits of the Moguls, with their manner of riding, &c. and many parts of their history, elegantly painted in India, and accompanied with explanations in French; done about 100 years ago, at the expence of one Nicholas Manucci, a Venetian, who resided some time in that country as a physician, and presented this work to the library on his return. The conquest of Spain by Charlemagne; an old historical French poem, in manuscript, with coarse illuminations. There are several other similar French manuscripts, as *le Roman de la Rose*. Among the most ancient printed books we saw a Pliny, by Spira at Venice, 1469. Apollonius Rhodius, in Greek capitals, with the scholia in the margin; a fine printed book, dated Florence, 1496.

The Abbé Luigi Canonici, to whom we had letters from the Marquis Durazzo, has one

one of the finest private libraries for manuscripts and old books that can any where be seen. Here are seven different manuscripts of the works of Dante. About 200 Greek manuscripts. A Greek Testament, written in very large characters, which cost him, I think, 60 sequins in France. A fine Latin Bible in one volume folio, published by Sixtus V. and suppressed by some following Pope, Clement XII. if I mistake not, on account of errors. Quere, Which of these two Popes was infallible? At this gentleman's house we became acquainted with the Abbé Morelli, keeper of the public library, and with a Neapolitan Duke, likewise a collector of curious books.

The Abbé Ridolfi, an Ex-jesuit near St. Maria Mater Domini, shewed us a little collection of Natural History of his own making. The shells were tolerable; the minerals not so good. I observed a specimen of a very beautiful marble, called Seravezza di Firenze, something like Pavonazzetto, but more party-coloured. The smaller the spots the more it is esteemed; and we were told it was not rare. The collection of woods

is very choice, and the specimens fine. Among them is a good deal of beech wood, become of a beautiful green in decay. This Abbé seemed to be a person of eminent sanctity. He still wore his Jesuit's dress, and was addressed with great form. Some young men, who appeared to be under his tuition, approached him with a kind of respect little short of adoration.

There is no botanising in Venice any more than on ship board; nor did we even obtain the *Apocynum Venetum*. The druggists' shops were, however, a source of many acquisitions, and some diversion. Venice having been so long the emporium of Europe for productions of India and the Levant, and having so long supplied all the world with *Theriaca*; all the exploded articles of which that celebrated hodge-podge is composed, as well as many other obsolete drugs, are only to be obtained here; especially as medicine is nearly in as dark a state as it was 200 years ago. We therefore procured, by diligent search among the most antique-looking shops, many very curious articles of *Materia Medica*. It is scarcely

5

credible,

credible, yet strictly true, that they still continue to sell here, by the ounce, cramp stones, and eagle stones. The former are the opercula of a shell of the *Turbo* kind I believe, and called *Umbilicus Veneris*. It is believed that they cure the cramp by being tied to the limb! The others, *Aetites*, are nothing more than flints from a gravel pit, accidentally hollow, and containing loose sand or fragments of stone, which rattle when shaken. These are worn by women to facilitate delivery, and are actually sold for that purpose! We bought these precious curiosities, and some *lapis nephriticus*; the latter very dear, though only a kind of green serpentine stone rounded by the sea, and plentiful on the coasts of the Mediterranean, as well as the Adriatic and Atlantic; but we wished to have the identical article from the shops. More valuable articles to us were four kinds of *Myrobalans*; *Amonum verum* in its racemus; *Lignum nephriticum*, *Asphaltum*, and *Aloes*; Oriental *Sassafras*, vastly more fragrant than the occidental, though it had then been kept in the shop twenty-five years; it is very hard, and of a dark brown colour. Mr. Miglio-

rati, a polite and intelligent druggist near the Merceria, gave me some *Schoenanthus*, or Camel's hay, which is a different species of *Andropogon* from the *A. Schoenanthus* of Linnæus, as well as from that published in our Philosophical Transactions for 1790; with two kinds of *Spica Celtica*, one of which, from the Venetian Alps, is not so much esteemed as that of Germany. He assured me, the true ancient *Calamus aromaticus* is not now to be had, nor the *Ungues odorati*, though we had bought something for the latter, which were indeed the horny opercula of a shell, but had no smell at all, either dry or when put into warm water. After we had made several purchases at a shop on the quay, beyond the Doge's palace, the master offered, by way of compliment, to treat us with some powder of gold to comfort the heart.— This was not to be refused. It proved an absorbent powder, coloured of a beautiful red, apparently with *sanguis draconis*, with some particles of leaf gold dispersed through it, and highly flavoured with oil of cinnamon and sugar. He told us he had supplied the Dey of Algiers with a large quantity of

this powder, which that great personage constantly used as a cordial—a property it no doubt possesses, not from the gold, but the cinnamon.

The glass manufactory carried on at Murano, an island scarcely one mile from Venice, deserves to be visited, rather for what it has been, than what it is. About a century ago Venice glasses were as much in request as Venice treacle; but the French first, and now the English, have greatly surpassed this manufactory. The water of the canals happening to be very low, vast numbers of small crabs, *Cancer Mænas*, were seen sticking to the walls, just above the surface, as we went along. They are collected in great quantities for food; but kept some time in ponds at Murano, to *purge* them, as it is said, before they are eaten.

On arriving at Murano we saw the making of plate glass. It is first blown into a long cylinder, the end of which is cut off, and then a slit made with a huge pair of shears all the way up, so that it may be expanded into a square piece; which is then laid on an iron or brass plate, and heated

till it becomes flat. The glass is also obliged to be heated repeatedly during the first part of the process, as no man's breath is sufficient to inflate it to a proper size at once; nor indeed can any glasses possibly be made so large by this method, as by the French mode of casting them. The plates are afterwards tempered, or annealed. We did not see the polishing, as that is performed at another place, and may be seen in greater perfection at Paris or London.

At another house beads are manufactured, by drawing out coloured glass into slender cylinders, which are afterwards cut into beads, and these rounded by heat. Two workmen take a lump of red-hot glass between them, applying a pipe to each end. After blowing a little, they run different ways, throwing the mass into undulations like a string as they draw it out, by this means forming a slender tube, perhaps 150 yards in length, and scarcely a line in diameter, perforated all through, and sometimes coated only with coloured glass.

A warehouse adjoining exhibited a prodigious variety of patterns of beads, knife

handles, and other toys made here, chiefly for the Turkish trade. We bought a few bell handles as a specimen of so celebrated a manufactory. After our return, being at dinner, a man, who had served us as cicerone at Murano, came in with a written message from the proprietor of this warehouse as he pretended, saying he had by mistake charged but half what he ought to have done for these articles, and begged we would send the rest of the sum. Perceiving his contrivance, we told him we thought them rather too dear already, and he might therefore take them back. This he declined, and would then have compounded for something for his trouble in coming, or for boat-hire; but we were inexorable on these points as on the other, so he got nothing by his ingenuity but a voyage in a very heavy rain, and some jeering from the waiters at the inn, who had listened with all gravity till they found him worsted.

The Venetians seem to be as much behind hand with the rest of the world in roguery, as in every thing else. The old stale trick of ring-dropping was attempted upon me

one night in passing through a busy little street called the *Merceria*. A shabby looking fellow stooped just before me, and pretended to take up something very brilliant; upon which he beckoned me into a little darkish alley just by, where he held up the dazzling prize with gestures of great joy and mystery. I was not ambitious of carrying the joke too far, by following him into this alley, but, with a significant nod, left him, seemingly petrified with astonishment.

Our evenings were chiefly spent in St. Mark's Place, a never-failing source of amusement. The reader's expectation may now perhaps be on tiptoe to hear some Arabian tales of casinos, kind ladies, and propitious duennas; but I shall leave his imagination to make out a better story than any I could give him—only cautioning him not to believe too much upon this subject, and at the same time confessing I have reason to think all such stories are not entirely void of foundation.

One night at the Opera satisfied us, as it was in every respect bad, except the performance of the celebrated Pacherotti.

It

It is worth while to ascend St. Mark's Tower, from whose top is the only good view of this singular town, with the islands and shoals about it. The great canal, vastly narrower however than that of Giudeca, is of the shape of an S, and crossed by the famous Rialto; a bridge of marble indeed, but so coated with dirt, it might as well be of brick; and its top is encumbered with mean shops. Why Otway chose this place for his conspirators to meet at, in his most masterly tragedy, I cannot conceive, except he had never heard of any other place in Venice. None can be less proper for secret deliberation.

Tired with living so long, as it were, on board a ship, which Venice more resembles than any other abode that can be thought of, we began to languish for green fields, free air, and the use of our legs. The uniformity of St. Mark's Fair became insipid, notwithstanding the numerous set of acquaintances, of various nations, which we had unavoidably accumulated in the course of our journey, and which met all together at this grand rendezvous. The Ascension
time

time at Venice is the winding-up of the Italian season of amusements for foreigners. Afterwards they all separate, never perhaps to meet again; but the dear prospect of home begins now to have greater attractions than any thing else to a fatiated curiosity, and I am not sure we should have turned with equal satisfaction to the east, in taking leave of Venice, that we did to the west.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

time at Venice is the winding up of the
Italian section of our journey for the present.
Afterwards they all separate, never to meet
again; but the first prospect of
home begins now to have a sweeter
taste than any thing else to a faithful countryman.
I am not sure we shall have found a
more faithful companion to the end, in taking leave
of Venice; that we did so the well.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME

